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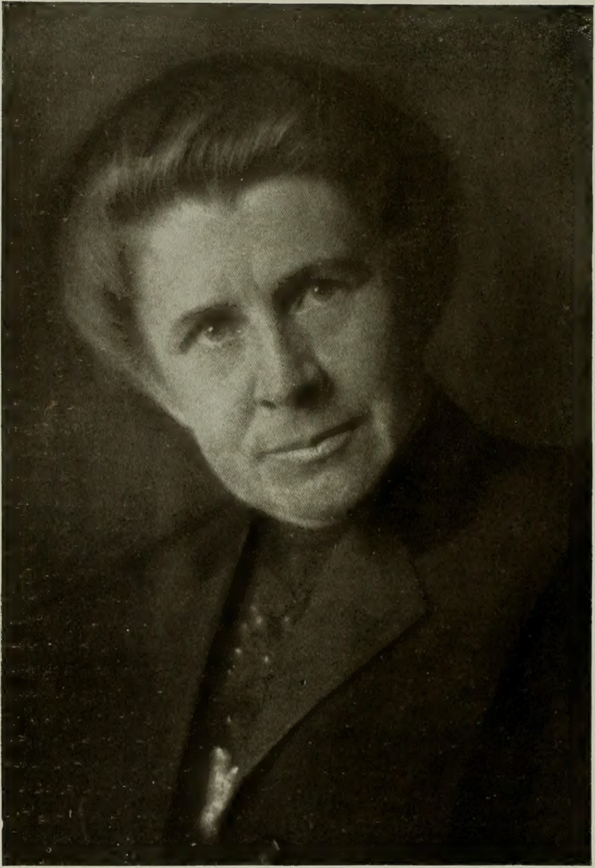

From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

IDA M. TARBELL: HISTORIAN AND EDITOR.

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IDA M. TARBELL, THE WOMAN WHO HAS MADE PEOPLE COMPREHEND THE MEANING OF THE TRUSTS: BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD

> "*With what weapon is society to meet the exponent of a corrupting creed but analysis, ruthless and unflinching. It is only the courage and thoroughness with which she has studied and labeled her own products that has ever helped her to improve those products.*"
>
> —IDA M. TARBELL.

ANALYSIS, ruthless and unflinching, of the corrupting commercial and political creed and arrogantly corrupt practices that have made America at once the wonder and the scorn of other nations, is something to which we, as a people, find it difficult to grow accustomed. The results of such analysis are not flattering to our national vanity. We understand, and enter heartily into, a sensational denunciation of some particular abuse, but when the excitement subsides we show that we also understand only too well the comfortable and easy-going doctrine of *laissez faire.* We are very proud of our astonishing industrial and commercial growth during the past thirty-five or forty years, and it is something of a shock to have set before us incontrovertible proofs that it has been at least partially a mushroom growth, made possible not only by our boasted energy and business acumen, but also by the reckless granting of special privileges to the powerful few, the opportunities given to great organizations to take unfair and secret advantage of lesser competitors, and the unscrupulous exploitation of public utilities for the purposes of private speculation.

Yet we are a fairly direct and honest people, and at bottom we have the Anglo-Saxon love of fair play. So when the truth was put before us in a way that carried conviction, the result was what might have been expected. A fierce storm followed, others took up the cry, and now we are in the thick of a national struggle against the

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spirit of unscrupulous commercialism that of late years has swept everything before it and has almost succeeded in imposing its own code of morals upon the whole business world. This struggle has become the one political issue upon which hangs the result of the coming election, as it is the one great moral issue upon which hangs the future welfare of the republic. It is a fight for life between the people and the trusts.

Naturally, the brunt of the battle on the people's side is borne by the Administration. Considering the character of the President, it could not be otherwise. Theodore Roosevelt comes very close to typifying the better,—if also the more spectacular,—qualities of the American nation, and the people know it. Brilliant, aggressive, somewhat reckless and a hard fighter, he has all the big human qualities that win both confidence and affection. His very errors in judgment are of the kind that endear him to the people, for they are the errors of a man who is honest and unafraid,—a man who fights in the neck-or-nothing Western style and who fights to win. Every attack upon him seems only to add strength to his position, and instead of being merely the head of the government he is the acknowledged leader of the people and the personal and dreaded foe of the money powers.

It is part of the unfailing American luck that this should be so, because only a powerful popular leader could concentrate an outburst of wrath against oppressive and disgraceful conditions into a reform movement so steady and so strong that it is coming to indicate a real turning of the tide in our commercial affairs. Such a movement needs a focus, and at present the President is the focus. But credit for the courage and thoroughness with which the commercial conditions that are the peculiar product of this country and this period were first studied and labeled is not due to Mr. Roosevelt, courageous and thoroughgoing reformer as he is and always has been. To search through all records, open and hidden, and then to present the facts in the case as clearly and impartially as if they belonged to the history of another country and another age, analyzing ruthlessly and unflinchingly their significance in relation to the development or the downfall of the nation, was the task, not of the reformer, but of the historian. The reformer might have undertaken it, but he would have brought to it the emotional enthusiasm, the personal animus, which might have set the people aflame for the time with a desire to take the situation by the throat and right all wrongs with a rush, but the chances are that the outburst would have spent itself as all popular outbursts do, and that the wave of reform would have subsided,—to leave the situation much the same as it was before, only with the big commercial powers a little better organized, a little more firmly entrenched behind legal technicalities and inspired legislation, a little more wary and secretive as to their methods, than before the attack. To make the effect of such a revelation far-reaching and permanent, it had to be a plain statement of fact, backed up by evidence that was exhaustive and unimpeachable, and that would stand unchanged through all the ebb and flow of popular excitement. It had to be history, not propaganda.

THE publication, about five years ago, of Ida M. Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company" gave to the people a narrative of the discovery, development and final monopolization of petroleum in this country. As a narrative, it was confined strictly to the petroleum industry and the growth of the Standard Oil Company under the leadership of John D. Rockefeller, but as an analysis of our present commercial conditions it covered every feature of the trust situation as it exists today. Thousands of people read this history as it appeared serially in a popular magazine that goes to every part of the country, and with each succeeding chapter the interest of the public grew greater,—and so did that of the Standard Oil Company. The story of the turmoil which followed is familiar to everyone,—the shock of amazed indignation and alarm that roused the people and set the press to humming with more or less sensational "muck-rake literature," the efforts made by the money powers to discredit the writer and nullify the effects of the story, since it could not be suppressed, the fever of investigation and reform legislation which apparently has not even yet reached its height, the dragging into the light of day of supposedly inaccessible secrets of corporation methods and management. In these days it is all a twice-told tale.

Yet even now it is doubtful if people realize the full significance of this analytic history of the parent of all the trusts, or appreciate the quality which will give it a permanent place in the archives of the nation. It is the very embodiment of the course which society must take to free herself from the domination of an insidious and corrupting commercial creed,—it is the truth told without fear or favor, and it is analysis, ruthless and unflinching, of hidden methods and of fair-seeming conditions. It is as exhaustively accurate as a carefully prepared legal document, as impersonal as Fate, and as full of big human interest and vital dramatic action as the most thrilling tale of discovery, war and conquest. The carefully restrained utterance of the historian whose viewpoint must be clear of all prejudice and whose judgment must be absolutely fair, keeps it so free from personal bias that there is hardly an expression of opinion from beginning to end,—only facts, facts, facts, and the revelation of their bearing upon the situation as a whole. Yet through it all rings an appeal which grips the heart,—a passionate appeal for fair play. It is never actually uttered, but it glows like an inner light through every page. It is the sort of appeal to which there is no answer in words, it demands the response of deeds.

IN the rush of events which followed the publication of Miss Tarbell's narrative, the question has often been asked: What manner of woman is she and why did she do it? As she is a woman absorbed in her work and averse to personal publicity, the question has several times been answered more dramatically than accurately by writers in the sensational press,—who are somewhat noted for telling a thing as they think it ought to be, rather than as it is. In the effort to find a motive sufficiently powerful to account for the patient research and hard work that must have been involved in the writing of such a history, some have made Miss Tarbell a private secretary in the employ of Mr. Rockefeller, where she is supposed to have gained her intimate knowledge of the inner workings of the Standard Oil Company, as well as of the personal characteristics of its founder and head. Others have insisted that she is the daughter of a man who was ruined under especially harrowing circumstances by the methods employed by the Standard Oil Company to stifle competition, and that she has devoted her whole life to preparing for the magnificent revenge which she has roused the whole nation to accomplish.

As a matter of fact, Miss Tarbell never met Mr. Rockefeller but once in her life, and then exchanged only a few words with him, as any stranger would. She was born in the oil region,—at Titusville, Pa.,—and was the daughter of an oil producer, but her father suffered no more than thousands of others from the methods of Mr. Rockefeller and his associates, and the whole family took it all as a part of the inscrutable dealings of Fate, which allowed Mr. Rockefeller to monopolize the whole oil industry through his control of the means of transportation, and somehow defeated every effort made by the producers as well as the smaller refiners to obtain fair play. The feeling throughout the whole region was naturally very bitter, as was shown by the persistent and desperate fight made to preserve the independence of the industry, and the young girl was brought up in the atmosphere of general hostility and suspicion, but she went away to college when she was only eighteen, and never returned to the oil region to live.

The impress of the struggle was deep in her mind, however, and she resolved some day to write a novel which should be founded upon it and show some of its dramatic phases. But her work was to take a different course. She had a natural aptitude for historical research, and made a special study of history, going to France after the completion of her college course, and spending some years there in exhaustive study of the French Revolution and the causes which led to it. Her purpose at first was to make a study of the famous women of eighteenth-century France, showing the part they took in shaping the thought, and hence the events, of their times, but this soon developed into the larger interest of the period as a whole, and her book "Madame Roland" was really a history of the whole revolution and an analysis of the social conditions of the time, centering around one strong and typical personality. Unconsciously, Miss Tarbell was even then preparing for her most important life-work, for her analytical and logical mind went back of events to the causes which led to them, and she came out with a thorough understanding of the workings of that law of human nature by which the powerful few gain and abuse special privileges, and by which revolution comes when the people find it out.

MISS TARBELL returned to her native land a good deal of a reactionary. She had not the temperament of the extremist, but she had wide knowledge of the significance of certain social, industrial and political conditions which she found in America. Looking at the situation from the viewpoint almost of a foreigner, it seemed to her that in the whole system of American commercialism there was a moral obliquity which made it possible for monopolies to evade or break the law with impunity in the obtaining of special privileges which would give them an unfair advantage over competitors. In private life such practices would not have been tolerated, but the separation between personal honor and the code of ethics which allowed expediency to take the place of business honor, was so complete that to get the better of a rival by underhand means was regarded merely as an evidence of superior shrewdness and enterprise. It seemed to her that from having been a nation that in simpler and more rugged times was above all things honest, manly, self-reliant, our swift growth and phenomenal prosperity had made us a nation of tricksters, conducting all business transactions on the principle that the end justifies the means, and seeking always for some inside track, some special dispensation that would enable the man who was lucky enough to get it to put all his competitors at a disadvantage. Everywhere it seemed to be a question, not of fighting fair, but of being smart enough to take an unfair advantage. The whole business system apparently put a premium on rascality. The creed of John D. Rockefeller had penetrated to all parts of the commercial and industrial world, and, looked at from the viewpoint of one who had but recently made a special study of exclusive privileges and their results, conditions were not very promising for the future peace and prosperity of the country.

Yet the "History of the Standard Oil Company" was still several years in the future. The task of preparation was to be completed, and, although it was not even thought of at that time, the first important work that Miss Tarbell undertook finished her equipment for dealing "ruthlessly and unflinchingly" with men like Mr. Rockefeller and his associates. She was at that time a member of the editorial staff of *McClure's Magazine*, and, owing to her experience in historical research, she was selected to collect and edit all the material that could be found relating to the early life of Lincoln. In doing this, she traveled much among the places where he had lived and sought out the people who had known him personally, as well as all documents relating to him. She learned at first hand what had been the life of Lincoln's times and environment,—what had been the stern training of the man who is now the noblest and best-beloved figure in the history of this country. As she grew into closer sympathy with the man himself and came to a fuller understanding of the rugged, primitive conditions which had developed him, she realized that her work of collecting and editing the records which related to him must broaden into a definite biography based upon those records and her own understanding of his character, or it could not be done. So the "Life of Abraham Lincoln" was written, and stands today not only as an historical record amazing in its scope and accuracy, but the living presentation of the man in his splendid simplicity, profound wisdom, rugged honesty, quaint humor, and, above all, the brooding tenderness which took in all the world. She never tells you this, but you grow to love him as his friends and neighbors loved him, to respect him as his opponents respected him, and to realize as never before that, as she herself says, "he is the best man that America has ever produced."

FRESH from this work, and with her mind full of the evidences of what had once been the ideals and standards of this country, as contrasted with those of the present day of "progress," the next task given to Miss Tarbell in connection with her work on *McClure's* was to write a series of articles dealing with the trust question and its bearing upon our national development. Her early familiarity with the methods of the Standard Oil Company and her personal knowledge of conditions in the oil regions at the time the industry was absorbed by Rockefeller gave a definite basis upon which to begin, and from that the "History of the Standard Oil Company" grew to its present form. Collecting the records was a long and difficult task, for they must be accurate and complete. No hearsay information, no conclusions based upon a matter of opinion, could be used in an attack so serious, an exposure so complete, as this would have to be if the doing of it were to be justified in the eyes of the nation. So long months were spent in searching all available records, and many more that were by no means easily available. Only a thorough training in historical research could have fitted anyone to accomplish such a task, and that Miss Tarbell had spent years of hard work to acquire. Nothing escaped her. She went wherever there was the chance of such a record existing, examined legal documents, business agreements, Congressional reports, files of old newspapers,—everything that could furnish a thread for the firm web of evidence she was weaving around the first and greatest of the trusts, and then told the story as it is now known. In its pitiless accuracy and rigid impartiality, it is a terrific arraignment of the whole commercial theory that has produced the trusts and that, incidentally, is shaping the business side of our national character upon the lines laid down and typified by Mr. Rockefeller. It is this bigger issue, this greater menace, that gleams between every line of the simply told narrative. It is the old story of the specially privileged few and the duped and plundered many, and the reader is left to infer the possible consequences when the many grow desperate. It is the sharply-drawn contrast between the America of Lincoln's times and the America of today.

And through it all, like some unseen, malevolent power, is felt, rather than perceived, the influence of John D. Rockefeller. To

Miss Tarbell he is the exact antithesis of Lincoln, and as truly typifies his times. Yet her attitude toward him throughout is just, and even kind. This is shown even more clearly in the character study of the man that was published some months after the completion of the history of his trust. His great power, as well as that of the organization he built, is fully acknowledged, and the utter pathos of his attempts to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the world and to free himself of a little of the crushing burden of its hate by means of his immense charities and his irreproachable private life. He is a business man who keeps his accounts straight to the last cent, and he is paying his debt to civilization in his own way. But there is always the conviction that the moral debt he owes to the nation can never be paid, that the harm has been done and is irrevocable until such time as the moral sense of the people purifies itself sufficiently to once more produce a type of man like Abraham Lincoln,—sane, unselfish, devoted, and too innately honest to take unfair advantage of any man or to accept special privileges in the effort to achieve success.

That we, as a nation, are at last awakening to the necessity of this is due to the courage of those who have dared to give us "analysis, ruthless and unflinching," of conditions as they exist, and to point out whither they are leading us. The number of these analysts is increasing every day and the battle of strong powers for good and for evil is on in earnest, but when the result is recorded in the history of the future, first among the names of those who led the fight for national honor and fair play will be that of the woman who was wise enough to see the truth, and strong enough to make the people stop and listen while she told them what she saw.

THE ONLY CURE FOR THE TRUST EVIL

"AS for the ethical side, there is no cure but in an increasing scorn of unfair play—an increasing sense that a thing won by breaking the rules of the game is not worth the winning. When the business man who fights to secure special privileges, to crowd his competitor off the track by other than fair competitive methods, receives the same summary, disdainful ostracism by his fellows that the doctor or lawyer who is 'unprofessional,' the athlete who abuses the rules, receive, we shall have gone a long way toward making commerce a fit pursuit for our young men."

IDA M. TARBELL.

AGE

TO watch the returning Spring and wonder secretly
If, missing those who greatly love such days,
The Spring could ever be so gay and green
As when they walked the lilac-budded ways.

To sigh o'er Winters, strangely bleak and cold,
And see, in smouldering fires that char too soon,
No more what may be, shall be, but what was,—
As one recalls the cadence of a tune.

To smile upon and bless young sweetheart vows,
Remembering this face and that long passed,
To fancy love today a colder thing
Than this great love you cherish to the last.

To keep the friends grown faithfully old as young,
Reluctant, when new hands knock at your door,
To open; and if opening, withhold
The heart of which you once gave all and more.

To dream in solitude with pipes and books
Born old and sweet and good; to ask for songs
They do not sing; to find your happiness
A homely grace that in your soul belongs.

To seek again some calm forgiving god
You smiled at lightly in your other youth;
Content to leave the mysteries of life
To mysteries of death—and wait the truth.

EMERY POTTLE.

LORADO TAFT AND THE WESTERN SCHOOL OF SCULPTORS: A GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE FINDING A NEW AND VITAL EXPRESSION IN ART BY RECORDING THE SIMPLEST PHASES OF LIFE AND WORK

THE work of the more notable of the Western sculptors was represented during the past month at the Art Institute, Chicago, in connection with a general exhibit made by artists of Chicago and its vicinity. Among much that was of interest, the most significant work was that shown by Mr. Lorado Taft, who is already being acclaimed not only as the greatest of our Western sculptors in individual expression, but also as the man who preeminently has done most for the development of sculpture in the West. Mr. Taft has not only given aid and encouragement to all artistic endeavor whenever or wherever it could be discovered, but in addition has created a school of modern, vital, human art of which he is not only the inspiration but the beloved master. With but one or two exceptions, all the exhibitors represented at the Sculptors' Exhibition in February had received encouragement from Lorado Taft, and had worked at one time or another in his atelier, and although the foremost of these pupils, Charles J. Mulligan, Leonard Crunelle, Frederick C. Hibbard, and Nellie Walker, are now working in independent studios, they still keep in close touch with the man to whom they owe not only the richest sympathy, understanding and instruction, but also the gratitude due every pioneer in art matters.

Regarding the work exhibited, as a whole it reveals the satisfactory fact that in both inspiration and expression it is distinctly and vigorously modern. It belongs to us and our art growth as a country. The different examples show the variation of the individuality of different workers, but in general it stands for our own success or blunders as a nation. It has sprung out of the natures of the people who are indigenous to this soil and who have had the rare perception and keen artistic instinct that finds art values in intimate environment. The work is frank, honest, creative, work to make Americans glad and Europeans interested.

The position of honor at the south end of the hall of sculpture was naturally given to Lorado Taft. The work shown was a group of twelve colossal figures illustrating the most dramatic moment in

Maeterlinck's great drama, "The Blind." Mr. Taft's conception of the symbolism of the play and the reason for its inspiration to him is most interesting when given in his own words:

"After I had read the play, that wonderful tragedy whose symbolism expressed the great longing of all humanity for light in life, the group shaped itself in my dreams. It refused to vanish, and as it exhibited the concentration of a powerful emotion within the canons of sculptural composition, I made a small model to see how it would appear in the clay. This impressed me to such a degree that I spent all my leisure constructing a larger group, which my friends found vastly interesting, but they expressed themselves as satisfied that the problem should not be worked again. However, the profound truth underlying the drama urged me on. It is a theme that my mind dwells upon, this sounding of the human soul, questioning the future and longing for light. A similar thought inspired my group, 'The Solitude of the Soul,' in which, as in 'The Blind,' the great beyond is veiled from humanity, and man and woman lean upon one another groping through life, seeking to solve its mystery."

In the Maeterlinck drama, a company of the blind, old and young, men and women, sane and mad, are gathered in an asylum upon an island watched over by nuns and an aged priest. The latter takes his sightless wards to walk in the forest, and becoming weary, for he is very old, he seats the men on one side and the women on the other, and placing himself near them falls into eternal sleep. As the night comes on the forlorn company question one another in a trivial manner, just as men so often deal with the problems of life. As the night grows chill and the snow begins to fall, the blind rise, and groping toward one another find the leader among them cold in death. The cry of the infant in the arms of the young blind mad woman awakens them to hope. They remember that the child cries when it sees the light and the young woman, whom they call beautiful, exclaims, "It sees! It sees! It must see something, it is crying," and grasping the child in her hands she pushes before the anxious ones seeking relief, and holds it aloft above their heads that it may give token when help is near.

"My group illustrates this climax of the scene," Mr. Taft explained. "It does not point to the hopeless note of Maeterlinck at the close. The hope that a little child shall lead them is one that all gladly accept, as it keeps alive the light of faith that the race renews itself in youth. It was a most absorbing creation. I felt for them, I experienced the deepest emotion while modeling the faces of the blind. The pathos of helpless endeavor in the posture of the figures, the hands reaching upward into empty air, appealed to the sympathies of my assistants as well as myself. It is not a work of art that can serve a purpose of utility, but it has its mission like the ancient drama, to purify the emotions through the sense of tragedy, and it is enough if it has caused one to stop and ponder." In truth,

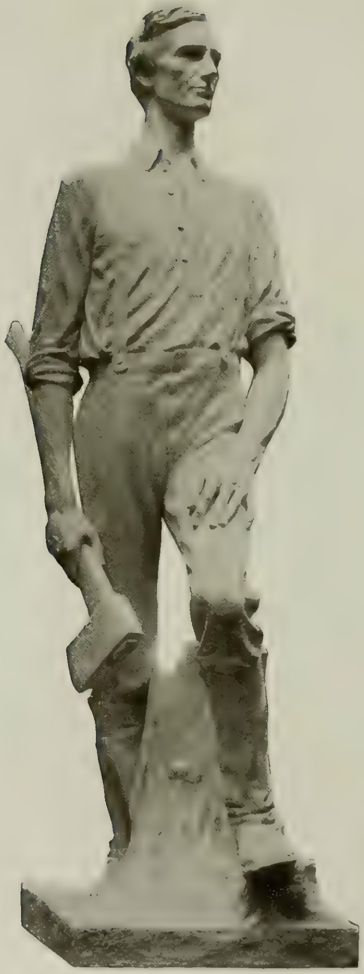
"Such passion here,
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,
Seem so to tremble through the tortured stone
That the touched heart engrosses all the view."

MISS NELLIE V. WALKER'S group, "Her Son," which was awarded the first sculpture prize given by the Exhibition Committee of the Municipal Art League, was placed at the right of "The Blind." The greatness of mother love is here vividly portrayed, and one feels in this work the enveloping tenderness and fine dignity that made holy the madonnas of the masters. The woman, draped in flowing garments and wearing a head covering, is seated. She bends forward with her arm about the youth at her side, gazing tenderly into his face. The lad, clad in a girdled tunic, seems lost in devotional rapture, his face uplifted as if seeing a vision. It is a countenance of boyish nobility.

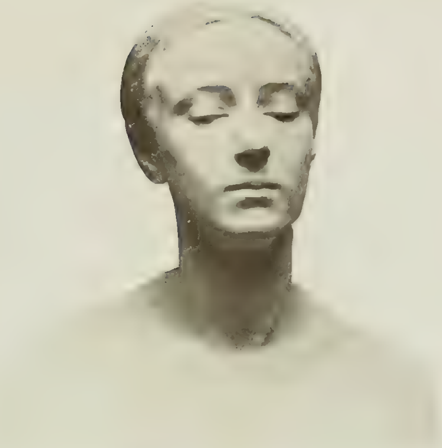
"This conception of mother and child has haunted me for years," said Miss Walker, standing before her work in the gallery. "It is a labor of leisure and of love. My statue and monument of Mr. Stratton of Colorado being completed, I began this model in the interval between portrait busts. The figure of the mother grew rapidly and her face took expression in a moment of inspiration, but the inquiring innocence of the child awed before the vision of life, that had appeared in my mental conception, eluded me for days. I watched children everywhere to help me to find the soul of youth for my work. But above all was my desire to secure a feeling of divine repose. If the group seems monumental, it is the influence of my early training. When a child I spent much time in a marble yard with my father in Iowa. I learned to cut marble, and the thought of how a composition will materialize in stone seems to control my execution and my designs as well."

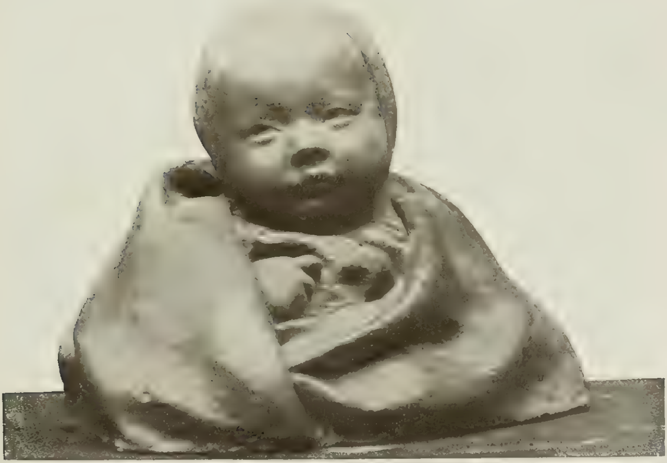
Miss Walker ably assists Mr. Taft in the work of his studio, and is devoted to her work. She has a winning personality and a fine sort of enthusiasm that makes work to her a rare pleasure.

"THE FOUNTAIN OF THE GREAT
LAKES" LORADO TAFT, SCULPTOR



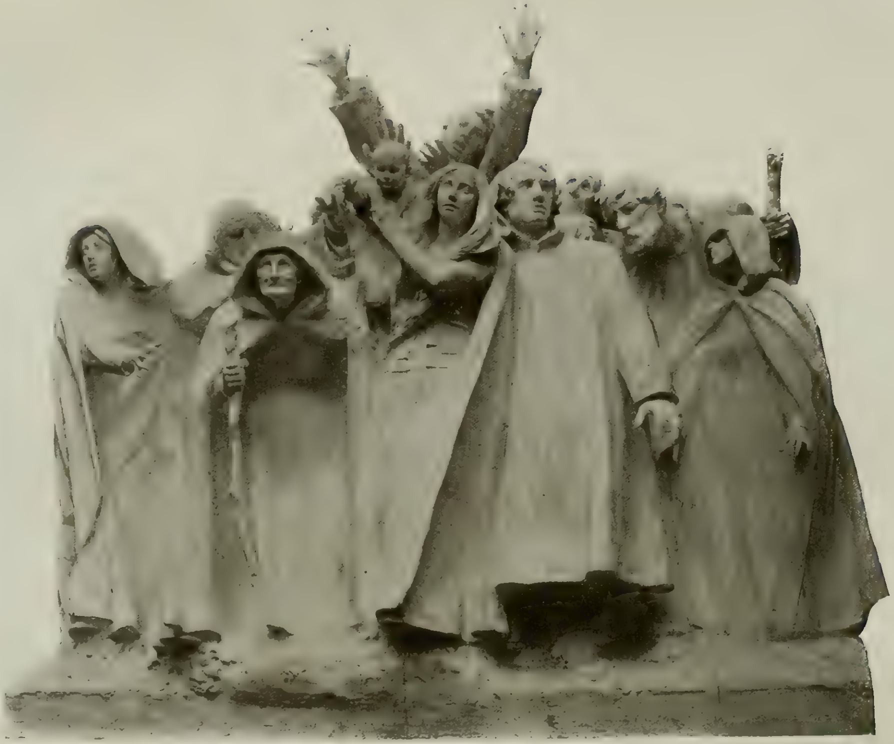
"THE YOUNG LINCOLN:" CHARLES J. MULLIGAN, SCULPTOR.



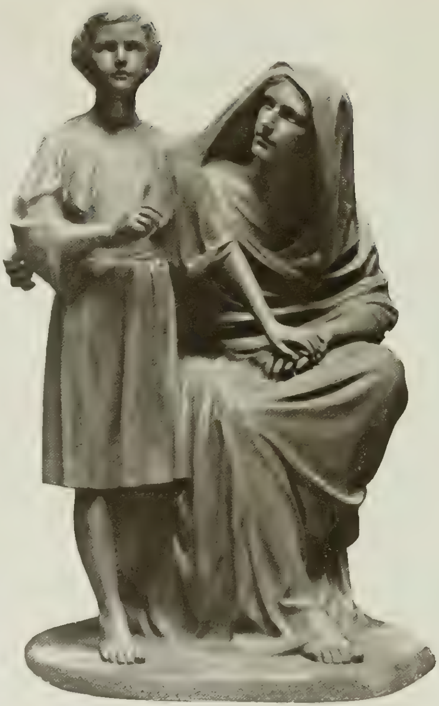


"MARION:" LAURA
KRATZ, SCULPTOR

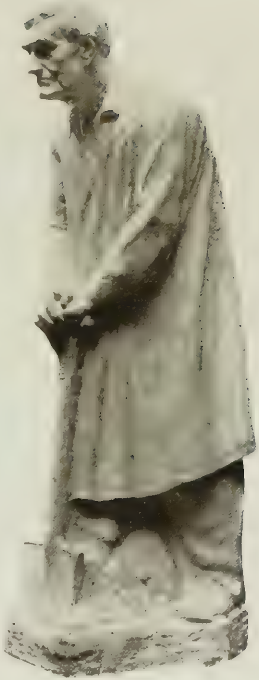
"BABY:" LEONARD
CRUNELLE, SCULPTOR



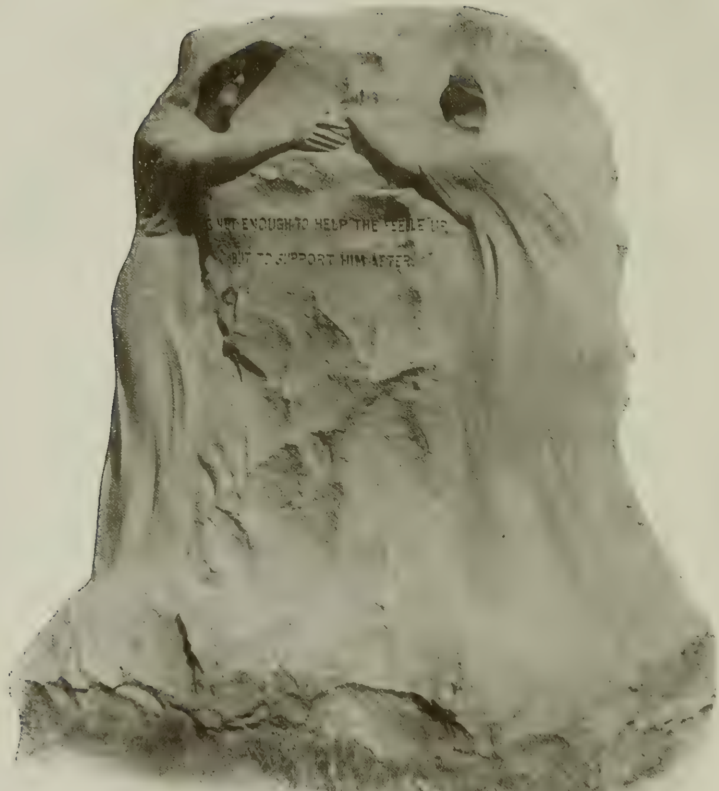
"THE BLIND:" A REALIZATION OF THE DRAMA
OF MAETERLINCK: LORADO TAFT, SCULPTOR



"HER SON" NELLIE
V. WALKER, SCULPTOR



"AT THE SIGN OF THE SPADE"
LAURA KRATZ, SCULPTOR


S NOT ENOUGH TO HELP THE FEEBLE UP,
BUT TO SUPPORT HIM AFTER.

THE STRATTON MEMORIAL: NELLIE V. WALKER, SCULPTOR.

On the eastern side of the gallery were two massive groups by Charles J. Mulligan, "Justice and Power" and "Law and Knowledge," seated female figures surrounded with objects enriching their significance, the whole mounted on lofty pedestals. They are models for the decorations to be carved in soft stone for the new Supreme Court Building at Springfield, Illinois. Both groups are interesting in detail, though in a different spirit from the imaginative compositions previously described, and reveal the same audacity and vigor in Mr. Mulligan's talent which came out so splendidly in the virile modeling of the "Young Lincoln," and the characterization of "A Miner and Child," which created a sensation the season that it was exhibited. Since Mr. Mulligan received the commission to execute the sculptural decorations for the Supreme Court Building, of which the mural paintings are to be done by Albert H. Krehbiel, a Chicago artist, he has spent much of his time in the seclusion of his studio, and, as the successor of Mr. Taft at the head of the sculpture school of the Art Institute, he is frequently met in the galleries. Born in Ireland forty-two years ago, he came to Chicago as a child with his parents. The latent germs of art inherited from a good ancestry in the old country lay dormant while he was seeking his fortune when a boy, and then by chance, while cutting marble in a suburban manufactory, the report of certain figures that he had made reached the ears of Mr. Taft, whose curiosity led him to look up the worker. Not long after Mr. Mulligan was taken into the sculpture school, and there made such progress that his work has won for him a recognized place among sculptors, and his influence over the student body gathered about him today is of the rarest sort.

IN contrast to the heroic element that distinguishes Mr. Mulligan's creations is the facile and delicate point of view appearing in the collection of figures by Leonard Crunelle. His "Squirrel Boy," which won the prize of last year in the plaster model and in the bronze was purchased this year for the Municipal Art Gallery, is considered by the sculptors who criticize it to be a work of great beauty. The composition presents a roguish youth nude to the waist, with hips entering into a pedestal. The idea is graceful and poetic, and one finds other expressions of the same feeling in a companion decorative piece with doves, and the sparkling work entitled "Little Skater." Also, in addition to a relief portrait subtly treated, there is an infant head of the type which Mr. Crunelle models with a consummate appreciation of the charm of babyhood.

Mr. Crunelle was born in eighteen hundred and seventy-two in a mining district of France. To the unique life there the artist may trace his passion for beauty, as it cherished artistic traditions, loved music and pursued the refinements of joy when the toil of the day's work was over. With others of their neighbors, the Crunelle family emigrated to America and to the cruder associations of the coal mines of Decatur, Illinois. As the story goes, Mr. Taft was called to lecture in the town, and while there was told of a miner's lad who carved objects from coal. On meeting the youth, who spoke only his native French, Mr. Taft recognized a mind of unusual gift. Later he sent for him to come to Chicago to perform various tasks for the sculptors working on the decorations of the Horticultural Building of the World's Fair of eighteen hundred and ninety-three. When that was a thing of the past, the young man returning to Decatur sent back, as a token of his appreciation of the interest shown by his Chicago friends, a baby's head modeled from an infant in the family,—a remarkable piece of work and full of intelligence and promise.

"Crunelle's feeling for art," said Mr. Taft, "reminds me of the purity and simplicity of the fifteenth century Florentines. It rejoices in youth and the springtime of life." Several years ago the young sculptor purchased a home in the rural suburb of Edison Park, where a colony of painters have established themselves, and has there his studio, in which he models youthful figures from the children growing up under his own roof tree.

ANOTHER instance of individual creative work appeared in the popular groups of Miss Clyde Chandler of Dallas, Texas, who entered the sculpture class under Mr. Taft and remains to assist in his studio. The assemblies of children in "Blind Man's Buff," "Hunting for the Fairies," and "Scherzo," are happy presentations of the real spirit of the child world. It is romantic sculpture, full of joyousness and personality. Miss Chandler lives in the unreal world of nymphs and fauns with the imagination that creates a fairy world, and there is a tradition that wherever she goes, though lacking the pipe of the "Pied Piper," she is followed by a "comet's tail of children" who have discovered her gift for story telling. In a more lofty vein were two terminals surmounted by huge figures "Winter" and "Autumn," freely and boldly executed by Miss Chandler, who has also conceived designs for friezes of classic proportions.

In juxtaposition to the terminals by Miss Chandler was Frederick C. Hibbard's plaster model of a portrait statue of the late Carter H. Harrison, a heroic figure that cast in bronze was chosen to be placed in Union Park. This is particularly commended because of its commanding appearance, free from the rigidity that is so commonly a characteristic of the formal work of this order.

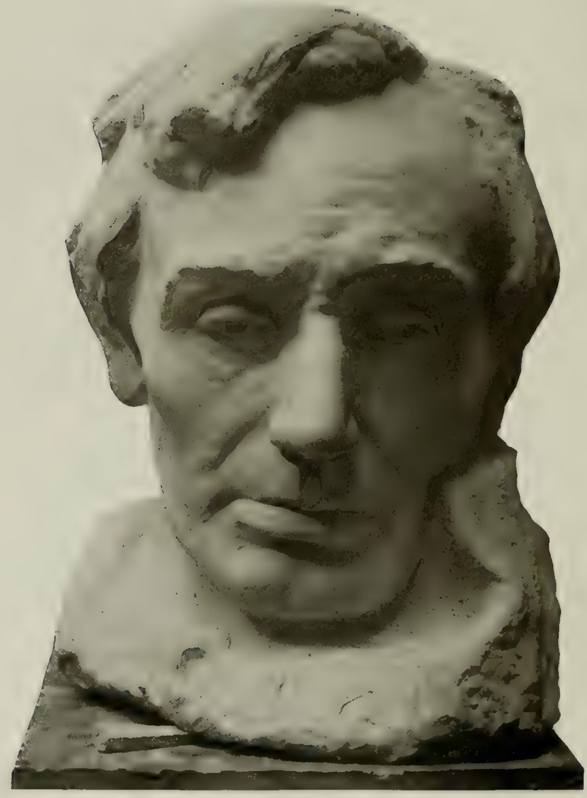
"At the Sign of the Spade" is a gigantic piece of work by Laura Kratz. The figure of a digger bending his great strength to his task in the soil is that of a man who has seen the storms of many winters and has found no compensation for toil. It is a grim conception, and in it is an expression of a sympathy toward the fate of unredeemed toil which presents the art of this woman as at once intelligent, kind and sensitive. The artist, a quiet, unobtrusive young woman, claims with some pride that she is a daughter of Illinois, and her home a farm near Monticello. "At the Sign of the Spade" was suggested by a poem of John Vance Cheney's, which was read by Mrs. Elia Peattie in the presence of a company at the summer residence of Mr. Taft at Eagle's Nest on Rock River, not far from Chicago. Reuben Fisher, living at Miss Kratz's home, posed for this ideal figure and also for his own portrait bust, which is a strong characterization of sterling virtues.

ALTHOUGH all that may be said of the work of these pupils of Lorado Taft is vicariously a tribute to the master, yet further word of the man himself seems justifiable and of genuine interest. He is a native of Illinois, and although his early art training was in Paris, subsequent travel and work has rid his brain of all Latin Quarter mannerism or point of view, and today he stands in universal sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men. A cultivated brain, a tender heart, a masterly technique—these are a part of his equipment for his work of the present. For many years director of the school of sculpture of the Art Institute, and actively identified with the work of the National Sculpture Society, the Society of Western Artists, the Chicago Society of Artists, the Municipal Art League and Municipal Art Commission of Chicago, and at present the president of the Polytechnic Society of five hundred young persons working in the downtown districts who meet frequently for purposes of culture, Mr. Taft yet finds time to write a most significant History of American Sculpture, to model ideal conceptions and to establish a reputation as the lasting friend of all true art and artists. In the eyes of those who truly understand the breadth and depth of his achievement, human as well as artistic, he will always stand foremost among artists in this country who have stimulated a genuine love of art and sympathized with the aspiration for the highest ideal of life through labor.

It was through his influence, which has been steadily increasing for the past decade or more, that the Ferguson Fund Bequest for one million dollars was made for sculptural municipal decoration in Chicago. And it was most fitting that the first commission should be awarded Mr. Taft and that his heroic "Fountain of the Great Lakes" should be selected by the donor as the monument. This beautiful design, of which an early model was shown at St. Louis, contains the figures of five nymphs grouped on a pyramid of rocks, pouring water from shells. The nymph Lake Superior is poised on the summit, bending to the group of Michigan and Huron below her, who pour the stream to Erie and Ontario at the base, from whence it flows to the great flood of waters that unite with the sea.

The very human side of the work of Mr. Taft and his school is what is most noticeable, not only in this recent exhibit, but in all the best work of this group of artists. The master and his pupils seem to have dwelt close to the real things of life, and the profoundly emotional phases of the very simple primitive conditions of life are recorded in their work faithfully and sympathetically;—the longing for light of the blind, of all the blind, physical or moral; the love and aspirations of maternity; the play and joy of childhood,—the simplest childhood; the tragedy of unintelligent, unrewarded labor; the splendid courage and virility of awakened youth where strength has been gained by labor; the strength of love where it stands without competitors in the heart of a man; emotions to be found in any small cottage out on the prairie edge or in the back street in the outer city slums. These workers have not striven for beauty alone, for the mere outer form, but to present the spirit of beauty that dwells in strange abodes, far from conventional standards of excellence. And so by the honest presentation of what they know genuinely, by sincere associations with each phase of life which touches the brain, with the fine purpose of carving truth always, whether in symbol or fact, this group of men and women are holding art to its right intention—the presenting beautifully the growth of a nation through triumphs and failures, telling the truth in an utterance individual, cultivated and honest.

"A MINER AND CHILD." CHARLES J. MULLIGAN, SCULPTOR.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, FROM A PORTRAIT-BUST BY GUTZON BORGLUM.

ALL THE VARYING PHASES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S CHARACTER SHOWN IN GUTZON BORGLUM'S GREAT PORTRAIT BUST

IN profound insight into character and in subtleness of portrayal Gutzon Borglum's "Head of Lincoln" must be accounted among the greatest achievements in portrait sculpture that have been made by any American artist. In forming his conception Mr. Borglum studied the photographs of Lincoln taken at different ages, but in the final working out he used only the beardless pictures of the war President's last years. These he subjected to a system of minute measurements, exact and intricate, and the results he applied to the enlarged head as it grew under his hands. The differences of measurement which he found on the two sides of the face resulted inevitably in a slight difference of expression—a difference which close students of physiognomy will find in much of the Lincoln portraiture. Mr. Borglum thinks that the right side of Lincoln's countenance was that in which the forcefulness of his character, his common sense, his executive capacity, his reasonableness, that is, his intellectual qualities, found chiefly their expression. But his gentleness, his tenderness, his bigness and warmth of heart, in short, his spiritual side, the artist thinks left its marks more upon the left half of his countenance. His measurements of the face have convinced Mr. Borglum that Lincoln must have had the habit of grinding together the teeth in his right jaws, doubtless as a vent for some of those exasperations of the burden which he never visited upon others. And the artist has given, from that point of view, an almost poignant impression of the tensity and weight of the man's inner life. It is a different Lincoln which one perceives from every different viewpoint of this noble and impressive head—kaleidoscopic as the man himself was in character. Perhaps it is in just this particular that the greatness of the work chiefly lies. For the whole of Lincoln's varied and contradictory character is in this sculptured countenance. The theory from which the artist worked of making different parts of the face show varying phases of mind and soul has resulted in an expression singularly lifelike, as if one were watching the changing play of deep feeling over the face of a living man. This head is by far the most impressive presentment of Lincoln in any form that has ever been made.

ANN GOING: A STORY: BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THE moonlight lying placid on the familiar surroundings—on the neat outbuildings, the upper fringe of the orchard, on fence and woodpile and pump—was different. To the woman in the scant nightgown at the window the very air that fanned her gentle face was different, for the woman was different: the thing she had decided to do set her apart from this peaceful moonlit scene, from the rugged old face on the pillow behind her, from herself. She was still Ann Juliet Going, but a different Ann.

It was a thing for youth to do, especially since it must be done alone. She stood there, resolutely growing young. She straightened her rounded old back and held her head up; her thoughts going back to her youth were youthful thoughts.

"I feel's if I wasn't more'n twenty—thirty, anyway," she laughed aloud in her soft old voice. But there was a strained, sixty-year-old note in the sound. Laughing tells tales.

"It's got to be now or never—it's going to be now! I'm standin' here right on the edge of it!"

Everything was in readiness. She had packed the trunk at odd times when Onward was in the fields. She remembered now the first thing she had put in—her wedding dress! Ever since, she had laughed at the idea, but she had never taken it out. It made it seem a little, a very little, like the first packing she would have done if she and Onward had gone forty years ago. For of course she would have put in her wedding dress then. It had been white then—now, yellow. Oh no, oh no, she could never have gone without the wedding dress!

The second thing had been Onward's wedding suit. She did not laugh when she remembered putting that in.

"Men are so different," she sighed. "They don't hang on to things the way women do—for forty years. There's always new things—barns and cattle and going to town meeting."

There always had been. Standing there in the window, on the "edge" of the great thing she had decided to do, Ann Juliet Going realized that there were "new things," too, for women, but there had never been for her. New little babies laid, after awful birth-pains, in the warm hollows of their arms, to look down on with weak raptures,—but never in the hollow of *her* arm.

"If there ever had been—I'd have taken him with me," she said simply. Sure he would have wanted to go. He would have been tall, not short like his father. He would have walked away beside her, carrying her bags. "Hurry, mother!" he would have said, "or we'll miss the boat."

In a locked drawer of an old dresser were all his little clothes. Ann had got them ready "in case." She had never for a moment in the first years of the forty doubted that he would come some time, and so she had fashioned the little shirts and slips. A certain thrift deep-planted in her New England foremothers' natures had by right descended to her. She had always "got ready" before there was need,—made towels, sheets, quilts. It was her gentle creed, inherited.

Suddenly now she turned from the tableau of the pale moonlight over homely night things and went hurrying away noiselessly. There was just room in the tray of the trunk; she got them and put them in. Her old fingers touched the small, neat piles with the infinite tenderness of a great yearning. It is thus that childless mothers handle tiny clothes—"Well, it would be a little like his going, too."

The brief flame of youth flickered out and Ann Going crept like an old woman back to bed. Only the inflexible resolution she had inherited from her ancestors together with their thrift kept her to her decision. She would not give it up, although she longed to at this moment of disillusion. She would do it tomorrow—go tomorrow.

In his rugged sleep Onward B. Going stirred repeatedly, as if uneasy premonitions disturbed his dreams. He was not a man to be commonly disturbed, but these premonitions would not be common ones. His gentle wife, Ann Juliet, had never done it before. Small wonder that his grizzled head rolled on the pillows.

The first disturbing element in his life had been his name, and even that had taken its time to disturb him. It was not until the child Onward had joined his fellow children at the district school that the humorous aspect of his name had occurred to him. Then repeated mockings had roused his tiny rage, and he had stumped home one recess to demand a new name. The middle letter, B, had been the compromise, and though it remained from that far period to this a letter only, without the dignity of standing for a word, it had served its purpose. Oddly enough the added humor of the new name had never occurred to Onward. His friends never suggested it, his wife ignored it in the gentle way in which she ignored all his failings—the name had ever to her mind been one of them. She could recall in her secret musings the potent factor it had been in her long resistance to his suit for her hand. Then love, as love will, had stepped into the troubled pool and her decision had been clear. She had accepted him, name and all. Besides that, there had been many other failings, she had found, though she had never been sorry. But she had longed unutterably for a chance to use the little slips and shirts.

Lying there in the darkened room after the moonlight had been quenched in clouds Ann Juliet Going listened to the uneasy rustlings of Onward's head upon its pillow and wondered vague things: Would he be lonely? Would he count the days in the yellow almanac hanging by a corner-loop on the kitchen wall? Would he like Salomy Hyde's cooking—her bread and doughnuts and pies? Onward was so fond of pies, but would he be of Salomy Hyde's? Would he sometimes—just sometimes—wish it were time for her to come back?

It was not Salomy Hyde Ann meant that last time. She lay in the gloom and wished it were time now, before she had started, for her to come back. But she did not change the Plan.

It was a very old Plan, conceived in the joyous ambitions of the early time when she had married Onward. At last, after forty years, it was born. But now it was a lonely Plan, and the flavor of it was suddenly like ashes in her mouth.

"I hate to do it alone," she lamented in her silent way that was sadder than patience. "Not all soul alone!" She broke into soft sobbing that scarcely stirred the covers of the bed. "Other women's old as me have husbands or sons to go." It was odd that she never said daughters. The little shirts had been made for sons; it was sons she had missed.

Onward's share in the Plan had been a brief one, though not lacking, while it lasted, in enthusiasm. He had not thought of it in many years. Other plans had crowded it out, elbowed it into the corner of cobwebs in his memory where plans die unfuneraled and unlamented. The other plans had embraced his lands and herds, new barns, new mowers and reapers, a windmill, a bank account. The forty years had been pleasant enough to Onward. He, too, had hoped for sons, but had taken his deprivation with philosophical resignation. He could hire tall youths to work beside him in the fields. In the house there was always Ann,—Onward was not hard to satisfy.

The early morning work next day began quite in the monotonous, usual way. Milking and foddering in the great barns, the warm steam of the cooking breakfast within the little house. There was nothing to indicate a strange thing would be happening within a little time; nothing hinted of the Plan. But Ann Juliet Going stepped heavily about her work and could not put on youth. She had meant to step springily and be young.

Onward ate his meal with the relish of a hungry man. He never talked at meals, rarely of late years talked at all. And Ann always had been a silent woman, thinking where other women chattered. She was thinking now.

Would he find the letter at once? Would he be angry—no, not angry and be Onward! She was not afraid of that. But he would be surprised, and he had never liked to be surprised. And if he cared—Ann could not decide that to her comforting. "He will care —he won't care. He will—he won't,—will,—won't—" ran her heavy heart to the tune of its throbs. Young women say their daisy petals that way wistfully; old women—Anns—count them off like drops of blood. She found herself at this last moment longing unutterably for Onward to care.

The letter she left pinned to the kitchen hand towel, for he would see it there when he washed before dinner. As it happened, his thoughts were upon the coming town meeting at which he expected election to an important office as usual, and the little envelope escaped his notice till he felt it crumpling under his vigorous hands.

"Hullo!" he ejaculated in slow surprise. "Well, I never,—if it ain't pinned on! Ann, where are you? Here's a letter——" It was *from* Ann!

He read it with the labor of one unused to reading letters, his old brows frowning with the pain of it. It was from Ann—a letter from Ann—a *letter!* He read it again, and the pain of translation became the pain of understanding—a double, treble, awful pain. It was his first letter from Ann, and he sixty-six, Ann sixty. It was a terrible letter to read at sixty-six, written by an old wife.

"Dear Onward:—I'm doing it, as I've always known I would. All of a sudden, I knew it was now or never. When you wash for dinner I'll *be* doing it. I guess I'll be as far as the Junction then. You'll say *that's* going abroad, but I'm going the whole ways. I always meant to, and I am. There's a steamship going to start tomorrow noon from Boston. I decided to do it when your brother Joel sent me that money in his will—when it *came*, I mean. Seemed just as if he sent it on purpose. Joel kind of understood people.

"When you and me planned going to Europe we made out a list of places we would go to, first one and then another. I'm going to every single one of them. I kept the list. You'll find your socks all mended up; begin at the right hand to wear them. I've arranged them according to thickness. Counting two pairs to a week that'll bring you to the woollen ones just right. Salomy Hyde is going to come tonight to cook and keep house, but I cooked your dinner today. I hope you'll like the pie. I've told Salomy Hyde not to boil your tea and how you like your beans baked and to air your clothes after she irons them. You better not cross Salomy—otherways she's a good woman. I got new glasses to see the foreign places with. They're the strongest kind I could get. And I'm going to keep a diary same as I meant to then."

"Then" was forty years ago. Onward Going winced. He had meant, too, to keep a diary. But they had not planned for strong glasses then. He read on with a gripping at his heart.

"I can't tell when I shall get back, but I'm going to hurry. And you'll have the town election and the Grange meetings. You better go to them *all.* Have Salomy Hyde put you up a nice hearty lunch election day. I've told her the way you like lunches. Don't ever cross her. The handkerchiefs in the left-hand pile are your best ones. I've taken the same trunk we were going to take. If you feel a sore throat coming on wrap your stocking round it when you go to bed *and take the medicine in the blue bottle.* Well shaken, a tablespoonful. I kind of hate to go alone, but I knew it wasn't any use to wait as I'm getting old. I began to write this letter three days ago, excuse mistakes.

Aff. your wife Ann.

"P. S. It was now or never.

"P. S. 2. The liniment is on the upper shelf.

"P. S. 3. Don't cross Salomy Hyde."

Salomy Hyde came in through the sunny doorway. She was smiling affably, uncrossed.

"I guess I'm some early. Mis' Goin' said to come sometime in the afternoon an' I says, 'Do it now,' I says. That's my motter. I see one hangin' up once in a store."

The man beside the roller-towel scarcely seemed to see her.

"Land, Onward Goin', be you sick?" He scarcely seemed to hear.

To Ann Juliet Going, sitting upright on the car-seat, jolting and jarring through all her tender old bones, the miles flew past but the moments crawled. Dread and determination warred in her old breast. And she had written it in the Plan that she would be rejoicing. With Onward on the seat beside her, or the Son, she might have been.

"But I'm doing it—I'm going," she repeated to herself. Then the daisy petal tune took up its jog again to the jog of the train: "He will care—he won't care. Will—won't. Will—won't." It tired her, but it would not stop. Not until her weary old head jogged into brief sleep against the tawdry velvet back of the seat. It stopped then, but its last word was "won't." She dreamed that Onward went whistling—he had never been a whistling man—about his work in the barns and fields now that she was gone, and even in the dream the thought hurt her with mortal hurt. He had been a silent, undemonstrative husband, but she carried in her memory always the short, sweet period of their love-making. And he had been everything to her—little unborn sons as well as husband. He had not been tender after that first tenderness, but he had been gentle. There were no harsh things to remember.

When at length she stood on board the steamer that was to take her across sea to the places she was determined to see, a sense of utter loneliness overcame her. She was not alone—all about her on deck and dock crowded and clamored an excited throng. She saw happy people and unhappy; she herself was unhappy, yet she was saying good-bye to no one. Onward, she reflected sadly, was whistling about his work. It did not occur to her to turn back, but the zest of going had turned bitter on her tongue. An odd feeling that it was her duty to go took possession of her.

A tall son kissed his mother at Ann's elbow. She turned to catch the love in the big fellow's face. But he should not be saying good-bye—he should be going, too. Ann's son would have been going with her, standing, tall and splendid, beside her—Ann's son was finer-looking than this one who was kissing his mother, than any other woman's son.

"I declare!" uttered in a soft wail the lonely little old person who was Ann. "Oh, I declare, I declare, I wish I wasn't going,—but I am! I'm going to shut my eyes to keep from seeing that woman's son go back ashore, for if I see him just as likely as not I'll go, too. I've got a queer feeling all over me. I don't know whether it's in the pit o' my stomach or in my heart."

It was in the pit of her heart. It grew steadily worse. Tears forced themselves to Ann's faded eyes, but because she was Ann they did not fall. Because she was Ann she closed her eyes to the general exodus of tall sons, of mothers, fathers and sweethearts that began now at the clang of a warning bell. Her strong, firm figure stood in their path, and they jolted against her as they hurried, some of them blinded by tears, but she did not open her eyes. She was Ann.

He was Onward. Someone stood in his way, and he muttered an imprecation between his teeth and brushed the obstacle away with tough old arms muscled to swing a scythe. Now, at the last moment, he did not mean to be too late. He leaped across the gangplank—to Ann.

"Here I be—here I be, Ann," he gasped in triumph. The old valise that he had crammed with a jumble of clothes he swung about his head boyishly as Ann opened her eyes. What she saw was the young Onward who had begun to go abroad with her forty years ago; it was to him she cried out bewilderedly.

"Onward! Onward!"

"I'm him—Onward Going!" he laughed. "Mebbe you thought you was Going alone!" He had never joked about his name before, or joked at all since those early days. It was another proof that this was the early Onward. Grizzled beard, bald spot, crooking back, all counted for nothing against him, and suddenly she was herself the early Ann. They were going abroad together to the places, one at a time, that they had planned to see. The steamer was moving smoothly on its way!

Onward fled for relief from the curious pressure of the moment to common things. Salomy Hyde was a common thing. He chuckled reminiscently.

"You'd ought to seen Salomy's face when I hove in sight with the old carpet-bag!" he said. To Ann, too, here was relief. She came down to Salomy's level with a sense of alighting from a dizzy height. She had even room for faint consternation.

"Onward! You didn't cross Salomy Hyde!"

He beat his roughened hands together in self-applause.

"Didn't I! 'Where *be* you goin' with that carpet-bag?' she says, up high. 'Me? Oh, jest to Europe,' I says, kind of indifferent. Then's when you'd ought to seen her face, Ann. 'Land, Onward Goin',' she sort of chippered, 'be you crazy?'"

Ann laughed tremulously.

"You *were*, Onward,—Salomy Hyde was right. *I'm* crazy. Both of us are. But it's too late now to be in our right minds." She threw out her hands in a gesture of unconscious grace. The shore was receding from them. "I'm glad it's too late, Onward! I was getting scared to go alone, but now——" She turned her radiant face to him. He could not know she was thinking of tall sons and in her heart preferring him.

Years slipped away from Onward Going—twenty of them, thirty, forty. His awkward tongue picked up old words of love.

"Annie,"—that was one of them—"you look here. There ain't anybody in this crowd sixty, nor sixty-six. You ain't but twenty."

She caught eagerly at the fancy.

"In May, Onward!" she nodded. "And you twenty-six come March!"

"That's the ticket. And look here"—now his old face pleaded with her—"nobody's been thoughtless nor—nor mean, Annie."

"Nobody!" she cried. There seemed no one but Onward and herself, Ann, on the great ship. Together, he twenty-six, she twenty, their hands found each other in the way of young hands. Ann's face put on a radiance like a soft, becoming garment.

THE SCARLET TANAGER

THE goldenrod, her autumn rout
  Has changed to silver spray:
  The milkweed holds thin tresses out
  Against an azure day.

The hill is sweet with fern and burr
  And brown with brier and sheaves.
Is it a scarlet tanager
  That flickers in the leaves?

The autumn haze mounts sudden, strong
  The field is like a pyre.
What if one tiny spark of song
  Should set a world on fire!

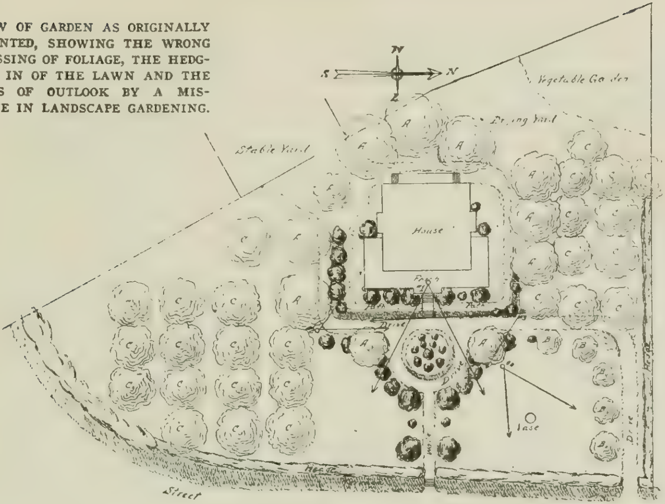
MARY FENOLLOSA.

ART IN ORNAMENTAL PLANTING: ILLUSTRATED BY A MISTAKE IN LANDSCAPE GARDENING: BY GRACE TABOR

THE really wise man has discovered that he often learns more through his mistakes than he does by his successes; and although this is an expensive way of accumulating knowledge, the wise man consoles himself with the thought that it is a very sure way. There are, however, experiences which one can hardly afford to pay for by blunders, because the blunders cost too much in time, energy and money. Landscape gardening may be reckoned as one of these experiences, for you see a garden requires years to grow up, and mistakes in early training can only be discovered when it is difficult to rectify them, and the worse the mistakes are the more conspicuous they grow from year to year. The little shrub in the wrong place this spring grows up into an accusing mistake next year. And so the best way to grow wise about gardening is to study from the mistakes of others, and this article offers a lesson in landscape planting by showing how a garden was in the first place made an eyesore instead of a beauty, and what was done to all this bad management to convert the lawns and walks and shrubs into a beautiful setting for a charming house.

When I first saw the garden in question, it seemed to me that nearly every offense possible against art in planting and arrangement had been committed. For my illustrations in this article I am submitting two plans, first the one of the garden as it was originally planted, and second, my own suggestion for replanting it in harmony with the house, the slope of the land and the fundamental purpose of all landscape gardening—beauty of line and color and proportion.

If you will look at the original plan you will see that the first and most glaring fault in the arrangement is the entire absence of any sense of spaciousness; the lovely sloping lawn might as well have been a small, flat suburban lot so far as it conveyed any impression of space and breadth. Not only did the garden itself seem cramped and distorted, but it actually appeared to crowd back against the house, as though there had not been room enough in the first place to afford the building a position with sufficient elbow room. You will notice also that large shrubs were set close against the house, shutting off all view of the grounds and surrounding country from either porch or windows. Thus, instead of "planting in" the

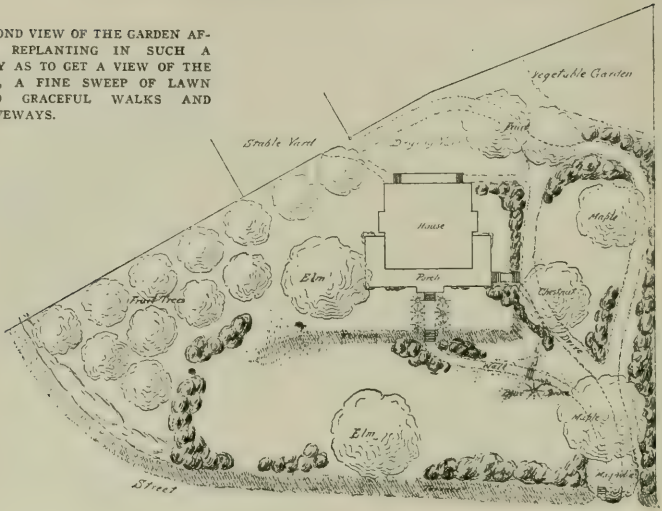


VIEW OF GARDEN AS ORIGINALLY PLANTED, SHOWING THE WRONG MASSING OF FOLIAGE, THE HEDGING IN OF THE LAWN AND THE LOSS OF OUTLOOK BY A MISTAKE IN LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

grounds to set off the house, and framing the wide lawns by mass planting to its outermost limits, the gardener "planted out" practically all the beauty of the slope itself and lost the distant views besides. Foliage is massed about the house, and the only stretch of lawn is invisible both from the road and the house itself by being enclosed with a hard formal hedge which runs in a stiff line along the boundary.

This is exactly reversing the correct order of things in landscape gardening. The architecture of a dwelling house should always be revealed freely, and the view of it should be unhampered from the roof to ground; there should be only low-growing shrubs near the foundation, while masses of shrubs or trees should mark boundary lines and fill the base and the sweeping curves of walks and drives. And yet about the house, if you will notice the original drawing, you will see magnificent shrubs fifteen and twenty feet high crowded close to the foundation and a walk made impassable because of shrubs which run along the top of the terrace which sloped sharply to the driveway. All the walks, terraces and drives have the effect of being cramped and isolated by a growth of tall shrubs or trees. Over the porch a crimson rambler drapes itself, combining with the

SECOND VIEW OF THE GARDEN AFTER REPLANTING IN SUCH A WAY AS TO GET A VIEW OF THE SEA, A FINE SWEEP OF LAWN AND GRACEFUL WALKS AND DRIVEWAYS.



shrubs to destroy the faintest outlook. From the southeast view of the house there should have been a clean sweep of vision straight down to the distant sea, but on this side magnolias close to the house and an orchard beyond prevent a glimmer of the water, and a circle of shrubs choke off even the sight of the little lawn.

Not only are the trees and shrubs actually in the way in this original plan, but even in the very planting there is no symmetry. Everything seems to have been done in pairs, and the shrubs are not related to the scheme or to the lawns or to the house. Even the color scheme seems to have been ignored in the doing of this garden. Looking from the porch over a bed which obstructs the entrance walk there was only bare earth until July. Then coleus and petunias filled in the space; later salvia appeared, making a color combination too dreadful for words, and the plants being hardy the colors screamed aloud until frost. In the closed-in lawn, which is a prisoner from every point of view on the grounds, there stands a foolish urn, which is neither decorative nor useful. In driving up to the house, according to the old plan, one had a sense of turning abrupt corners, of apprehension lest one should meet another vehicle on the narrow driveway, and always the feeling of being shut in, of seeing the entire estate in patches without pleasure or appreciation.

In the second plan the idea has been to relate the lawns and driveways to each other and to the house, to plant in such a way as to secure and hold every possible bit of view. The slope of the land about the house is by nature very beautiful, curving down from the foundation in all directions save southwest. This suggested at once bringing a drive in long curves from the road to the doorway, for driveways and walks should always run along the easiest way, just as paths do in woods and fields, or at least they should give one the sense of doing so. The walk was also made a graceful, easy grade from street to house; this to avoid cutting through the lawn, which in the new plan was made to spread its restful green across the entire slope in front of the house. Groups of shrubs hide the terrace steps from the street, also the carriage steps at the side, and irregular masses enclose the lawn in front and on the north. Similar masses hide the vegetable garden and afford an excuse for the Y in the drive as it comes from the street, suggesting a division between the fruit trees and the purely ornamental portions of the planting on the south. The only trees left near the house are an elm and a chestnut, both tall and high-branching trees, affording a view underneath their lowest branches. Large shrubs are used along the boundaries; medium-sized shrubs alone are employed within the grounds and always at a distance from the house, and only the lowest varieties are planted about the house and on the terrace at the north. Vines are confined to the columns of the porch, framing the open spaces. The crimson rambler roses are transplanted to the solid wall and over the trellises at a distance, so that at last from the porch one can see all the beauty about the house, the country beyond, and from the southeast section, the glimpse of the ocean, everything being planned to admit light and air to the house and to extend the view in every desirable direction.

SIGNIFICANT FEATURES OF THE TWENTY-THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE: AN IMITATIVE RATHER THAN A CREATIVE SPIRIT MANIFEST

THE general impression given by the Twenty-third Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League of New York was that it differed widely from that of last year, which was notable for expressions of a progressive spirit in architecture and the development of original and characteristic ideas, especially in dwelling houses. This year there was a definite return to the conventional architectural styles adapted more or less literally from other countries and former periods. The Greek and the English Gothic were both prominent, and public buildings seemed for the most part to take precedence of the charming domestic architecture of which so much was seen last year.

Perhaps the best part of the whole exhibit was the display of mural decorations, which is treated at length in another article in this issue of The Craftsman. There were various excellent examples of new mural work by some of our most notable men, a thing that cannot be said of the architectural exhibit, which seemed to be mainly made up of things done at different times and judged to be good enough for exhibition purposes. This was demonstrated by the fact that the gold medal for architectural design was not awarded, owing to the quality of the work submitted. The silver medal was awarded to Herman Kahle, of Columbia University.

The special prize of three hundred dollars for the best design submitted by an architect, sculptor and mural painter working in collaboration was awarded to Evelyn B. Longman, Henry Bacon and Milton Bancroft, although this team gained only the second award, the first having been given to Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who collaborated with Hugo Ballin, mural painter, and Grosvenor Atterbury, architect, in a design for an out of door swimming pool and pavilion. As Mr. Atterbury was a member of the committee awarding the prize, this composition was necessarily out of the running, and so the actual prize went to the winners of the second award.

The subject given for competition called for a large pool to be placed so that three sides were screened by the building or enclosing wings, trellises or planting, leaving the fourth or south side open to the view. It was the architect's task to design this pavilion and also the lateral trellises or wings and appropriate landscape planting to form a frame and screen for the pool and pavilion. To the sculptor was awarded the task of designing the source or fountain from which the water is to be fed to the pool, this to be placed at the north end, either in front of or within the pavilion, and to form the chief sculptural ornament in the composition. The decoration of the open room or loggia facing the pool was given to the mural painter, the work of the three to be in collaboration so that it should form a symmetrical and harmonious whole. It was provided in the conditions of the competition that the Avery prize for sculpture and the President's prize for mural painting should be awarded to these decorative features in some one of the competing designs. Therefore, Charles Carey Rumsey, of New York, was given the Avery prize and Hugo Ballin received the President's prize.

WHILE the architectural part of the exhibition as a whole was conventional to a degree, there were nevertheless a few examples of what has come to be characteristic American architecture. Notable among these were the houses designed by Grosvenor Atterbury, of New York, of which one of the best was a country house built at Ridgefield, Connecticut. We reproduce here four illustrations showing different views of the house itself and one glimpse of a portion of the garden. The plan of the building is well suited to the landscape, which is hilly and broken in contour. Extensive grounds surround the house on all sides, and at the rear develop into a small formal garden surrounded by a stone wall with a semi-circular pergola and lattice at the back, as shown in the illustration. The foundation and first story are of field rubble set in cement, and the second story is built of over-burnt brick with half-timber construction, giving a delightful color effect. A long wing at the back of the house contains a conservatory which opens into the walled garden spoken of above. This conservatory is balanced on the other side of the house by a pergola, and between them appears a great semi-circular bay entirely filled with glass, which looks out upon the terrace leading into the garden. The plan gives the impression of close relationship and perfect harmony between the house and the garden, which are so linked together that the usual sense of the aloofness of a building from the ground is not felt. This fact is heightened by the steps leading down to the garden, which are great semi-circular slabs of stone set in cement.

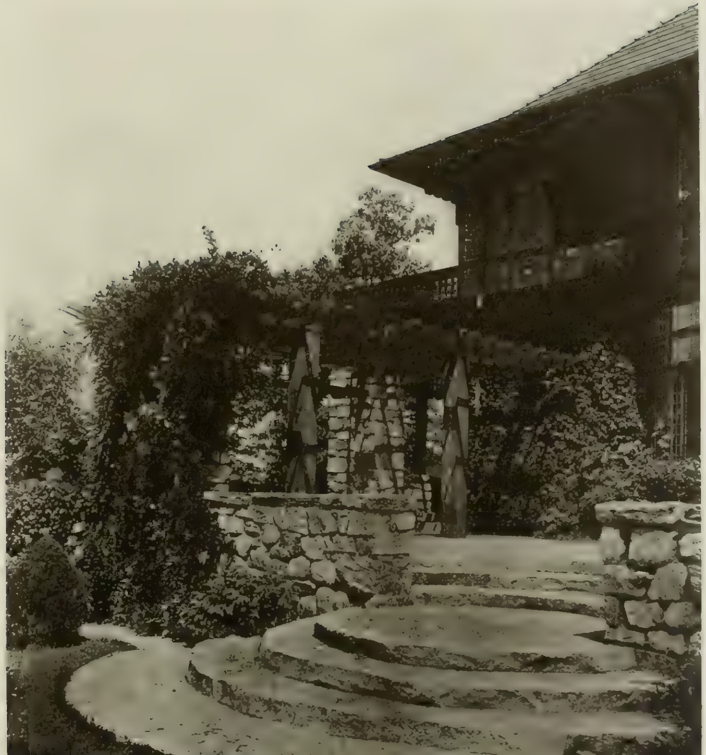
Another house designed by Mr. Atterbury masquerades under the modest name of a shooting lodge at Timothy, South Carolina, but in reality it is a large country house one story in height and spreading over a goodly portion of ground. It has an ample allowance of veranda and the walls are almost entirely windows, so that while it serves for shelter it can be thrown so wide open to the out of doors as to bring the feeling of sunshine and forest and open air into every part of it.

The third house leans more to foreign influence in the design, as it has many characteristics of a Normandy dwelling, but it has been adapted to American uses and surroundings until it may be said to have become thoroughly naturalized. It is so irregular in ground plan that it gives much the impression of an old English house that has had wing after wing added by each successive owner until it is almost a group of buildings instead of one structure. This irregularity of construction brings it into harmony with the plan of the grounds, designed by James L. Greenleaf, landscape architect.

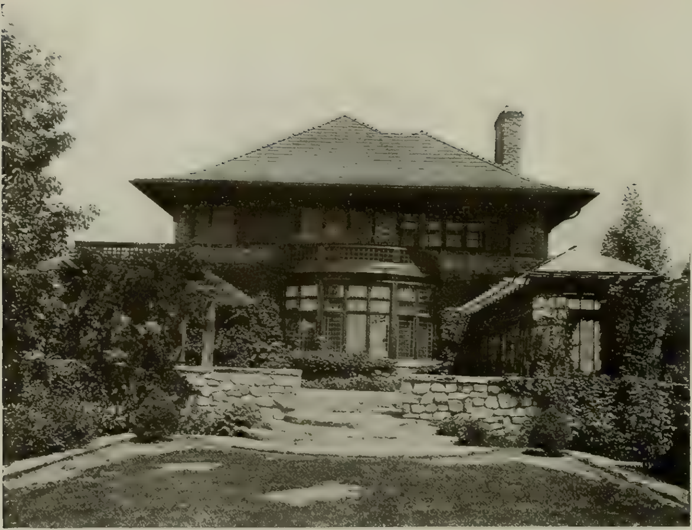
The house is situated in Locust Valley, Long Island, near Oyster Bay, and the material used for its construction is over-burnt brick set in white plaster and patterned in the panels as shown in the detail illustrated, and this decorative arrangement of the "black headers" appears very prominently in the tower and around the windows. It is quite the distinctive feature in the house, and the effect is unusual and most quaint and decorative, carrying as it does an excellent suggestion for purely structural ornamentation that is in entire keeping with the design of the building.

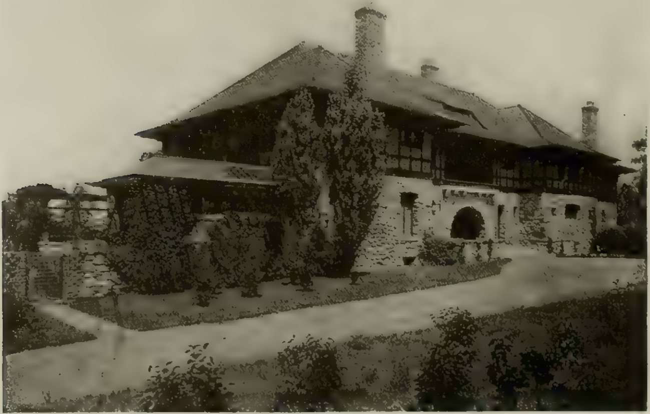
The detail of the two verandas gives not only an excellent idea of the construction, but also of the effective use of windows and the sense of space and sunniness given by the vista through the house and down the lane in the garden. At the back of the house is a formal garden laid out in the conventional style with steps leading down to the sunken portion around a large circular fountain. Opposite the steps a broad opening leads into the shrubbery beside the tennis court. A pergola shading a platform, to which broad steps lead, affords a pleasant shelter, and opposite is the seat shown in the illustration, with a portion of the brick wall and the decorative lattice construction in the upper part.

A beautiful building that shows evidences of the modern spirit is the club house designed for the Mohawk Golf Club in Schenectady, New York, by William Wells Bosworth, of New York. It is an ideal plan for a club house, ample in its dimensions, simple in line and affording the maximum of room both inside the house and on the verandas.



PERGOLA PORCH AND INTERESTING ENTRANCE OF THE HOUSE AT RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, ARCHITECT.

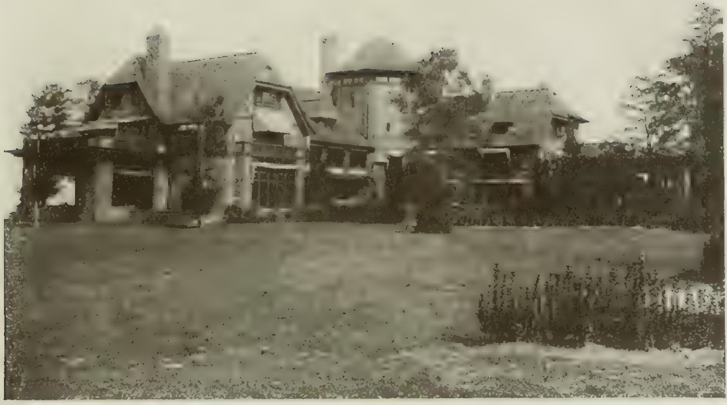


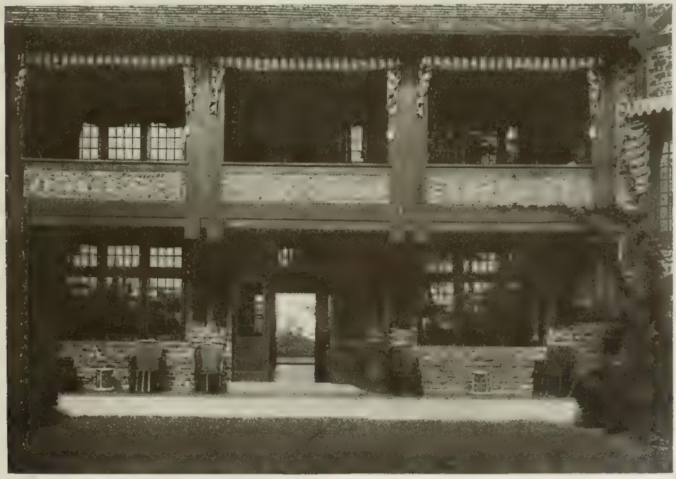


Grosvenor Atterbury, Architect.

FRONT ELEVATION OF
HOUSE AT RIDGEFIELD.

SECOND VIEW, SHOWING
CARRIAGE APPROACH.

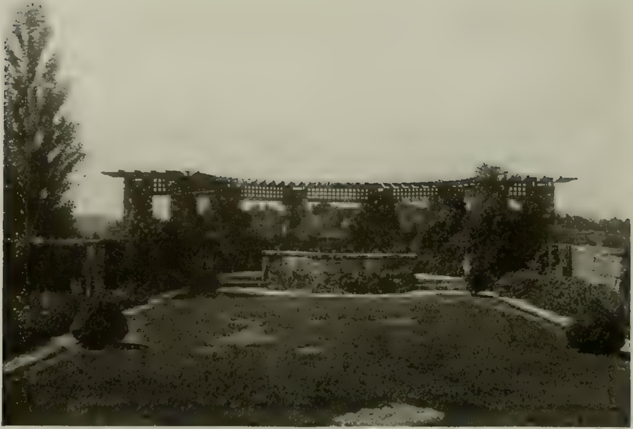


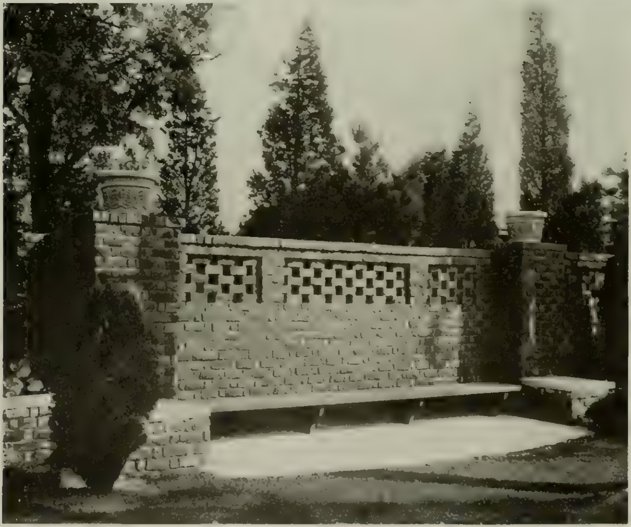


Courtesy of the Brickbuilder and Architectural Monthly.

VIEW OF HOUSE AT LOCUST VALLEY, SHOWING GENERAL SCHEME OF CONSTRUCTION, WITH PERGOLA AT THE REAR: GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, ARCHITECT.

COURT BALCONY FROM GARDEN OF LOCUST VALLEY HOUSE.

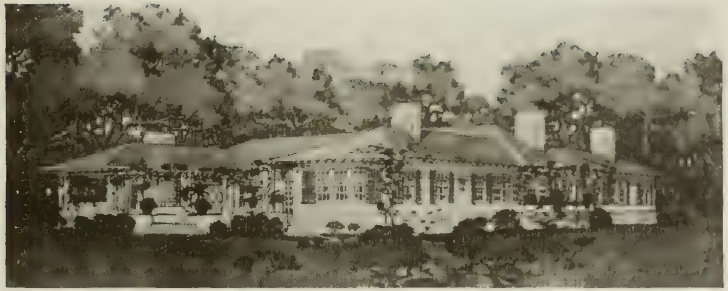


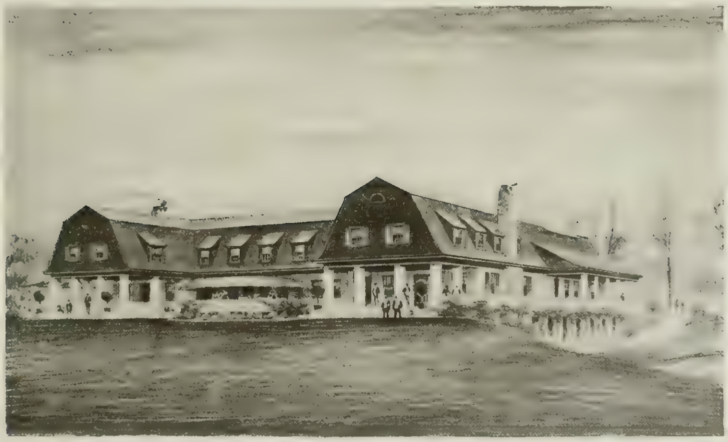


Courtesy of the Brickbuilder and Architectural Monthly.

PERGOLA IN GARDEN AT RIDGEFIELD HOUSE.

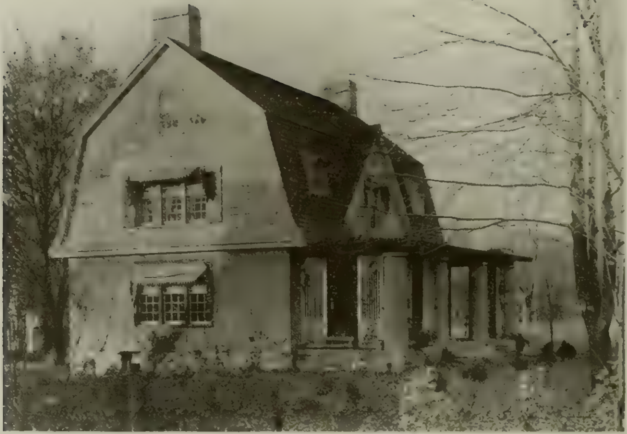
GARDEN SEAT OF THE HOUSE AT LOCUST VALLEY.

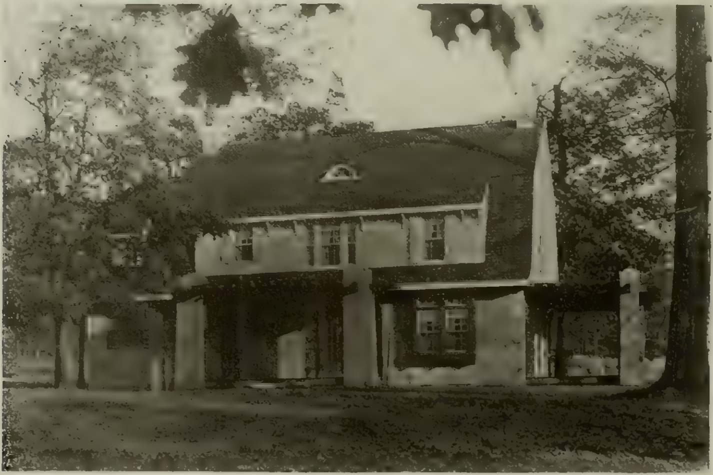




SHOOTING LODGE AT [illegible], S. C.
GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, ARCHITECT.

MOHAWK GOLF CLUB, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.
WILLIAM WELLS BOSWORTH, ARCHITECT.

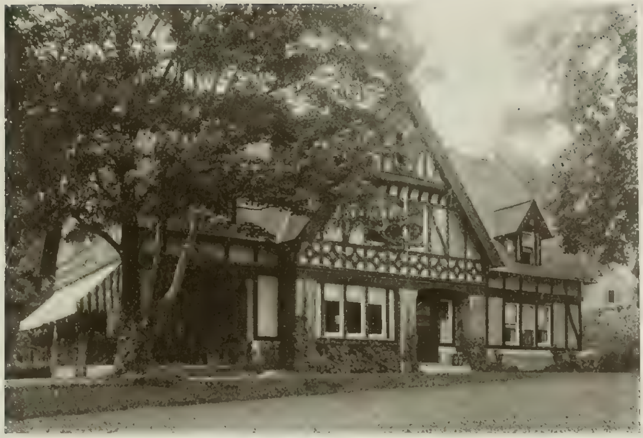


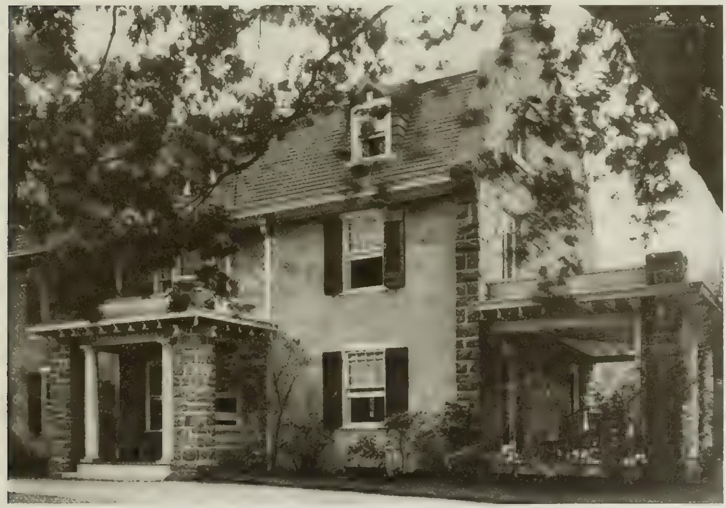


Aymar Embury, Architect.

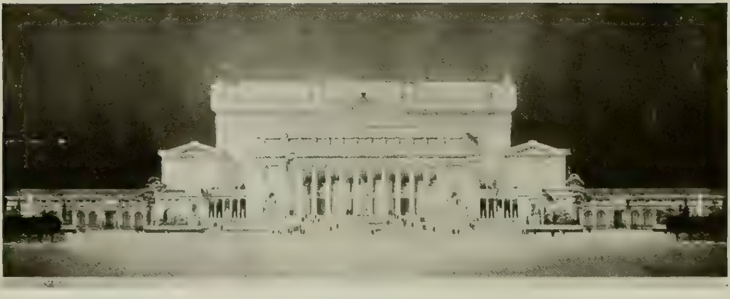
SIXTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR COTTAGE AT ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

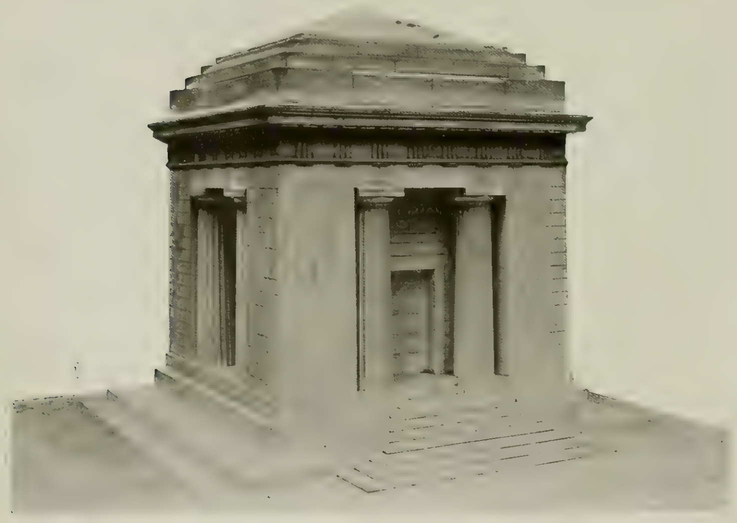
ORR HOUSE AT ENGLEWOOD, N. J.





TWO MORE INTERESTING COTTAGES AT ENGLEWOOD, N. J., DESIGNED BY AYMAR EMBURY II





A SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS: FIRST PRIZE BEAUX ARTS COMPETITION FOR PARIS PRIZE: W. SIDNEY WAGNER, ARCHITECT.

DESIGN FOR MAUSOLEUM, KINGSTON, N. Y.: YORK & SAWYER, ARCHITECTS.

MUCH more modest in character, but very attractive and characteristic in design, is a group of cottages built in Englewood, New Jersey, and designed by Aymar Embury, II. The cottage built for H. S. Orr is a modernized version of the old-fashioned farmhouse, its plan being simple to a degree and having an air of old-fashioned comfort. The lower story is built of terra cotta blocks covered with stucco, a favorite material with Mr. Embury, who considers it one of the best for insulating purposes, as it maintains an even temperature against the extremes of heat and cold and is also inexpensive. The upper part of the house is shingled. Attractive features of the exterior are the porches roofed with a pergola construction, of which the beams are held in place by massive square pillars of the stuccoed terra cotta blocks.

Another cottage of Mr. Embury's design shows the same construction of plaster below and shingles above. It is strongly reminiscent of the best of the old homesteads that are dotted so thickly over New Jersey, showing the old Dutch Colonial roof and the partially latticed porch. The grouping of the windows in this house is excellent, and also the use of the heavy round pillars that support the roof of the veranda. Another of Mr. Embury's houses is equally suggestive of the buildings most in vogue in this part of the country in the beginning of the last century, as it is made partly of blocks of the red stone so much used in the old houses, and is partly stuccoed. The windows with their old-fashioned blinds, the square entrance porches with their heavy stone pillars and trim white columns between, and, indeed, the whole plan of the house, suggest the buildings of an earlier day, and show a revival worth while, because some of these old Revolutionary homesteads in New Jersey have an attractiveness conspicuously lacking in the more pretentious structures of a later period.

The same can hardly be said of the fourth of Mr. Embury's Englewood cottages, because this, although attractive in design, is somewhat overornamented with half-timber construction that is palpably false and suggests "trimming" more than decoration. The lower story is built of good plain brick, but the upper part shows a use of timber that comes very close to being fantastic, and carries no special suggestion of fitness to its surroundings.

SMALL FARMING AND PROFITABLE HANDICRAFTS: A GENERAL OUTLINE OF THE PRACTICAL FEATURES OF THE PLAN: BY THE EDITOR

WHEN it is urged that the social and industrial conditions that are now so unsettled, and even menacing, because of the growing riches and power of the employer as opposed to the helplessness, poverty and uncertainty of the average man or woman who works for daily wages, could be permanently relieved by the organization on a national scale of a system of practical and profitable handicrafts allied with agriculture, the first questions naturally raised in objection are: How can things made by hand compete on anything like equal terms with the same kind of goods made much more cheaply and quickly by machinery in the factories? and: How, with living expenses at their present scale, can the workman expect to live without an assured wage for his daily work, during the time that he is perfecting his skill in some one handicraft and finding a market steady enough to afford him a livelihood?

Without a reasonably satisfactory answer to both these questions, no man could be expected to take the step, to him so hazardous, from the factory and his regular weekly income,—so long as the factory keeps open and he can hold his job,—to the farm and freedom coupled with uncertainty as to his daily bread. With reference to the matter of competition between hand-made and factory-made goods I can only say that the result of long experience in making both has satisfied me that there can be no competition as it is commonly understood, because they are not measured by the same standard of value nor do they appeal to the same class of consumer. Hand-made articles have a certain intrinsic value of their own that sets them entirely apart from machine-made goods. This value depends, not upon the fact that the article is made entirely by hand or with primitive tools,—that is not the point,—but upon the skill of the workman, his power to appreciate his own work sufficiently to give it the quality that appeals to the cultivated taste, and the care that he gives to every detail of workmanship from the preparation of the raw material to the final finish of the piece. He may call in the aid of machinery to expedite the doing of such parts of the work as it would be a waste of time and energy to do by hand, he may use the most modern methods and appliances, but if he gives personal thought, care and skill to every part of the work, the article will surely have that indefinable quality of individuality and intrinsic worth which is never found in the stereotyped and overfinished product of the machine, and will as surely appeal to the large and steadily-increasing class of people who know the difference and who are able and willing to pay a good price for the thing which has the same quality that is so eagerly sought and so highly prized in heirlooms and antiques.

It would not be desirable, even if it were possible, for handicrafts to attempt to take the place of the factories or to compete with them for the same class of trade. With the demand that necessitates the immense production of goods of all kinds, the labor-saving machinery and efficient methods of the factories are absolutely essential, just as they are essential in the general economic scheme because they furnish employment to thousands of workers who ask nothing better than to be allowed to tend a machine with the certainty of so much a day coming to them at the end of the week. The place of home and village industries is to supplement the factories by producing a grade of goods which it is impossible to duplicate by machinery,—and which command a ready market when they can be found,—and to give to the better class of workers a chance not only to develop what individual ability they may possess, but to reap the direct reward of their own energy and industry in the feeling that they are free of the wage-system with all its uncertainties and that what they make goes to maintain a home that is their own, to educate their children and to lay up a sufficient provision against old age,—all of which is next to impossible for the average workman of today, burdened by unreasonably heavy living expenses and under the double domination of the employers and the unions.

THE question of competition with the factories, however, although the first that usually comes up, is not the first in importance when we consider the practicability of actually introducing handicrafts in connection with small farming; for the second, that of assuring a livelihood to the worker, touches what is really the vital point of the whole subject, for it brings up the questions of organized effort to obtain government recognition and aid, of the kind of instruction that is necessary before success can be assured either in handicrafts or farming, and, above all, of an entire change of our present standards of living as well as workmanship.

There is no denying that handicrafts, as practised by individual arts and crafts workers in the studios, do not afford a sufficient living to craftworkers as a class, and also there is no denying that small farming, as carried on in our thinly-populated districts, is neither interesting, pleasant nor profitable. To connect the two, and carry them on upon a basis that will insure permanent success, it is necessary not only to get rid of the artificial standards of quality and value that we have come to adopt as a result of the predominance of showy and commonplace factory-made goods, but to change our standards of living. We all realize that in this country both wages and living expenses conform to a scale that is artificially and absurdly high. The thrifty foreigner comes here because he can make more money in a few years than he could in his own country in a lifetime, but he makes it because his custom for generations has been to keep his living expenses down to the minimum by the strictest economy and by turning everything to account. The native American,—and even the foreigners take only one generation, or two at most, to become native Americans,—has no real understanding of economy in the sense of making a little go a long way. He lets the little go as far as it will, and then discontentedly goes without the rest. He is miserable and apprehensive because the rent is so high, food so dear and clothing so expensive that he has no chance to save anything and get ahead, but the one remedy he sees is to get higher wages for his work, not realizing that the increased income inevitably brings increased expenditure as the pinch of poverty slackens, and that in the end the result is the same. If things are thus equalized upon an artificial scale of income and expenditure, why not try the experiment of adjusting them so that they will equalize upon a lower and more natural scale, in other words, to balance a lessened money income by expenditures lessened as much or more by a different and more reasonable way of living? In this period of false standards and inflated values we have lost sight of the principle that economy means wealth, and that comfort and happiness in living do not depend upon the amount of money we can make and spend, but upon pleasant surroundings and freedom from the pressure of want and apprehension.

THIS vitally necessary change can be brought about only by a return to cultivating the soil as a means of obtaining the actual living,—by looking to garden, grain-patch, orchard, chicken-yard and pasture, instead of to the grocery, bakery and butcher shop, for the vegetables, fruit, eggs, fowls and meat consumed by the family. If properly cared for and cultivated according to the modern methods that are now everybody's for the learning, a little farm of five or ten acres can be made not only to yield a living for the family, but a handsome surplus for the markets, thus serving the double purpose of stopping the outflow and adding to the income of actual money, as well as providing home comfort and healthful work and surroundings free from the bugbear of rent day and the dreaded possibility of being out of work.

But to make such a return possible it is necessary not only that government aid be given, as in Hungary, by purchasing large estates and neglected or abandoned farms, parceling them out into small farms of a few acres each and selling them to settlers on easy terms and at cost price, but that a definitely organized effort be made by different communities interested in the movement to establish small centers of industrial and social life, where thoroughly competent instruction in both handicrafts and agriculture may be had, and where all the social interchange and recreation so necessary to normal man may be easily obtained. It would be the height of impractical absurdity to recommend that a few workmen who have grown restless under the factory system and want to try something else should go out and try to buy or rent farms somewhere far enough from the city to bring land within their means, and then essay to make a living by farming and the incidental practice of some trade or craft for the product of which there might or might not be a sale. And it would be equally absurd to expect men and women who are dragging out their lives in the dreary drudgery of the ordinary life on a farm in some remote and isolated country district, to suddenly awaken to an enthusiasm for handicrafts and modern intensive agriculture. The only way to inaugurate such a movement as we recommend is to begin a definite and carefully-considered campaign; first,—to provide the land on such terms that it will be possible for the average workman to buy it; second,—to establish villages where there shall be some opportunity for social life and mutual aid; third,—to provide adequate instruction by means of well-qualified teachers and inspectors who will give what personal attention is necessary and who will also work through local clubs and associations of farmers and handicraftsmen, and fourth,—to take steps to organize a system by which the cost of living and of raw materials may be reduced to the lowest possible figure.

In order to keep out the element of speculation on the one hand

and that of charity on the other, it is necessary that the government recognize and stand back of this plan as it stands back of the campaigns to save our forests, to reclaim our arid lands and to improve our methods of agriculture. Local organizations and arts and crafts societies that really wish to do practical work for the common good could render much assistance, but it would be necessary to proceed on some recognized basis of action that in all essentials would be the same all over the country. Other countries are already showing us what may be done in the way of lessening the cost of living and of raw materials for working by means of practical and intelligent coöperation in buying in large quantities and distributing at cost price plus the small charge made for transportation, storage and handling. Take, for example, the Vooruit in Belgium, which buys its flour in Minnesota by the shipload and distributes it direct to the consumers at wholesale prices. The same principle would easily obtain with regard to every necessity that, under such a system, could be purchased more economically than it could be made at home. Through such coöperation, not only could such provisions as were not easily raised on the farms be obtained at the lowest cost, but also materials for clothing and other household necessities, as well as raw materials such as lumber, iron and other metals, yarn, cotton or linen thread, leather and the like, which could be brought in quantities to the central depot and sold to the workers at cost, while the same central organization could market the finished product so economically that it would be possible for the larger part of the profit to go to the producer. A certain number of these village depots could also combine in maintaining a store in some one of the large cities where goods could be displayed for sale and orders taken.

BY such means not only would the cost of living be greatly lessened and its conditions correspondingly improved, but handicrafts as a definite form of industry would be made possible. The relief from the strain of meeting each day's burdensome demand for ready money to provide the barest necessities of life, and the certainty that every industrious and skilful worker would be sure of all the work he could do,—whether in the shop or on the farm,—would go far toward bringing about that attitude of confidence in himself and interest in doing good work which means so much to the intrinsic value of hand-work and adds so largely to the earning power of the worker. Also, the direct method of marketing goods and receiving orders would tend to bring the producer into direct contact with the consumer instead of the dealer,—an association which in early times did more for the development of good craftsmanship than any other one thing. Not only does such contact and the exchange of ideas tend to raise the standard of taste in the consumer, but the suggestions he receives in carrying out orders form a source of constant inspiration to the worker to go on doing directly creative things, and the sense of power and independence that comes from being able to control his own product instead of delivering it over to the tender mercies of a dealer gives him a confidence in his own ability and in the quality of the work that soon produces a keen discrimination in the matter of what appeals to the public and what does not. In short, he is working as a man, not as a machine.

With me this is not theory, but a fact proven by my own experience as well as by observation. I know that when a man works only for the dealer,—when he takes another man's orders concerning what he shall make, how he shall make it and what he shall sell it for, he works half-heartedly and in doubt. But when he works directly for the people who use the things he makes, and who know what they want as well as he knows what he delights in making, every evidence of appreciation,—every proof that he has "hit the mark,"—is just so much food for that inspiration and enthusiasm which is the main element in success. It was under these conditions and in this spirit that the old craftsmen worked,—and the things they made are treasured like jewels today. It is this element that must enter into modern handicrafts if they are to possess real value and achieve lasting success.

ANOTHER element that is vitally necessary to the production of the sort of work that will command its own market, entirely aside from the question of factory competition, is that of thorough knowledge. Skill in actual workmanship goes far, but it is not enough. Take the cabinetmakers of a generation ago in this country. Their skill of hand was wonderful, but they had no skill of brain. They could model most delicately with spokeshave and scraper, but they could make nothing for which they had not precedent. The most simple thing which they had not been in the habit of doing was beyond them. They were little more than human machines. So with the French and English cabinetmakers of today. They are individual workers, buying their lumber and wheeling it home on a pushcart to their own little shops, and making there by hand the furniture or furniture frames which they then sell to the dealer, but in their work there is no element of real handicraft because it adheres rigidly to tradition. They know nothing except what has been done, and even if, by some rare chance, they should attempt to work directly for the consumer on some special order calling for something out of the beaten track, the chances are that not one workman in five hundred would be able to do it. These men make everything by hand, but they are not handicraftsmen. They are sweatshop workers, toiling day by day under conditions far more oppressive than those of the factories, absolutely at the dealer's mercy for an opportunity to sell their goods, and compelled to make what he dictates and sell at the price he fixes, or starve.

These men have all a skill of hand that is little short of marvelous, but they are living in cities, under city conditions, and are dependent for their daily bread upon what they make from day to day. The fact that their work is done by hand, and extremely well done, contains no element of hope for the bettering of their condition, for they have neither the interest nor the knowledge that would enable them to use their brains. They know nothing of design, nothing of the principles of construction, nothing of drawing, and without some knowledge of all three it is difficult for even the most experienced workman to take the one step beyond mere mechanical reproduction to the beginning of direct creative work. In the training of the handicraftsman the foundation should be laid with a thorough knowledge of that branch of drawing which relates to constructive design, for such knowledge is fundamental and does more than anything else to give a man the right sort of confidence in himself and the ability to appreciate the quality of his own work when it is good and to realize its shortcomings when it is inferior. Without it he lacks the greatest incentive to the creative thought and interest which alone stimulates advance.

Therefore, in starting an industry,—almost any industry that can be included under the name of handicrafts,—one of the first things to be considered in the way of instruction is a general working knowledge of drawing, to go hand in hand with the actual manual training in any particular craft. Here is where the artists who are interested in craft work can make a most practical use of their own skill and that of such of their pupils as have proven themselves fairly competent in design. Each school of handicrafts would require a good teacher of drawing, and the results probably would be well worth while. In addition to the drawing teacher, there should be, as suggested by Mrs. Albee in The Craftsman last month, teachers for each craft who would stay in one place long enough to train advanced pupils so that they would be able in turn to give instruction to others. These teachers might be men or women who have learned and worked at the craft they teach as an actual trade. For example, a skilled weaver, or cabinetmaker, or carpenter, or printer, or bookbinder would be best qualified to teach as well as to work at each particular trade, when carried on as a farm or village industry under the conditions we have described, and an experienced workman, in the event of there being no school within reach, might easily teach his own family or his neighbors to become proficient in the work in which he is skilled. A more practical turn could also be given to the manual training departments in public schools, so that the training gained by learning to use the hands could be carried one step farther into the actual doing of practical work with the idea of making it a profitable industry.

I HAVE already suggested the way in which coöperation might be utilized in obtaining raw material at low cost, and also in marketing the goods. While I do not believe it is advisable to attempt to carry coöperation too far, it would be an excellent plan with reference to another common need, that of the necessary machinery for the first rough preparation of materials for working. For example, in a village where cabinetmaking or any form of woodworking formed the chief industry, it would be not only advisable, but necessary, to have a few machines, such as a cut-off saw, rip saw, band saw and buzz planer, to shape and plane the wood to such dimensions as would meet the requirements of each individual cabinetmaker. Nothing is added to the value of a hand-made piece by doing such work by hand, as it is so tedious and laborious as to be a foolish waste of time that might be spent in more important work. Such machines could be owned in common, like a threshing machine in a farming community, and the power to run them could be supplied by water power where it was available, or by electricity from a central plant that could also be utilized for lighting and for furnishing power to other industries.

Cabinetmaking, considered as a handicraft, opens a field of unusually wide and varied interests, as the making of things so closely associated with our daily life and surroundings is a form of work that is peculiarly fascinating as well as profitable. This is the one craft above all others in which I am personally very much interested, and I speak of it with the knowledge born of lifelong experience. I know exactly what I am talking about when I say that we are fast outgrowing the taste for the tawdry, overornamented furniture produced by the factories, and that plain, simple furniture, designed on good structural lines, made from carefully selected wood and finished so that the double purpose of revealing the natural beauty of the wood and bringing the piece into harmony with the general color scheme of the room in which it is to stand, is fulfilled, will find a ready and constant sale at good prices. Especially would this be the case if each piece were made to order and modified to the exact use to which it was to be put and to the personal taste and need of the purchaser, as was the case with the best of the old furniture. It is in the doing of this kind of work that a knowledge of drawing and of the principles of construction is absolutely necessary, for with it the workman is free to modify or change existing designs, or even create new ones in carrying out the wishes of the purchaser, with little danger of going wrong and every chance of doing good original work. In this connection, also, there is a chance for the woodcarver who has the knowledge as well as the initiative to devise forms of decoration that seem inevitable, so exactly are they suited to the requirements of the piece and the characteristics of the wood that is used.

In countries where handicrafts have flourished for centuries, or where they have died out and been revived, it is almost an axiom that no form of handicraft takes permanent root in a locality too far from the base of supplies for raw material. Thus, woodworking flourishes in a part of the country where the kinds of wood required are close at hand and easily obtainable at low cost; spinning and weaving in a locality where sheep are raised or flax grows, and so on. Whether or not this rule would hold good in this country of varied resources and quick transportation, I do not know. I should imagine, with the purchasing of raw material carried on systematically with the idea of obtaining large quantities at low prices, the actual nearness to the base of supplies would not count for as much as it might under more primitive conditions. In the case of a community where cabinetmaking formed the chief industry, it would be necessary to have an adequate organization for supplying the different kinds of wood that were needed, properly kiln dried and at practically wholesale prices, but, while the expense would of course be less if the wood grew near at hand, it could easily be brought from different parts of the country and delivered as it is to the factories.

In direct connection with cabinetmaking would be the dressing, coloring and decorating of leather, an industry that offers almost as many possibilities as working in wood. When leather is treated so that the surface is soft and inviting, and is possessed of a rich, soft color quality as well as of all the characteristics that belong to leather, it is one of the most generally satisfactory materials for upholstering furniture and is effective for many uses. There is a chance for the weaver and the needleworker, too, for very few fabrics, as well as very few decorative designs, are suited to the upholstering of simple furniture, and in the making and designing of such there is endless opportunity for originality combined with keen artistic perception of the right thing.

WEAVING occupies a territory of its own, and is one of the most important and necessary of the handicrafts, for a hand-woven fabric, to be interesting and individual, must have other qualities than are given merely by weaving ordinary threads on a hand loom. Many enthusiasts for hand-weaving seem to believe that all that is required is the throwing of the shuttle by hand instead of machinery, and this theory is responsible for the production of much material that differs only from the machine product in not being quite so good. My experience along these lines has proven to me beyond question that the superior interest of a hand-woven fabric is not so much a question of the method of weaving,—although that is of course to be considered,—as it is of the way in which the material is treated, and particularly the way in which the thread is spun. The preparation of the thread is an industry in itself, and one that is absorbing in its interest as well as most important to the finished product, for above all things it requires the care, interest and knowledge that should always be devoted to the preparation of the raw material if the products of handicraft are to have the intrinsic value that should by right be theirs. We all know the charm that is found in the hand-woven fabrics made by peasants in foreign countries, and we also know how seldom it is attained by the craftworkers here. The difference lies in the way they handle the flax or wool, the way the thread is spun and dyed, and the way the quality of each is preserved in the weaving. This matter of the preparation of the thread I have found to be of such vital importance to the quality of hand-woven fabrics, that I purpose to devote several months of the coming spring and summer to making a special study of the methods employed in several of the European countries, with a view to ascertaining the practicability of introducing them here. When I have found out just how they do it, the knowledge I have gained will be put freely at the disposal of craftworkers here.

IRON work and metal work of all kinds occupy a high place in the list of practical and profitable handicrafts. Here, also, a knowledge of the principles of design is necessary, for no craft offers wider opportunities for originality and the quality of individuality in design and workmanship. A preliminary training in good hard blacksmithing offers an excellent foundation for the doing of admirable things in structural iron work and articles for household use, provided it is supplemented with a working knowledge of constructive design. A little shop in the back yard, with the ordinary equipment of a small country blacksmith shop, is sufficient, and it would require by no means exhaustive training to fit any good blacksmith for such work as the needs of the consumer will suggest. The same principle applies to work in brass or copper, and skill along these lines will be in demand so long as people appreciate and desire individual and beautiful lighting fixtures, fire sets, andirons, door hinges, knobs and pulls, serving trays, jugs, and the hundred and one metal things that, if interestingly designed and beautifully made, add so much to the distinctiveness of any scheme of household decoration. Metal work is above all things a handicraft, and in no form of work does the care, leisure and interest which the worker devotes to it show to greater advantage or command more general interest.

Another industry of equal importance is the making of hand-tufted rugs from coarse wool yarn,—such as are now woven in Ireland, Germany and Austria. In all of these countries this industry has grown to large proportions, and its products command a ready sale at good prices. In this country, under the right conditions and with proper direction, there would be almost no limit to the development of such an industry, which would be especially favored by the present almost prohibitive tariff on woollen goods of all kinds. There is always a demand for the right kind of rugs, and these are peculiarly adapted to harmonize with the simple style of building and furnishing that is becoming so popular because it is so characteristic of the better element among the American people. The method of weaving these rugs is the same as that employed for the fine and costly Turkish rugs, and, owing to the fact that each thread must be separately knotted in by hand, they can never be made by machines. Owing to the coarseness of the yarn used, and the bolder and simpler forms of the designs that are best adapted to our use, the work is much less laborious and more rapidly done than in the case of the Oriental rugs, and consequently the price is not so high. They can be woven on coarsely constructed and inexpensive looms by women and girls, and during the summer months the work can be done in open sheds, where the workers are practically out of doors.

A simpler rug is the farm rug, known among farmers as the old-fashioned rag rug. These are woven on inexpensive hand looms with a warp of fine twine, and meet with a ready sale when made of the proper materials and in effective designs and color combinations. They are easily cleaned and very durable, being especially desirable for use in bedrooms, on verandas and in summer homes in the country. Also a modern development of an old-fashioned home industry is the hooked rug, like those made by Mrs. Albee and her workers in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. No loom is required for these, only a frame that is much like a quilting frame, and they can be made by the less experienced workers who may not wish to take the training that is necessary for the making of the hand-tufted rugs. These are beautiful rugs, especially in the smaller sizes, for they have almost the color effect of jewels in a room that is furnished in a quiet color key. Also, they give wide opportunity for the exercise of individual taste in design, as they are not made from cartoons like the hand-tufted rugs, but from smaller designs that are less exact and more suggestive in character.

ALL the industries mentioned are sure to command a market, for they are confined to the making of such household furnishings as are always required, and which are now in most instances commonplace and unsatisfactory because little is made in this country except the stereotyped factory goods. In the same list might be included the making of willow furniture in good, simple designs that would harmonize with the darker and heavier forms of the wood furniture and furnish a delightful contrast. Pottery also comes within the list of necessary things, as well as the ornamental, and a separate industry might be developed from the designing and making of tiles. Basketry has its place, and also the weaving of straw and raffia hats in quaintly individual shapes and color effects, but these are more in the nature of side issues or lesser industries. Needlework, block-printing, dyeing and lace-making all have their market value as handicrafts, although they come more in the purely ornamental class, but in book-binding and printing there is a great chance for the development of paying industries. A printing establishment, carried on under the conditions described, where skilled printers might have the opportunity and the leisure to do the best work that was in them, would soon make a place for itself with all publishers who care to make a specialty of beautiful typographical effects, and could command all the work it needed at good paying prices.

Naturally, everything said on this subject at present must be more in the nature of suggestion than of outlining any definite plan of action. Still, even at this stage we have a practical and workable theory to start on and conditions that are more than favorable for its development. When the start is once made the rest will follow easily enough. The next utterance in THE CRAFTSMAN upon this subject will be a series of articles upon intensive agriculture, by an expert who has given much time to the subject and has proven his theories by practical experience. We will also take up each handicraft in turn, making the articles definitely instructive, and handling each subject in detail with reference to the practicability of the craft for the purposes we have described.

VALUE OF MANUAL LABOR TO SOCIETY

"MAN is made to work with his hands. This is a fact which cannot be got over. From this central fact he cannot travel far. I don't care whether it is an individual or a class, the life which is far removed from this becomes corrupt, shriveled, and diseased. You may explain it how you like, but it is so. Administrative work has to be done in a nation as well as productive work; but it must be done by men accustomed to manual labor, who have the healthy decision and primitive authentic judgment which comes of that, else it cannot be done well. In the new form of society which is slowly advancing upon us, this will be felt more than now. The higher the position of trust a man occupies, the more will it be thought important that, at some period of his life, he should have been thoroughly inured to manual work; this not only on account of the physical and moral robustness implied by it, but equally because it will be seen to be impossible for anyone, without this experience of what is the very flesh and blood of national life, to promote the good health of the nation, or to understand the conditions under which the people live whom he has to serve." EDWARD CARPENTER.

THE RELATION OF MURAL DECORATION TO THE VITALITY OF A NATIONAL ART:

BY GILES EDGERTON

IN many respects architecture is the most intimate of arts—the one which, whether good or bad, represents the most immediate thought of the people; and as mural decoration is so closely allied with architecture, inevitably the painting of walls for purposes of beauty must express very genuinely the feeling of a people toward such decorative art—not necessarily whether the art is good or bad technically (for that in one way or another could easily be a matter of chance), but it is not a matter of chance that a series of mural decorations for an important public building is Greek in idea, Teutonic in expression or in imitation of Boucher or Burne-Jones. Any decoration, no matter how unusual in technique, which is purely imitative, shows a tendency, and whether the art is good or bad, the tendency is not good, for it is away from the national note which every nation should strike from time to time in its decorative expression. It is evading its historical responsibility and becoming impersonal, and so does not make for that help in growth which every nation has a right to expect from its great men.

Perhaps the point in question could be most easily illustrated by an allusion to a series of lectures on art which are at present being delivered in New York by Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa, a man of the widest culture in the art of all lands, ancient and modern. In this series of illustrated talks Professor Fenollosa shows plainly (not to prove any point, but because it is a part of the art history of each country) that the art to which one inevitably returns as the most interesting and significant in each nation is that which springs most closely and vividly from the people, illustrating the life of a particular period of a special land. He does not present Japanese mural decorations with Chinese subjects to show you how well the Japanese of certain ages could imitate or represent the art of another land. Although the Chinese influence on Japan is freely and fully dwelt upon, it is only to show the effect that the interrelation of arts has, not to bring up an argument as to whether or no Japanese art is better when it is presenting Chinese men and landscapes. On the contrary, when the lecturer presents those periods of Japanese history when the finest and most vital art appeared, whether in wall decorations or in sculpture, he proves conclusively that the subjects, the scenery, the manners and customs, the history, the religion, the civilization presented was purely Japanese, the Japanese in prosperity or in the processes of some change of dynasty, but always the people of the nation appearing in the art of the nation whenever that art is putting forth some consummate expression.

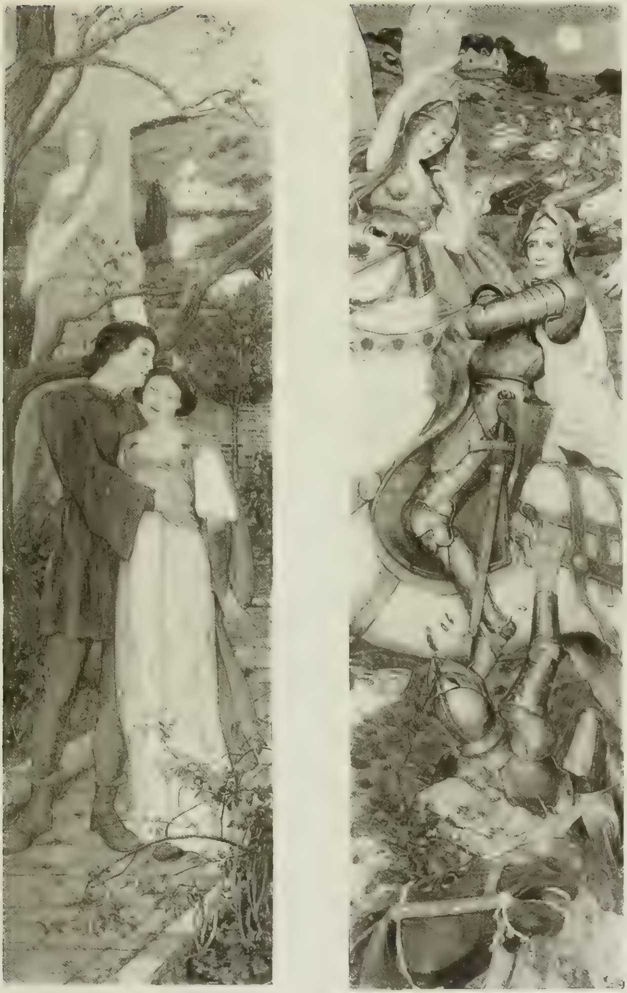
The same fact is absolutely true in relation to Greek art; the flower of its supreme beauty is seen when subject and presentation is wholly Greek; when the history, the beauty, the aspirations, the joy of living, the high courage and the patriotism of that great nation were amalgamated in the art expression.

On the other hand, Roman art did not take heed of Roman ways, nor seemed to find aught of beauty in native surroundings. The life which the Roman artists deemed worthy of living did not somehow appeal to them as worth recording with brush or chisel. And thus Roman art became a flavorless degenerate imitation of Greek ideals and standards, and because of this the days of her expression were numbered. She was but a reservoir of still water instead of a fresh clear brook flowing from a living spring. To be sure, the very fact that Roman art was weak and futile does present the truth of Roman civilization: but not a truth of historical importance; a too negative utterance as a foundation for permanent art.

Instances without limit could be enumerated to bear witness to the virility of art that is cradled on its own soil, and to prove not only its significance to its native land, but to all history in creating a national individuality in an expression of the truth about beauty and the beauty in truth.

Until recently we have not only been denied by all modern civilized nations the right to a serious art impulse of our own, but we have also strenuously denied ourselves the great privilege of making permanent a conception of beauty as it exists for us. We have laughed at our own artists and at the picture dealers among us, prophets that they were, who championed these artists; we have made deep salaam to any man who would bind himself closely to foreign standards of excellence; foreign dealers have flooded our markets with second-class greatness, and we have been very humble and thankful to them.

THE first article of any length about the Architectural League, published in THE CRAFTSMAN just two years ago, took up the question of the mural decorations shown at that exhibit, and dwelt upon the encouraging sign that the subjects were largely drawn from American life, from modern conditions or from his-



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APRIL : LOVE

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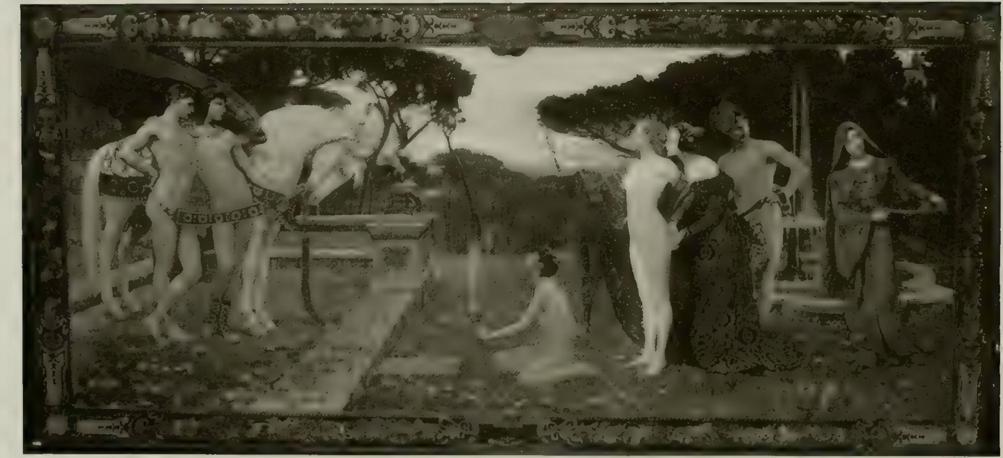
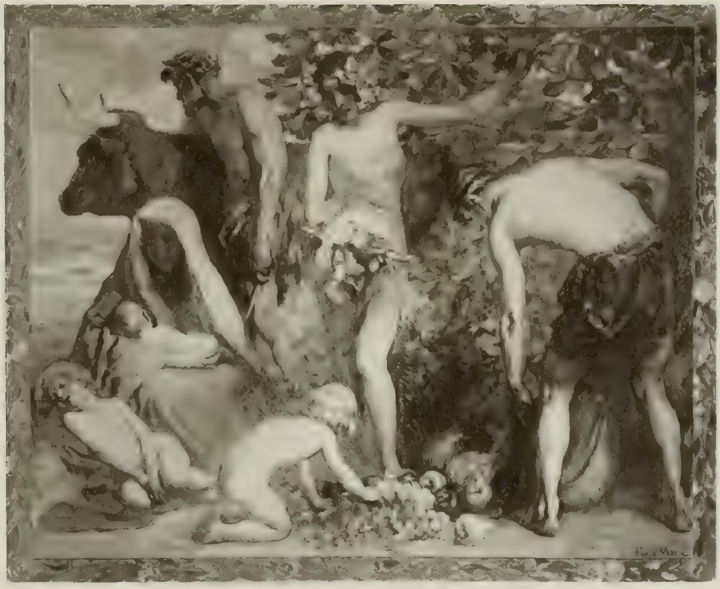
AUGUST : CONQUEST.

TWO PANELS FROM A MURAL DECORATION BY ROBERT V. V. SEWELL.



"THE ATTRIBUTES OF ART:" MURAL
DECORATION BY ALBERT HERTER.



"THE ISLE OF PLENTY." A DECORATIVE PANEL: BY F. LUIS MORA.

Copyright applied for.

MURAL DECORATION OVER MANTEL IN COUNTRY HOUSE: BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN.

CARTOON FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW FOR A MAUSOLEUM: BY WILLIAM DE L. DODGE.

torical scenes, often those which had been enacted in the environment of the public building for which the decoration was designed. This was true from time to time in the work of Elihu Vedder, of Blashfield, of John La Farge, and other men of significance. Younger men also were feeling their way along the same ways, Deming and Couse and Millet. And we seemed justified in the opinion that in our mural decoration we were moving forward into the ranks of nations which have been jealous of the national flavor of their art; we congratulated ourselves that a true conception of the place of art in our country had at last developed among us and that we had opened our eyes to the difference between art for art's sake and art for the sake of truth as well as beauty.

This point of view we still had in mind on the day of our visit in February last to the Twenty-third Exhibition of the Architectural League of New York. We had heard that the mural decorations were the finest things at the exhibition; especially favorable criticism had been made of men whose work THE CRAFTSMAN has always greatly respected, of Albert Herter, of Luis Mora, of Robert Sewell. And a careful study of the walls of the League proved it was quite true that these men were showing some of the best canvases at the League; painting which was brilliant in execution, interesting in drawing and particularly vital in color, which considered purely as a phase of universal art would rank this work as among the finest mural decorations we have produced.

But when we reverted to the designs for wall paintings at the exhibition last year and the year before, the failure of this year from an American point of view was quickly apparent, for in no instances were the paintings an expression of American life or conditions, of this or any other period in our history. The work was a finely impersonal delightful presentation of ideas by men of big ability, and the ideas were pleasant subjects of foreign inspiration, or, at least, so it seemed to a thoughtful observer. One design differed from another in technique and in subject, but not in point of view, and all were foreign. Yet each of these men is unquestionably an individualist and not consciously working from an uncreative purpose.

Mr. Mora's work as a whole ranks him as one of the foremost young American painters. He has the seeing eye and the sure stroke. Few men have ever so completely found out how to drench a picture with sunlight or so inevitably in a few crisp brush strokes how to develop temperament in a portrait or emotion in a *genre* scene. Mr. Mora knows how to draw well and how to handle his color, and he is manifestly interested in vivid life and in the simple human side of it; yet the brilliantly beautiful mural painting at the League this year is as remote from modern occidental conditions in subject and line as though Mr. Mora had lived in the Orient and was interested only in the dramatic history of centuries ago. Perhaps this artist would say to us that all wheat is grist for his mill, that to paint brilliantly and to compose well are what he is striving for, and that, furthermore, America does not supply him with the most imposing material for his work. Mr. Mora, of course, has not said this, but many of the best of his impersonal fellow artists have, and have painted as though this were the rule of their artistic career. Consciously or unconsciously, they do not relate their art to their own individuality, and the nation, if not themselves, is bound to be the loser. Their way, they feel, is the greater way, and possibly it may be for the individual, so far as versatility of expression is concerned, but a nation has a right to ask bigger things of her painters, her sculptors, her musicians, than their personal development. Mr. Mora could be a vital factor in the growth of American art history; he has proved this already by what he has achieved along lines of significance to us nationally.

The same statement could be made of the more recent work of Albert Herter, who not only is a painter of exceptional brilliancy, but who has the rare gift of humor, or rather satire, when he chooses to introduce it into his work. His panel, "The Attributes of Art" (exhibited at the recent Architectural League), although it shows him at his best as a colorist, possesses neither humor nor human interest; it is purely classical in conception, composition and treatment, a memory of Italy's great days, a Maurice Hewlett painting of rare skill, but non-existent so far as one is considering the growth of decorative art in America.

Mr. Sewell's decorative work is almost wholly out of the Middle Ages—work so beautiful in composition and execution, so fine a realization of the best a man can do solely from the point of view of a great impersonal artist, irrespective of nation or period, that it is difficult to ask more, to desire that to all this fine presentation he should add that last gift to his country—that his art should represent it, belong to it and its history forever.

Another interesting example of this same foreign spirit in mural decoration at the League is a design by William de L. Dodge, a stained glass window for a mausoleum, the central detail of which is shown in our illustration. In motif and composition it suggests the work of Elihu Vedder, in effect it is less purely decorative and more emotional. The color is vivid and beautifully balanced, and the whole as absolutely unrelated to any home-grown art expression as could well be evolved.

We have yet to consider the mural work of Eduard J. Steichen. He has sent from Paris to be hung at the League a decorative panel for a chimneypiece of a country house. This panel is more American than the work we have just been speaking of, because it is less definitely foreign in inspiration rather than for any strongly national characteristic. He presents a stretch of canvas, wide and low, covered with the woods of a springtime day, deep woods and fragrant, with mists trailing through slender branches, with pale flowers blossoming under foot—a lyric day rests in the depths of these woods. A poet should have found and strayed through this rare spring morning. And yet it is the forest edge of dreamland—a dreamland that we would not miss, but we would also have Mr. Steichen paint for us as he photographs, conditions of the civilization of our own land and times.

It is not that any or all of these men should not dream back into old centuries and gather there light and color and grace; it is rather that all the mural work of one annual exhibition should not be wholly remote from us, the recollection of legends and fair verses and fairy stories of other lands. Our wish is solely that the greatest among us should not forget to make the art of our own land picture forth the legends and stories which belong to us and our posterity.

A CLOUD ALONG THE TRACKLESS SKY

A CLOUD along thet rackless sky,
The shimmering of the trees,
A bird, a bee, a butterfly,
The rippling of the waves,
Speak in glad language to my every part,
And, sense-transfigured, live within my heart.

F. W. Dorn.

RELATION OF MANUAL TRAINING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS TO INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION AND EFFICIENCY: PRIZE ESSAY: BY ARTHUR D. DEAN

TWO score years ago John Stuart Mill expressed his conception of education as the culture which one generation gives to the next in order that the culture already existing may continue. A similar philosophy underlies our educational systems: there has been a universal dependence on the interpretation of the past; a general belief that an acquaintance with history, literature, art and Orientalism not only broadens the horizon, but fits one to meet the changing conditions of modern life and gives an understanding of present-day problems. Our public schools, necessarily conservative, have clung to the tradition of general education; an education which, drawing inspiration from the past rather than from the present that it might prepare definitely for the future, has been expected to mark indelibly the various callings of life. With it, a man was to become a truer citizen, a better employer, a more conscientious workman; with it, the more a man would enjoy his work, and whatever his trade or profession be, the more inclined to fit in with the existing industrial order, and the more intelligently appreciative of his civic duties and responsibilities. A feeling has been growing, however, that the present generation has obligations to the next quite apart from making it the beneficiary of past experience; that we must make conscious effort to prepare boys and girls for the future not only by perpetuating what we believe is best in our civilization, but by anticipating social and industrial conditions bound to exist in that to come.

For in its industrial phases our present generation differs vastly from the last. We see that boys and girls have been led away from the crafts and the home, that they no longer desire to learn a trade of the shop or household, and that individual skill and experience have been lost sight of in the mad race for gain in department store and factory. One of the noblest of callings, that of tilling the soil, has so far deteriorated in common estimation that a particularly awkward boy is derided by the term "farmer." We see the abandoned farms, we note the disappearance of the small industries and commercial enterprises. We find our workers in the factory, in the counting room, in the store, thinking of duty in terms of hours and wages instead of showing the interest and respecting the skill for which hours and wages are but the material symbols of the exchange of personal effort between the employer and employee.

We have now confronting us a problem perhaps more serious than any of the past. We are summoned by the constructive spirit of a busy world to work out a system of education which shall hold a definite and intimate relationship to the industrial activities of life,—vast public and private enterprises which are enlisting every grade of human energy and skill from the foreigner, distinguished only by his badge number, to the captain of industry. The difficulty of the problem is largely due to rapid changes made possible by our industrial development. In no previous era of ancient, mediæval, or modern times have there been the swift transformations of the last few decades. To educate our youth, to fit them for life's work, was a comparatively easy task when their environment and employment differed but little from those of their parents; it is a much harder task to prepare a boy or girl of today to meet the changing conditions of the present and of the future ten years from now when they must find their place as a unit in an industrial democracy.

It is possible in a measure to anticipate some of the needs of the future. It will need, as does the present, a general intelligence, a refinement of manner and thought; in common with the present it will need the exercise of hand skill; and it will need a new understanding of obligation to work, to individuals, to the state. A thoughtful leader of workingmen has said that boys and girls need a training which will enable them to earn readily and honestly good wages which they must spend wisely. Now, earning readily implies a technical skill; earning honestly, the industrial exercise of the Golden Rule; spending wisely, a training in manner, morals and taste. The technical skill alone of a craft is fairly easy to master. It is not difficult for a girl to learn to cook, but the art is poor if not accompanied by habits of cleanliness, order and economy; to teach a boy to saw, to plan furniture, to adjust machinery, is a simple task compared with that of training in him a social conscience which will make him feel his obligations to his employer and the public.

IN DISCUSSING the place of hand-work in our public schools we must remember that the boys and girls in school today are to meet not the present but the future; in considering its effect on the industries we must set clearly before our vision our industrial environment, its needs and its tendencies. Furthermore, to determine its place in industrial education and efficiency, we must bear in mind that the value of manual training depends very largely on the kind of manual training that is given in our elementary and high schools.

Undoubtedly the conception of manual training in the beginning was that of a handmaid to the academic work of the school. If the pupil did not comprehend that two and one-half and three and three-fourths made six and one-fourth by the use of arithmetical processes it was considered a profitable task to prove to him the result by making a box. If he did not learn honesty, neatness and painstaking in writing a composition or taking care of his school desk many a teacher of manual training asserted that he would acquire these qualities if he made a tabouret. If he did not like to soil his hands by carrying coal for his mother or developed a distaste for chopping kindlings, then sawing boards and driving nails in a school room would create a love for manual labor and a belief in its dignity. Such manual training has not and never will have any effect on industries and industrial education, for it was founded on a false basis,—to accomplish things in a school room by doing something else. To facilitate the progress of pupils in arithmetic and other academic work is not the proper function of hand-work. Rather let us advocate it for its own sake. Apart from cultivating a deftness in hand processes,—a facility of movement which like the speech of various languages ought to be learned in childhood,—surely the arts of weaving, of working in wood, leather, and metal, have in themselves sufficient educational content to make them worthy of a primary place in our schools. Nor should we cavil at the vocational aspect of cabinet-making, machine-shop work, and pattern making when we remember that all of us are closely tied to industrial life.

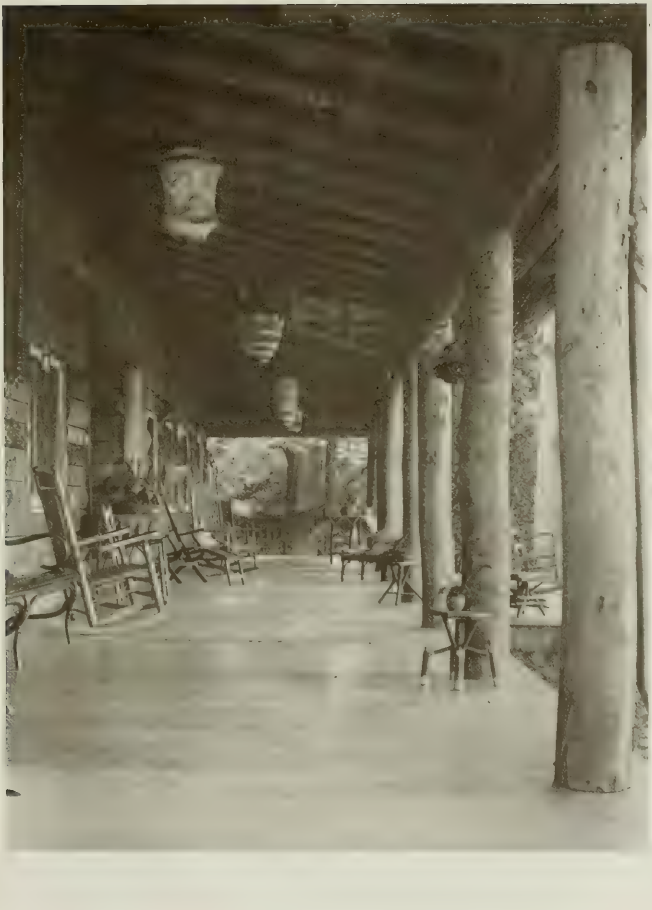
THE right kind of manual training must not only develop an absorbing interest in one's work and a consciousness of its value, but must make the pupil have a sense of his individual relation to the whole system. Too much of our factory life involves feeding into an automatic machine a raw product about which the worker knows little either of its source or of those whose lives have entered into it; too much of the counting, sorting and packing of the manufactured article is done without knowing where it goes or whose life it touches. A great textile industry in a New England town recently began an experiment with the purpose of correcting the lack of general intelligence and interest in industrial life evident among its employees. The manager of the mill has offered in a private school free tuition to the children of his operatives. A visitor to that school will find not an elaborate equipment of textile machinery, not extensive laboratories for dyeing, nor drawing rooms for design, such as would be proper in a special school of the industry, but rather ordinary manual training shops and class rooms. It is the teaching which is out of the ordinary, not the equipment. It is a place where boys and girls are taught to know the different textile materials, are shown the different steps in making cloth in the simplest way; where pupils make hand looms and study the development of the machine into the power loom of today. They learn the sources of the raw material, the great world centers of textiles, and the commercial value of the finished product. This venture has already demonstrated that the children—for many of our wage earners are children in years—carry into the mill an appreciation of their single task due to a feeling of connection and unity with the industrial life about them. This manufacturer in striving to correct the effect of too many unthinking processes in machine work is doing no more than is possible in any manual training course in a mill town, whatever its industry. He is showing that manual training has a relation to industrial efficiency.

If we desire work which expresses personal effort we must give in our schools problems which develop skill, cultivate taste, and stimulate initiative. Manual training need not have as its goal technical skill, and yet the training of skill must be recognized as of primary importance in establishing a proper relation of manual training to industrial life. Now skill is not only an element necessary to the quality of the result; it also involves the way in which the result is reached. For true efficiency there must be a saving of time and energy, a straight-to-the-goal method of working. Experience teaches us that, especially in the upper grades, pupils' interest is better maintained by a reasonable demand of the sort of skill which requires thoughtful procedure. Certainly the thought side of the work needs careful attention by the teacher. It has been variously interpreted: some give talks on wood, machinery, transportation; others have models illustrative of bridges, airships and the like. Would it not be well to select problems which stimulate constructive thought from the very beginning of the project, starting with a variety of projects so that there would be initial thought even in the choice? Possibly the teacher has done the real planning in his sketches, leaving the pupil to work out the manual part of the problem. It might be well in the elementary work to leave off some or all dimensions; perhaps even to allow a box of any dimension after the pupil has submitted a sketch, a bill of materials, and has specified a use for the article.

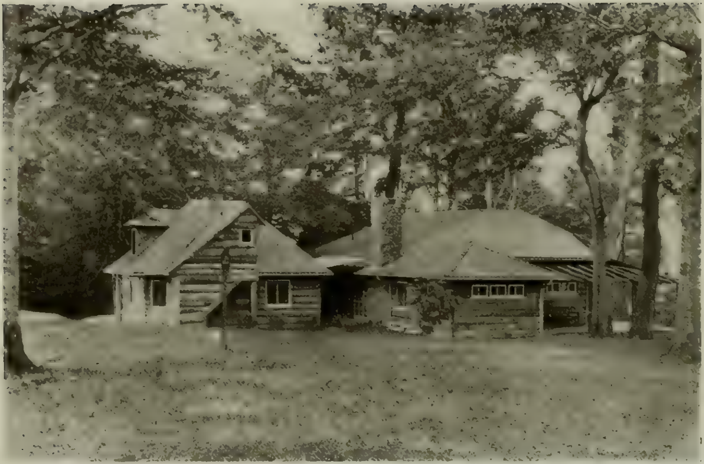
PRIZE ESSAY ON MANUAL TRAINING

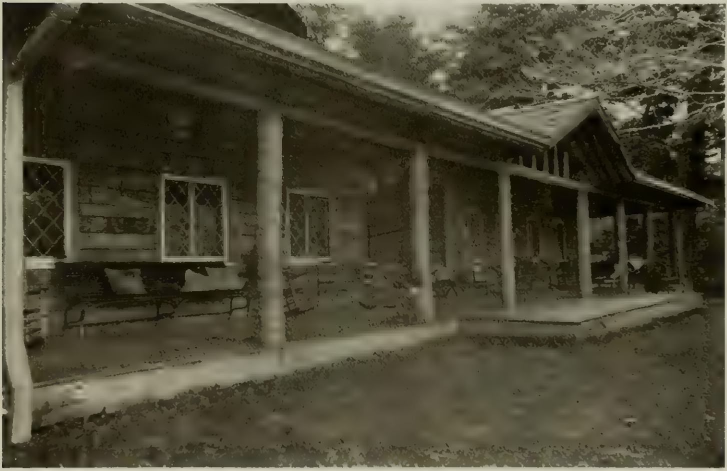
IT IS important for us to remember that we are educating boys and girls to become good consumers as well as good producers. For this reason, if we expect manual training to have a far-reaching influence on the industrial art of our country, we must not separate industrial hand-work and industrial design. A great deal has been written of the demoralization of taste consequent to machine-made products. It is evident, however, that machinery is here to stay; we cannot remove its ill effects by an ineffectual tirade. Let us rather regard the case hopefully. Every improvement in machinery means nearing a goal where disagreeable, irksome and unfeeling work can be accomplished by material things, leaving human energy liberated to create forms of beauty and individuality. Beauty of form, color, harmony, belong to no class distinction; if anything in the world is to be democratic it should be beauty, whether it is in the public square or in the home. It is the teacher of manual training who has the unrivalled opportunity to make the pupil realize the fitness of beautiful things. He must extend his work farther than having the pupil make a beautiful table or chair; he must make the pupil feel the importance of the harmony of the article with rugs, hangings, pictures, and furniture in the home. It is borne upon those who visit the houses of pupils who make commendable single pieces of furniture that too often the sense of relation of these to home furnishings has been omitted in our instruction. Only by training a sense of harmony can the boy and girl be made more critical of cheap wares in shop windows, and less ready to buy what is tawdry or exaggerated. A market must be created for stimulating a personal effort on the part of our workers which will express individual initiative, intelligence and skill.

While emphasizing the social influence of manual training, we must still dwell on its distinctive function—that of cultivating skill in hand processes. What do our great industries demand of their workers? The advocates of industrial education would adopt one of two procedures; modify the work in manual arts in our public schools, making it more definitely vocational; or establish special schools to meet industrial demands. Let us consider the technical needs of industry. A prominent manufacturer, speaking with the authority of a national textile organization, recently stated that while the special textile schools which could cover more advanced work than our elementary schools were of great advantage, it still remained true that the preliminary operations of the factory do not require a high order of technical skill; that processes easily acquired when



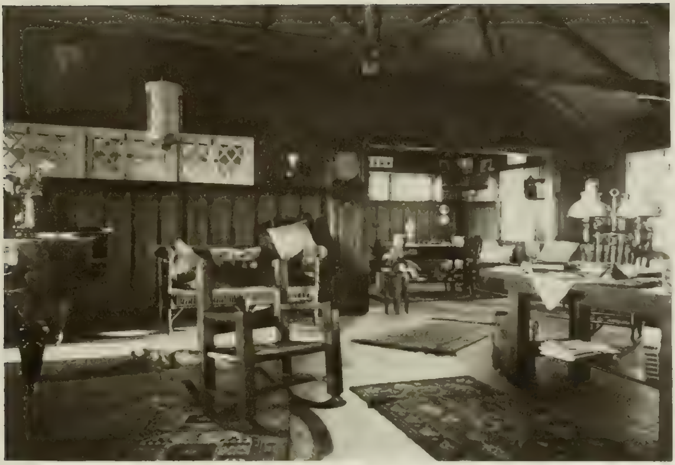
THE WIDE ENTRANCE VERANDA AT GLEN LODGE,
DESIGNED BY F. E. WETTSTEIN OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

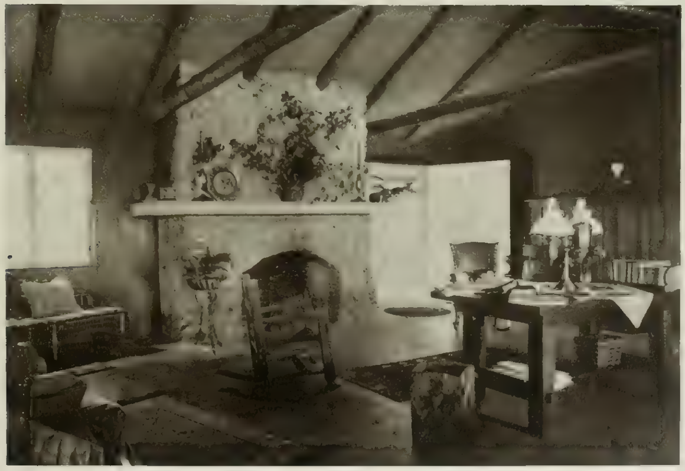




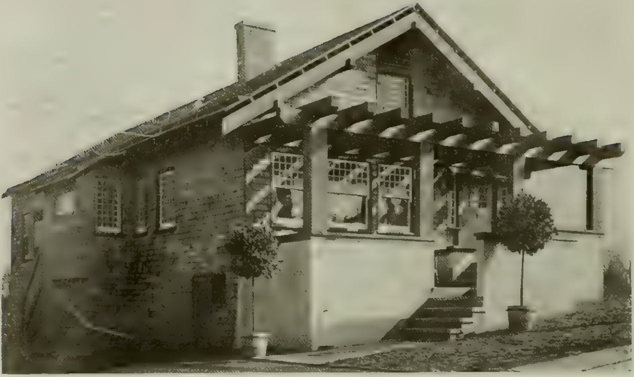
"GLEN LODGE," A ROOMY SUMMER LOG CABIN.

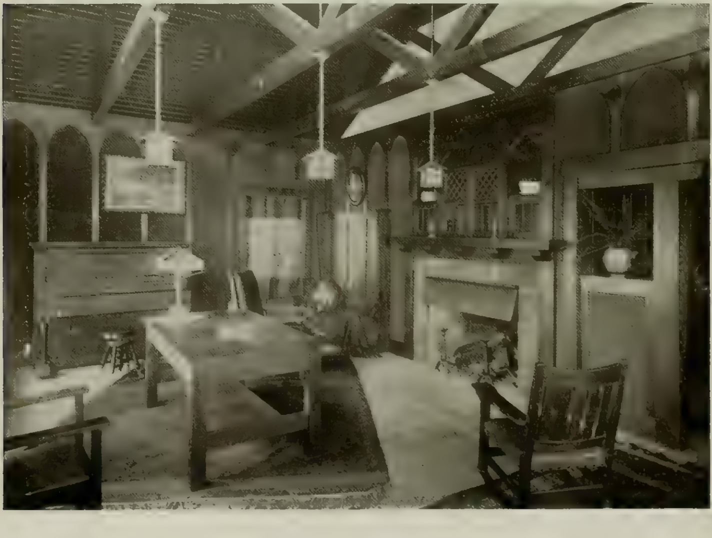
FRONT VIEW OF THE CABIN SHOWING VERANDA SIXTY-EIGHT FEET LONG.





TWO VIEWS OF THE LIVING ROOM AT GLEN LODGE: MUCH OF THE FURNITURE WAS MADE BY THE OWNER.





EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF HOUSE DESIGNED AND BUILT AS CLOSE TO A CRAFTSMAN MODEL AS POSSIBLE BY KARL H. NICKEL.

young are almost beyond attainment after a certain age and that a grown woman can never learn to spin deftly; that the mental requirements are essentially those of discipline. It would thus appear that while there is a need for special textile schools there is a larger demand for suppleness fingers and general intelligence,—for the training practicable in the elementary schools. In the machine trades the call is for a number of broadly trained men, a relatively larger proportion of highly skilled men to unskilled men than is required in any other industry. A machinist and a pattern maker need to have considerable ability to read drawings, to adjust special tools and fixtures, and to interpret mathematical tables and formulas. Managers in these trades point to the growing demand for special machines which the industry is called upon to build and to the ever increasing use of automatic and special machines. They claim, however, that this development will not eliminate the mechanic of general and broad training. The perfection of machinery calls for more intelligence to make and repair the highly perfected machine. It is true that the mechanic of today needs a special training; but he also needs as foundation for this, the general mechanical principles taught in the elementary schools. The shoe industry points to a need of workers with a dexterity of hand, arm, and back which will allow the body to adapt its movements to those of the machine; the efficient workman being one who keeps step with his machine in its speed and its varying motions of mechanical parts. This industry, in common with textiles, demands a few specially trained men, but the great cry is for workers with dexterity and character. In the jewelry and art metal industry there is a call for more workers with an art sense, with power to originate and execute products with distinctive features in order that we may have a handicraft individual and typical. The workers in the forest, in the mine, the multitude of laborers in our public enterprises of subways, streets and railroads speak for themselves, for so far no one has included these vast numbers of workers in any scheme of technical training. They cry out for shorter hours, more pay, a living wage, a higher standard of living. For the most part their education will not go beyond that drawn from the elementary schools. For these, manual training can do much; it can develop a standard of laborship which must be the foundation of any true improvement in the condition of our so-called unskilled laborers, but, to do this, it must bear some relation to actual work, instead of being, as is so often the case, the solution of some purely theoretical problem.

CAREFUL analysis of the movement for industrial education will show that it comes from two sources; first, from the skilled industries, those trades where specialized machinery with its differentiation of processes has made so many machine tenders while eliminating the all-round mechanic fitted for duties of supervision, that the problem of supplying efficient foremen has become acute; second, from all industries, both skilled and unskilled, where there is a need for intelligence, adaptability, general appreciation of work. What is demanded is not only technical skill but a proper attitude of mind. The president of a large railroad remarked in a recent statement that every raise in wages had resulted in a decreased efficiency. The heads of industries which require but few skilled workers when asked what industrial education can do for the mass of their employees usually enter into a discussion of inefficiency, incompetency, and irresponsibility; implying that the public schools are at fault. When pressed for a solution of the difficulty and for a definite suggestion they offer some such one as this: Give the pupils an understanding of the industrialism of the city, tell them about the raw product, where it comes from, how it gets to the city, the way it is manufactured, the value of the finished product, the part that labor, the investment and the capitalist play in this process. In short, make for a character which will get our workers interested in our business.

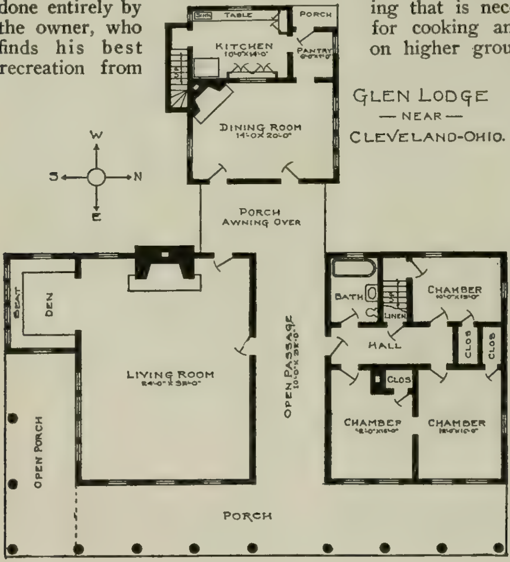
Special schools of printing, lithography, textiles, shoes, machine and other trades must have an important place in the industrial centers of the future; but the main problem of intelligent, efficient personal service of our workers, whether in store or factory as clerk, floor walker, machine tender, foreman, producer or consumer, rests on our public schools. The lower the grade the more general must be the instruction; the higher, the more technical and differentiated it can be made. The largest part of the burden rests upon the teacher of manual training in the elementary school. He must know that too much reliance should not be placed on those activities and interests of childhood which are transitory and superficial because of a school room environment, unless that environment is typical of what is to be the child's future. The child must have activities which fit him for his proper place in a larger society; the teacher must know what are the conditions imposed by this larger society and make them a basis for selection of the material of instruction. If he believes that a return to hand processes of smaller industries and business enterprises is coming inevitably, he must adapt his instruction to that end. If, on the other hand, he is convinced that the development of industrialism is tending toward greater differentiation of processes of manufacture, to an even greater exploitation of the many by the few in our commercial life, he must arrange his work accordingly. In the former case he will believe that the study and practice of the obsolete industrial processes which awaken a hereditary activity and interest in the child are of more value than a conscious effort to prepare this generation for the next by the study and practice in the methods of the present industries which are an outgrowth of the past. The difference between these two convictions is the cause of the various ideals of hand-work, and the wise teacher needs an insight into the future which shall be based on an intimate study of industrialism, past and present. Fortunately this difference of opinion need not influence the contribution which manual training may make to industrial education and efficiency, for each of them implies a developing of the process of observation and initiative, of a desire for personal excellence of workmanship, of an attitude of mind both social and industrial. These qualities of head, hand and heart are at the base of every call for service, whether it be for vocational training, for industrial efficiency or for citizenship in an industrial democracy.

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—] The preceding essay, written by Arthur D. Dean, 167 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., has been awarded the first prize in THE CRAFTSMAN competition for essays upon "The Relation of Manual Training in the Public Schools to Industrial Education and Efficiency." The judges, who all occupy prominent positions as instructors in the departments of manual training in different schools and colleges, were unanimous in their praise of Mr. Dean's essay, which they describe as "a fine piece of work, clear, forceful, sound and suggestive." The second prize was awarded to A. B. Williams, Jr., Gates Mills, Ohio, who submitted an essay dwelling in a very direct way with the defects of our present system of training and the need for a more practical method of manual training calculated to fit pupils for undertaking actual work. The third prize was awarded to Isaac Fisher, of Pine Bluff, Ark., and the fourth to S. J. Vaughn, 206 Cedar Slip, Joliet, Ill. A large number of essays were submitted, covering the subject very thoroughly from the point of view of the instructor. Unfortunately, we have space in THE CRAFTSMAN for the publication of only the winner of the first prize, much as we realize the interest that would attach to the publication of some of the others. THE CRAFTSMAN desires to thank all the competitors for giving such serious attention to this vitally important subject, and also to acknowledge most gratefully the courtesy of the judges, who have given generously of their scanty leisure to the consideration of the merits of these essays.

TWO UNUSUAL COTTAGES; ONE DESIGNED ENTIRELY BY THE OWNER, AND THE OTHER INTENDED TO EXPRESS THE CRAFTSMAN IDEA OF HOUSE BUILDING

WE have always maintained that the most successful dwelling house, both in the matter of beauty and in that of adaptation to all practical uses, must be designed at least partly by the owner or under his personal supervision, as only by this means can the individual touch that comes from directly satisfying a personal need be obtained in the plan and also in the material selected for the construction.

In the charming bungalow shown here, which is the country home of Mr. F. E. Wettstein, of Cleveland, Ohio, the planning was done entirely by the owner, who finds his best recreation from business in the doing of various sorts of creative work. His taste, ingenuity and skill are evident in every detail of the planning, building and furnishing of "Glen Lodge," as he calls the roomy and comfortable log house which he uses as a summer home. In the beginning, much care was given by Mr. Wettstein to the selection of the site, which is on a hill two hundred feet high, overlooking the beautiful Chagrin River Valley, within an hour by trolley of Cleveland. The grounds include twenty-three acres of hill, forest and glen, and upon the place is a natural gas well which supplies all the lighting that is necessary, as well as fuel for cooking and heating. A spring on higher ground furnishes excellent drinking water, which is carried into the house by the force of gravitation, and soft water for the kitchen, laundry and bath is pumped by an hydraulic ram into a tank placed just over the chambers at the left side of the building.



GLEN LODGE
— NEAR —
CLEVELAND-OHIO.

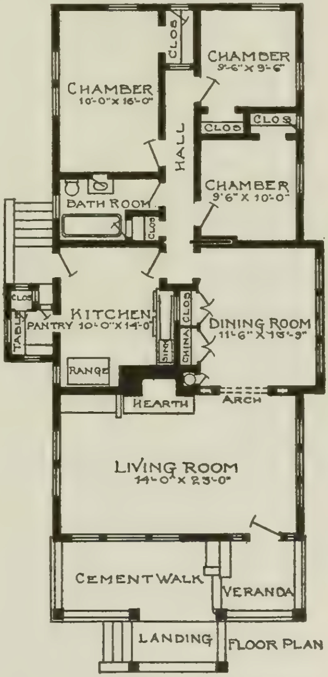
The house is planned according to the Southern idea, with wide verandas and an open passage running through the house and across the space that separates the main building from the smaller building, which contains the dining room, kitchen and servants' quarters. This open passage not only does away with the odor of cooking in the main rooms, but adds greatly to the coolness of the house in the hot summer months.

The house is very substantially built on the ordinary plan as to frame, the two-by-six studding being sheathed inside and out with matched pine boards. The outer walls are of half-logs spiked firmly to the frame and sheathing, so that the house has all the rugged picturesqueness of a log cabin, and at the same time is a much tighter, more substantial and more serviceable building than could be made of logs alone. All the wood used in the building was cut in the adjacent forest, sawed out at a little portable saw mill and finished by hand. The pillars, rafters and house walls are made of beech and maple logs carefully selected and left in the natural shape, as the design of the owner was to bring the house into the closest possible harmony with the wild sylvan beauty of the country around.

The main veranda, which is sixty-eight feet long and ten feet wide, faces the Chagrin River Valley, with its fine trees and beautiful natural terraces. It is furnished as an outdoor living room, with plain comfortable rockers, settles, hammock, steamer chairs and a number of rustic pieces made by Mr. Wettstein himself. Japanese lanterns hang from the rafters, so that the veranda is a cheery place in the evening as well as the daytime, and the fern baskets are filled with ferns from the glen close at hand. The construction of this veranda is beautiful, as will be seen by a careful examination of the two detail illustrations given of it. The structural effect of the use of logs in the small peak at the entrance is unusual and very interesting. At the side the roof of the veranda gives place to an open pergola construction, which is now covered with climbing roses.

A look at the floor plan will show that the house is not only separated from the kitchen and dining room, but is itself divided into two parts by the open passageway. One side is given up entirely to the living room with its little recessed den, and the other to the three bedchambers with the bathroom, clothes closets and small hall.

The rooms are all paneled in hardwood, the living room being done in black walnut, the dining room and two of the chambers in cherry, and the re-



FLOOR PLAN OF HOUSE DESIGNED BY KARL H. NICKEL.

maining chamber and the bathroom in oak. Like the logs used outside, all this wood was cut in the forest near by, and all is left as nearly in the natural state as possible, being given only a sanded finish, rubbed with boiled linseed oil, with no paint, stain or hard finish of any description.

In all the rooms the walls are paneled to a height of five feet, the upper walls in the living room being finished in dark red burlaps, and those in the dining room and chambers with buckram in tints of blue and green. As will be seen in the two illustrations given of the living room, the construction of the ceiling is very interesting, as the beams and rafters are of maple logs left in the natural state. The spaces between the rafters are covered with natural-colored burlap. The floors are of maple, and the chimneypiece is built of stones picked up in the fields near by. The nook, which is small and particularly inviting, has a seat built around the three sides and bookshelves above, and the whole place is furnished in a style that harmonizes with its rustic character. Much of the furniture was made by Mr. Wettstein himself, who is particularly fond of cabinetmaking and does a great deal of it. The large table and chair shown in the living room are examples of his skill.

The house shows for what it is, a home that is exactly after the owner's own heart, and therefore one that not only expresses the life that is lived in it, but comes into perfect relationship with its surroundings and is, moreover, a beautiful thing in itself. Every one who builds such a dwelling adds not a little to the sum total of progress in the development of characteristic American architecture, for there is no more delightfully absorbing occupation than that of planning one's own house and personally superintending the building of it. Each new example is an inspiration for others to follow, and the number of such houses that is now going up is very encouraging when we think of the few years that have passed since the reign of the paint brush and jig saw.

ILLUSTRATIONS of another cottage that is more conventional but nevertheless distinctive and charming in its way have come to us from California, where this house was built by Mr. Karl H. Nickel, with the idea of making it as nearly like a Craftsman house as possible. Mr. Nickel has been working for a number of years to aid in the development of a style in home building which should embody the essential features of comfort, simplicity and beauty, and be so planned that the cares of housekeeping would be reduced to a minimum.

The house is a plain shingled cottage, but distinction is given it by the broad terrace of Venetian cement tile which extends the full width of the house and is covered with a pergola over which will clamber vines, affording a pleasant leafy shade during a greater part of the year.

The living room and dining room are decorated in varying shades of copper, and the construction of the former is shown to good advantage in the illustration. The kitchen is planned with especial care for compactness and convenience. The sink, stove and pantry are all recessed, leaving the room rectangular in shape. The drain board of the sink forms a shelf for the pass opening into the china closet in the dining room. The stove alcove is hooded and vented to the roof, carrying off all steam and all odors from cooking.

Most of the furniture in the house is Craftsman, and the Craftsman idea is carried out in the lighting, which is done by lanterns suspended from the beams overhead by wrought iron chains.

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: A SERIES OF LESSONS: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER: NUMBER VII

> "Yet, notwithstanding its remarkable expression of life based on nature, the work of the Gothic carver is as a rule appropriately conventionalized. Only those abstract qualities of form which are capable of effective monumental treatment are taken from nature." —*C. H. Moore.*

LAST month a few relatively unimportant sketches were offered to illustrate the wholesome spirit of play that has ever entered into the industrial product of men who are in some measure free to exercise creative thought in the work they are called upon to perform. It was found that the most interesting manifestation of this pleasure in work appeared at times when workmen were designers; when builders were architects. This combination, the facility to design and the skill to execute, lends an intimate fascination to the work of primitive men, to the peasant industries, now fast disappearing under pressure of modern factory methods, to the best work of the Orient, and to the product of the mediæval craftsmen.

Into the conditions outlined in the text last month there gradually came a change, so subtle in its transition that it is only from this distance that we can note its developments. Briefly stated, the change is this:—workmen have ceased to be designers; builders have ceased to be architects. This evolution, the separation of artist from artisan, is an interesting topic for study. Space permits only a suggestion of the steps in the transition.

The early centuries of mediæval history were a period of reconstruction, when all men were groping toward an expression of new ideals. In later centuries, with traditions acquired through hard-earned experience and with ideals more clearly in sight, with judgments strengthened and technical difficulties lessened, workmen with greater ability and taste than their fellows became known for the excellence of their achievements. Their presence was sought wherever important work was under way. From one town to another they wandered, leaving behind them a trail of noble churches, palaces, fountains, pulpits, and frescoes. And as these men did more of the thinking, their fellows did less. Still later, with the revival of classical traditions, an increase of luxury, and a consequent shifting of standards, the pathway to artistic renown ceased to lead through the workshop. But for a long time, during a period of notable production in the early days of the Renaissance, there was still a bond of intimate sympathy between the artist and the artisan. Old ties and traditions were not easily severed. Gradually, however, the men who practiced art began to depend more and more upon a theoretic knowledge of tools and materials, while the men who knew much about technical processes and methods of construction concerned themselves less and less with the abstract ideals, the principles and modes of expression of the artist. It has been left for us in modern times to add the final step in the transition with our arbitrary distinctions between fine and industrial art, and our subdivision of labor for purposes of commercial gain. One wonders if the skilled craftsman of old who gave mind, heart, eye and hand to his work is to be entirely displaced by the "hand" whose function it will be to feed raw material into one end of a machine at so much per day, without questioning why or whence.

It is an odd commentary on the standards by which we measure our present civilization that our material progress, our tremendous strides in science and in mechanical invention, have contributed nothing to our esthetic development; even less than this,—have consistently contributed toward a lowering of artistic standards and the degradation of the skilled craftsman to the position of an unskilled operative. We have printing presses that are marvels of mechanical invention, ensuring speed and accuracy of production; but it is seldom that we approach the artistic standards set by the old printers who struggled with their rude presses in the early days of the craft in Augsberg, Bamberg and Venice. We have power looms that do everything but think; yet we are scarcely within reach of the products that came from the looms of Persia, Sicily and Italy, or of the old Flemish textiles. Science and mechanical invention have revolutionized metal working; we employ processes undreamed of by the mediæval craftsmen; yet they left behind them standards of beauty that make a comparison odious. Our builders have perfected devices unknown to the master builders of old; yet we never cease to measure and photograph the old churches and palaces with admiration and wonder.

Thus we find that the things now emphasized in the training of the artist are no longer essential to the productive efficiency of the workman. Art and industry are scarcely on speaking terms; whenever they meet they are mutually embarrassed because they have no topic in common for conversation. Between the shop-trained man and the studio-trained man there is ever a lack of understanding and sympathy. The artist deplores the lack of feeling and good taste on the part of the workman on whom he depends to execute his designs; the latter is impatient over the lack of practical knowledge shown by the artist. Both are right. The one approaches his problem with a superficial knowledge of technical limitations and possibilities; the other in the acquisition of technical skill is afforded neither opportunity nor incentive to cultivate a fine taste or an artistic judgment. Some day we shall have an art training that penetrates into the activities of daily life, based on the shop principles, though not necessarily on the methods, of the mediæval crafts. We shall think none the less of an art that seeks expression in terms of painting and sculpture; but we shall recognize the truth that art is a matter of degree and not of kind.

In our study of design today we turn to the studio for our traditions rather than to the shop. We approach the subject from a point of view diametrically opposed to the development of design to its periods of finest production. We begin by drawing, painting and modeling; we accumulate studies from nature, and attempt to conventionalize this material on paper; we study historic ornament, make careful copies from the various historic styles, and adapt motifs found through this process to our own needs; we visit shops and factories (sometimes) and listen to interesting talks on the technique of carving, weaving and metal work, on the relation of pattern to material; we gather from practice in the "arts and crafts" a superficial idea of the tools and materials of many crafts, but have no thorough or practical knowledge of the technical demands of any one craft. We aim to produce studio-trained craftsmen. What we need most are shop-trained artists.

Now, if we turn back the pages of history and follow the story to the periods of most notable achievement, we find that the development is from tools and materials to art, if one may so express it. The master craftsman found inherent within the tools and materials of his craft the principles that led him

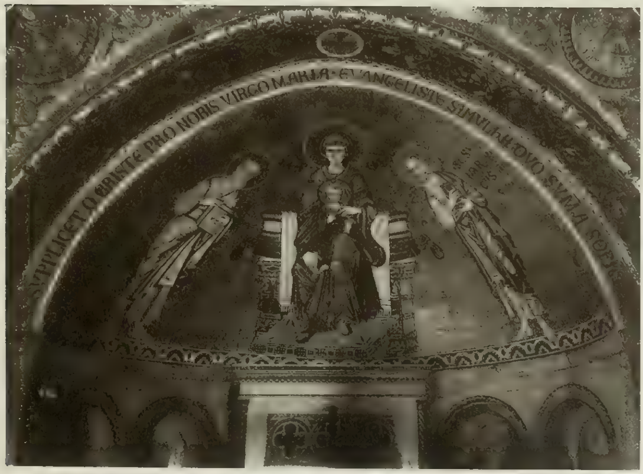

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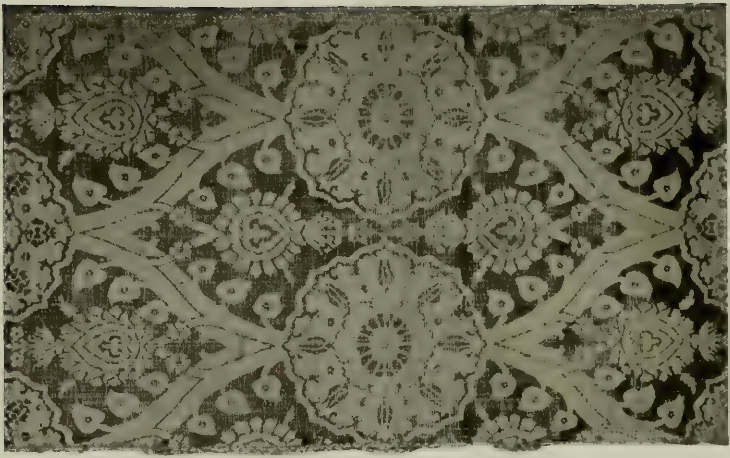
PLATE THIRTY.

PLATE TWENTY-NINE.



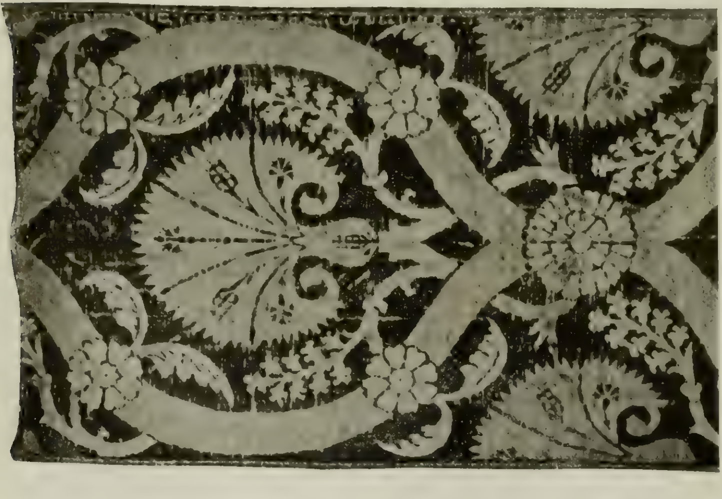


PLATE THIRTY-ONE.

PLATE THIRTY-TWO.

unerringly to the beautiful product. The examples of industrial art which are so carefully treasured in our museums and galleries were the work of shop-trained men, not of studio-trained men.

The point is of sufficient importance to demand several illustrations. Let us take the development of design in iron work as typical. (Figs. 41 to 46.) The use of iron as a factor in art properly begins with the period of mediæval history. The ancients used iron; but this material occupied an entirely subordinate place in their productions. With the beginning of mediæval history the iron worker enters upon the scene as an artisan of the first importance: the locksmiths, armorers and brazers became craftsmen of the first rank. In a study of the history of this craft we find that the development is from iron to nature, if one may so state it. The earlier examples are comparatively rude. (Fig. 41.) It is evident that the men of the time were acquiring a great deal of practical knowledge of iron, of its possibilities and limitations. Their work was a consistent development from demands of strength and structural fitness. In the manipulation of their material they gradually wrought it into forms suggestive of nature. With increasing skill and with the conservative comparison and selection of results, which has ever distinguished the product of the true craftsman, the work became more and more refined in proportions, with more intimate suggestions of natural growth. Plant form at first appears in an abstract way, gradually developing into more specific forms. In Fig. 43, for instance, there is a consistent plant growth suggested throughout;

PLATE THIRTY-THREE

yet there is nothing that would lead us to believe that the craftsman attempted a direct conventionalization of any specific plant. There are suggestions of acorns, possibly of thistles or other natural forms; but these entered into the work of the craftsman merely as a refining influence suggested by nature. He was first and last a blacksmith with the traditions of his craft back of him. If he had been trained in the studio rather than at the forge, if he had attempted to design on the basis of a theoretic knowledge of iron rather than on the basis of hard-earned experience, he never would have fashioned such a piece of simple, honest iron work. And what is said of this piece of work applies with equal force to all the work contemporary with it. Most of the so-called thistle designs can be traced back through various abstract forms, which resulted from the application of certain tools to the material, gradually shaping themselves with increasing refinement into specific forms.

Soon nature enters more intimately into the designs. Structural lines are turned more gracefully; the material bends and yields to the curve of leaf and flower under hands of consummate skill. (Figs. 44-45.) But it is still unmistakably iron, to which nature is adapted. Now, when iron is adapted to nature we come to the turning-point. (Fig. 46.) When the iron worker essays the production of festooned garlands of roses with flying ribbons he subordinates his material to nature. Whatever there may be of grace and elegance in line and form in the result, wind-blown iron ribbons and strings of naturalistic iron flowers are illogical and inconsistent with the material in which they are executed. Then, when we find that touches of paint were added to enhance the naturalistic appearance of the work, we have arrived at the other extreme of the transition. The iron worker began by drawing upon nature for suggestions that would add beauty to the structural lines of his design, and ended by subordinating his material to a minor plane of illogical imitation.

The point is again illustrated in Plates 29-30, mosaics from the portico of San Marco, in Venice. This old church offers a rare opportunity for the comparative study of mosaic work from the ninth century to the present day. Plate 29 shows one of the early Byzantine mosaics. Plate 30 is the work of the brothers Zucato from the sixteenth century. The first illustrates the beauty of construction; its design in line, form, and tone is in structural unity with its architectural environment; it is organically related to the constructive lines and forms about it. The second represents the construction of beauty; it is the work of men who accepted their commission as an opportunity to display their ability as painters; it is a picture within a half circle; its beauty is of a character quite independent from the structural features of the

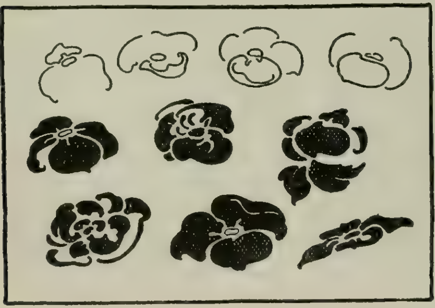


PLATE THIRTY-FOUR

church. To understand the first it must be seen in the space which it occupies; the second can be quite as well understood when it is isolated from its surroundings. The ingenious brothers Zucato even ignored the limitations of their material and employed the brush to acquire gradations of tone in their picture which a legitimate use of mosaic did not allow.

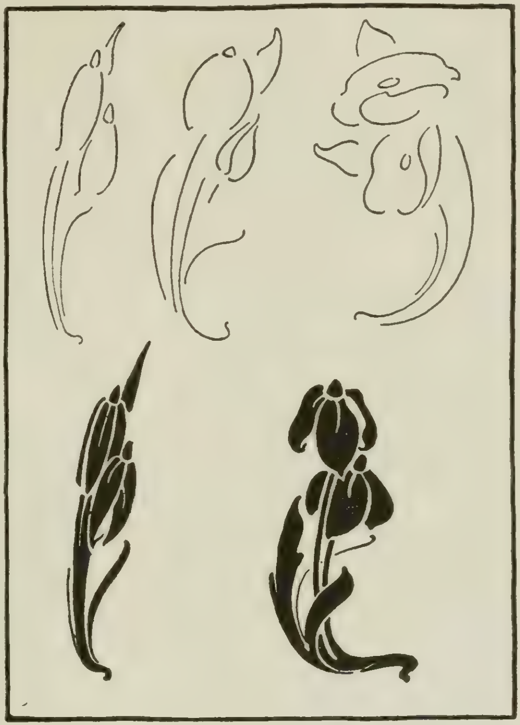


PLATE THIRTY-FIVE

Illustrations might be multiplied from every line of industrial activity. As shop-trained men ceased to be designers the structural fitness of the work decreased and the peculiar character that came from an intimate knowledge of tools and materials gradually disappeared.

Problem:—In our first studies of plant life let us seek another expression of the same principles that have been defined through geometric design. We will endeavor to develop a rhythmic, balanced composition of blacks and whites, suggesting plant growth, though not bound to any specific specimen from plant life. First, let us again thresh out the question of space and mass. It is ten to one that the student who has approached the study of design by accumulating sketches from nature, and by seeking in nature a justification for the principles that are to govern the structural development of his design, will feel that the problem of conventionalization is solved when he has adapted the lines and forms of a specific specimen to a definite shape. His attention is absorbed almost entirely by the lines and forms of the specimen with which he is working; it is difficult for him to depart from the specific character of his motif to the abstract consideration of his design in terms of line, form and

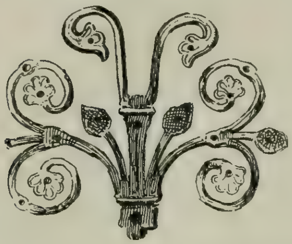


FIGURE FORTY-ONE

tone. If we are ready to accept the assertion that the beauty of a design is dependent, in the final analysis, on its structural fitness and the relation of lines, forms, and tones, rather than upon its relation to nature, to historic ornament, to "style," or to pictorial interest, then, whether the designer wills it or not, the background, or space in his design, whatever it may be, must be considered as an integral part of his composition. Seek where we will through the wallpapers and textiles of modern production, we find, with a very few exceptions, motifs derived from specific natural forms, arranged in more or less ingenious patterns. The backgrounds enter into the composition as mere accidents, holes left after the pattern is repeated. In the worst of these designs sad efforts are made to imitate nature in color and form, and to hide the very structural lines on which the finest ornament has ever depended for its beauty; in the best of them we find a consistent and thoughtful treatment of nature;—and yet we turn with increasing admiration to the simple, dignified, soul-satisfying textiles of primitive men and to the product that came from the looms of the Orient, from Persia, Italy, Sicily and Flanders during the palmy days of weaving. We discard modern carpets for plain floors and Oriental rugs. We prefer an unpapered wall to the restless, naturalistic patterns of modern production. What is it, then, that imparts so much of unrest to our papers and textiles, so much of restful simplicity to the older product? Aside from the all-important question of color, it is this:—modern patterns are imposed *upon* a background; the older patterns are incorporated *into* a background. The modern designer works from nature toward technical demands; the old worker proceeded from a knowledge of technical demands, backed by the traditions of generations of weavers, toward nature. It is difficult to find a modern wallpaper that will harmonize with any environment; the old product lends distinction to any environment in which it

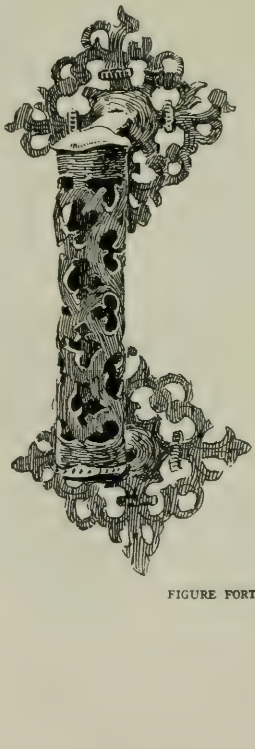


FIGURE FORTY-TWO

may be placed. The first creates holes *through* the wall; the second remains *on* the wall. The clue to the character of the designs found in the best of the old textiles (Plates 31-32) was not discovered in plant life. The designers possessed an intuitive feeling for beautiful space and mass relations, for the principles governing line, form, and tone adjustment. Nature gave to their work its final touch of distinction.

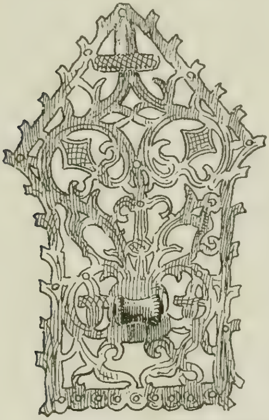


FIGURE FORTY-THREE

It is our problem, then, to define the meaning of rhythm and balance as expressed in curved lines rather than to begin by the direct conventionalization of any natural specimen. It would be well, though, to analyze a flower of careful selection,—say a rose that is set with particular beauty upon its stem. We will pass the rose of symmetrical development for one which offers a greater variety of petal curvature, with a balanced disposition of parts. Make a few simple line studies of the flower in different positions—noting the relation of the petals to the center and to each other. Then detach a few of the petals, and draw them from different points of view. Now, with these forms as a keynote, let us try the construction of similar forms suggestive, not imitative, of flower petals. (Plates 33-34.) With a little practice of this kind, it is our purpose to construct an abstract flower form from the garden of our imaginations. The beauty of this flower is not dependent upon its identity with any particular form of nature, but upon an appreciation of rhythm and balance as applied to a composition of curved lines. Starting with a central point, a few tentative lines will define the general form of the flower and the relation of the parts. In shaping the petals into which this general form is to be subdivided, it is essential to bear these points in mind:—each petal must be graceful in movement, pleasing in shape; there should be variety with unity in the shapes and measures of the different petals; they should be united in a movement toward a common center; and, last, you are compelled, under pressure of necessity, to study the whites as well as the blacks. If you are able to attain the desired result in a single flower, it will be found an easy problem to combine lines and forms suggesting two flowers, or a flower and a bud, in a common movement. The demands of balanced composition rather than a symmetrical

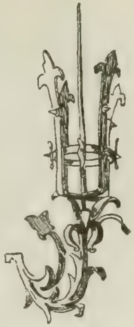
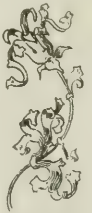


FIGURE FORTY-FOUR



After Meyer

FIGURE FORTY-FIVE

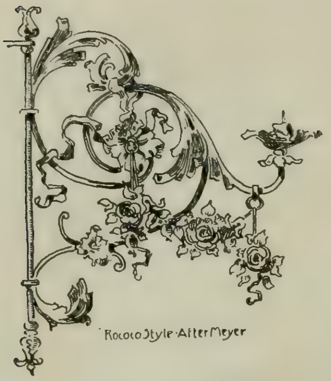


FIGURE FORTY-SIX

arrangement, will naturally lead one to give dominant height to one flower. Then see if you can strike a few well-curved lines having a common growing-point and related by a movement in harmony with the movement of the blacks and whites represented by the flower heads. In the same way see if you can develop a simple, abstract leaf form. Each leaf should have, like a good story, a starting-point, a gradual unfolding of its movement and a definite conclusion. The movement of this leaf form may be rapid, or sinuous and slow in its course. The eye moves most rapidly along straight lines or combinations of related straight lines.

Now, with some command over the elementary forms involved in the problem, let us develop a convention suggesting natural growth. To be consistent with Nature's principles of growth, we will see that our lines form a common growing-point and that the leaves and stems form a tangential union at their points of intersection.

The most interesting interpretation of the principles of rhythm and balance in line and form applied to nature is to be found in the flower compositions practiced in Japan, and explained by Mr. J. Conder in his valuable book entitled "The Flowers of Japan and the Art of Floral Arrangement," from which Figs. 47-48 are adapted. To us a mass of flowers thrust into a vase, or bound together as a bouquet, is sufficient. But to the Japanese the leaves and stems, their arrangement and grouping, are quite as important as the flower itself. He endeavors to adjust a few lines and forms into a rhythmic and balanced composition. He assists Nature, so to speak, to achieve the ideal toward which she seems ever striving. This type of composition has become with the Japanese an art, governed by definite principles. By careful selection of flowers, pruning of leaves, subtle bending of stems, he attains to the desired effect. Mr. Conder describes and illustrates these laws and principles with thoroughness and completeness. Fig. 47 illustrates one of the movements to be desired in two, three and five stem compositions. It will be noted that the unity of the composition is dependent primarily upon the reciprocal relations of the stems, then upon the grouping of leaves and flowers. Fig. 48 illustrates a few of the many things to be avoided, —formal symmetry,—equal height,—equal stepping,—"dew spilling" leaves which carry the eye out of the composition. The ideas thus briefly noted are

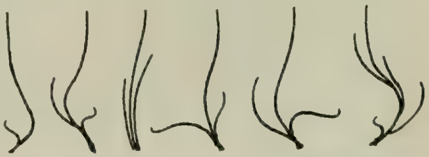


FIGURE FORTY-SEVEN

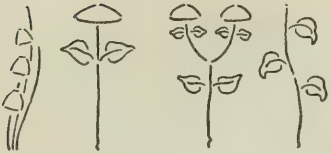


FIGURE FORTY-EIGHT

the same that must guide us to the achievement of any interest or unity in the present problem. In Plate 35 are some sketches to define the general character of the motifs we are trying to construct. It will be seen that complete command may be acquired over the movement of the motif. It may be rapid in its development, by clearly defined rhythmic connections, or subtle and slow in movement, as in the last example in this plate. Not only in lines and shapes but in measures we may also command the rhythm which we are seeking to establish. (Fig. 49.) In (1) the upward increase in the measures of black and white adds force to the conclusion of the movement; in (2) the downward increase of measures adds force to the beginning of the movement. To borrow terms from music, the former is a crescendo, the latter a diminuendo.

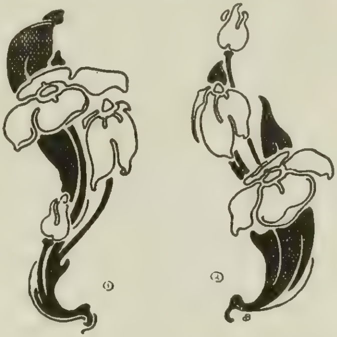


FIGURE FORTY-NINE

THE SECRET OF TRUE COMPREHENSION

NOTHING worth doing is done quickly. The masterpiece is the product of a lifetime; it may bloom in the hour, but it developed in the years. Your life is your preparation; the few years you spend studying and learning how to handle brush or chisel are but the breaking in of your hand, the subduing of refractory fingers, the master of obstinate muscles; if your heart is not and has not been for long filled to overflowing with things you feel you must speak, then is your technical facility acquired in vain. I dare say there are those among you who have laboriously and exactly drawn from the antique, lo, these many days, filling great clean white sheets of paper with painfully faithful outlines of the contours before them, and yet have never once really looked at the statue or cast, have never once really seen what they have so mechanically drawn. I might almost say that one never does see what one is at the time drawing. If you have not seen it, felt it, understood it, loved it before, no amount of drawing or copying will enable you to comprehend it. You must see, feel, and know your landscape before you so much as dream of painting it; in fact, the very thought of painting it should come at the very last, as the fruition of your understanding and of affection for your subject.

ARTHUR JEROME EDDY.

A DECORATIVE STUDY OF WALL SPACE: LESSON V: BY MARY LINTON BOOKWALTER

THE first impression made upon one when entering the majority of houses is the lack of thought displayed in planning the relation between the woodwork and the wall spaces to be covered by papers or fabrics.

An interesting problem in decorative work is the division of the wall by means of wood treatment. This can be done with three definite purposes in mind: First, if the height of the room is out of proportion to its floor space, the object will be to lower the effect; second, if the wall spaces in the room—as divided by the windows and doors—are not in good proportion, making it impossible to use papers and fabrics properly, the aim would be to simplify the spacing by a few strong lines of wood; third, if the wall spaces have been well considered by the architect, the problem would be to make as beautiful an arrangement in balance of spacing as the wall will allow.

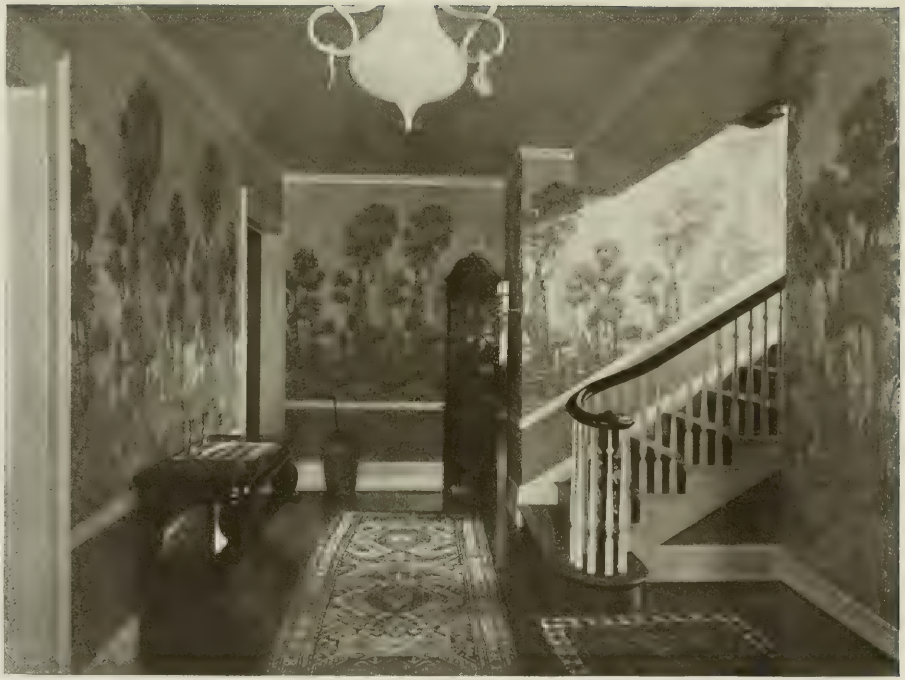
A simple method for beginning the study of the spaces to be decorated is to take each side of the room and lay out to scale the proportions, treating each of the four sides as a lesson in the division of a rectangle by lines. For example, take the end of the hall (No. 1), with the large tree design. This wall space gives a rectangle which is in proportion two and one-quarter by three and one-quarter inches. Make three or four divisions of that space by means of the baseboard, picture moulding and the broad moulding to separate the upper and lower wall. The architect fixes the width of the baseboard, but the width and position of the two upper mouldings are for the decorator to determine.

When the line arrangement has been carefully determined in the problem, then comes the adaptation of pattern and balance in color. In the selection of pattern to fill the wall spaces there are again three points to consider: The effect of giving height to a room which is too low; the line of a design to deceive the eye and apparently lower a ceiling which is too high; or merely the making beautiful of what was good in the beginning.

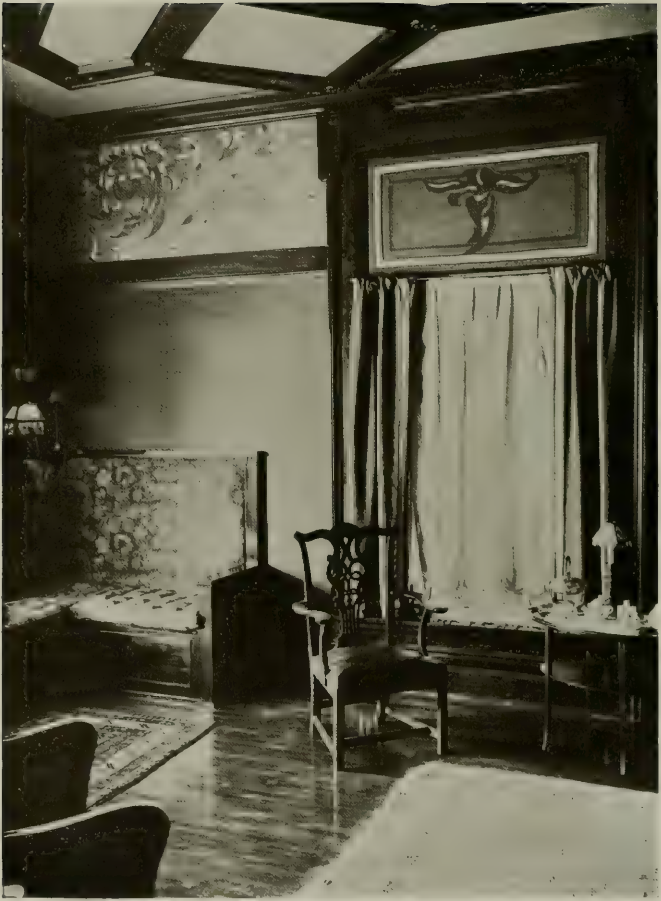
After the wood trim and pattern are settled, the balance in color plays an important part. Sharp contrasts between sidewall and ceiling are rarely pleasing; for example, a strong red wall with a cream ceiling and dark woodwork. There is truth in the fact that a light ceiling makes a lighter room, but why not have the contrast in color less abrupt, making rather a gradation from dark to light? Abrupt changes in color are like discords in music.

For the style of the hall (No. 1) the tapestry design seems well chosen. The interplay of color in this wall covering is beautiful; the ceiling is in tan, the background color of the sidewall, with the large design in tans, greens and blue, running into the green tone of the base. The woodwork is a deep old ivory, and the mahogany of the handrail and the treads and risers of the stairs is on the brown cast. The wall treatment in this hall is designed to be the entire decoration, as no pictures are to be used.

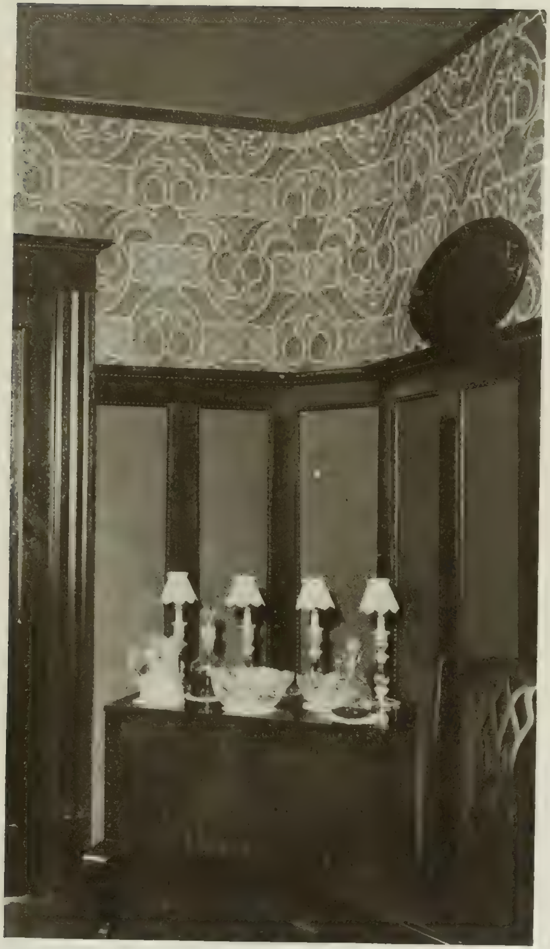
The second problem (No. 2) presented about all the difficulties possible in one room. There was no symmetry in the arrangements of its parts; the fireplace in one end of the room was not on the axis of the room; the ceiling was much too high and was thrown into shadow; the windows were entirely out of proportion, extending from floor to ceiling; and the baseboard and casings were the only wood trim. When a



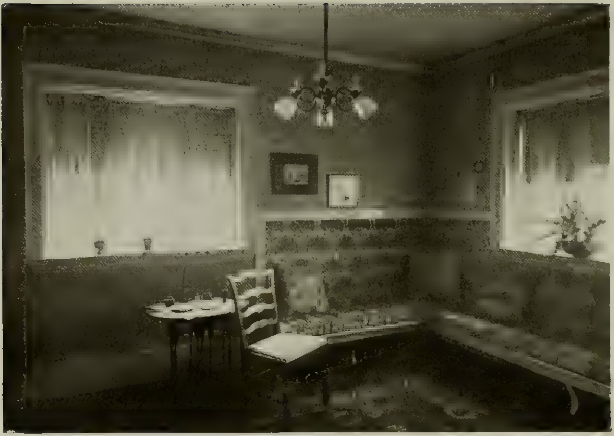
PROBLEM NUMBER ONE IN THE TREATMENT OF WALL SPACES: COVERING OF PANELS WITH LANDSCAPE DESIGNS.

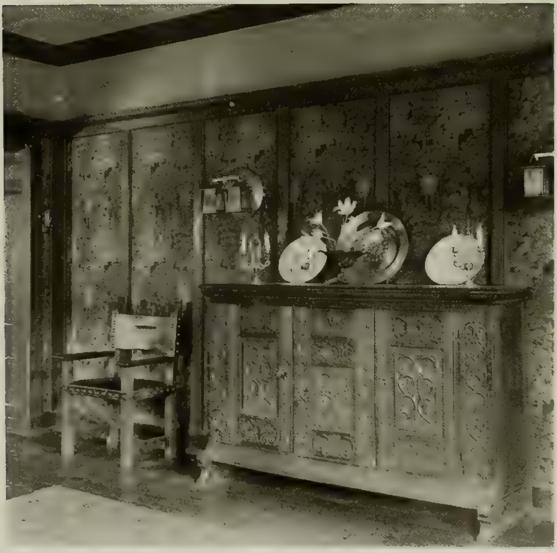


PROBLEM NUMBER TWO, SHOWING THE RELATION OF CORNER SEAT TO PANEL, FRIEZE AND DOOR SPACE.



PROBLEM NUMBER THREE, SHOWING AN INTERESTING DIVISION OF SPACE IN WALL PANELS AND FRIEZE





PROBLEM NUMBER FOUR IN WHICH THE SPACES OF WALL, WINDOWS AND SEAT ARE DELIGHTFULLY PROPORTIONED.

PROBLEM NUMBER FIVE WHICH SHOWS GREAT REFINEMENT OF SPACING AND NICETY OF BALANCE.

room has no harmony of line to begin with, and the limitations must be accepted as part of the problem, it is a difficult task to bring about a unity of expression.

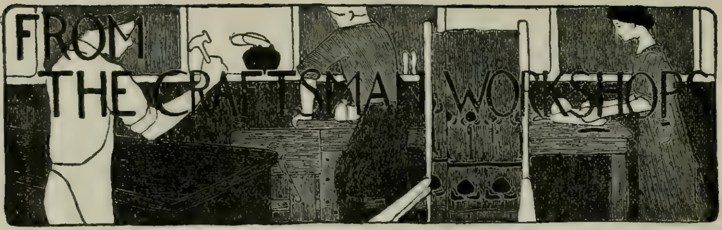
The conditions in problem No. 2 were overcome in the following manner: A pattern in wood was used on the ceiling, which disguised the lack of unity in the plan of the room; a broad band of wood below the frieze accentuated that height all round the room; the windows were filled in at the top by panels covered with the same material as that used on the walls and in the hangings. The lower edge of these panels carried the line of the broad wood band. The color scheme was from a green on the ceiling through grays, green, brown-red and brown in the frieze to the brown of the cloth on the lower wall. With this careful planning in color and woodwork the room became one of dignity and refinement.

The corner of the dining room shown in No. 3 gives a simple arrangement which can be carried out with small expense and very satisfactory results. The criticism might be made here that the moulding in the angle is too small for the weight of the lower wood trim, but the balance in color in this room is very interesting. The quality of the color is completely lost in the photograph and the light lines of the design are exaggerated. The color combination is from a rich pinkish yellow through the shades of brown, one cool and the other a pink brown, to a deep tan. The plaster spaces in the skeleton wainscot are covered with a burlap in the pink brown tone, and the woodwork is brown.

For the sake of comfort and utility, in planning the seat for the small tearoom in No. 4 the line of the back was made to divide the wall space into almost equal parts. But the effect of the two-toned stripes of the wall covering and the broad horizontal curves of the fabric used to cover the seat emphasized the opposing lines—the wall, because of the vertical lines, looking longer from the seat to the ceiling, and the seat with horizontal lines appearing lower. The color contrasts, a combination of soft yellows, gray and green, also add to the effect produced by the lines. The high windows are an attractive feature in this room, both in size and placing.

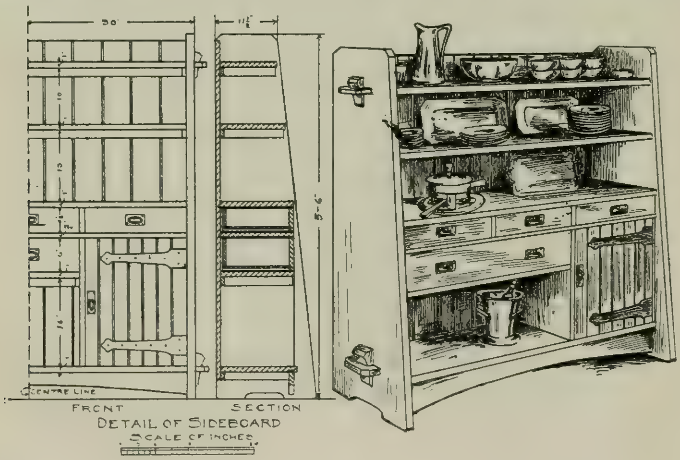
The last of the five problems shown in this number is one which has great refinement in spacing and nicety of balance. The room was attractive in its proportions and the decorator's work was to carry the good points on from the foundation given. The walls were carefully spaced for this treatment, and the grounds were bedded in the plaster that the tapestry might be stretched and nailed to these and no stretchers placed on the surface of the wall. This gives a workmanlike finish. The inner mouldings around the panels were left loose and put in place after the tapestry was hung. In this problem the kind of wood treatment, pattern of tapestry and color scheme were planned together. A unity of effect is thus produced which can only be obtained when the decorator and architect work with a definite result in mind.

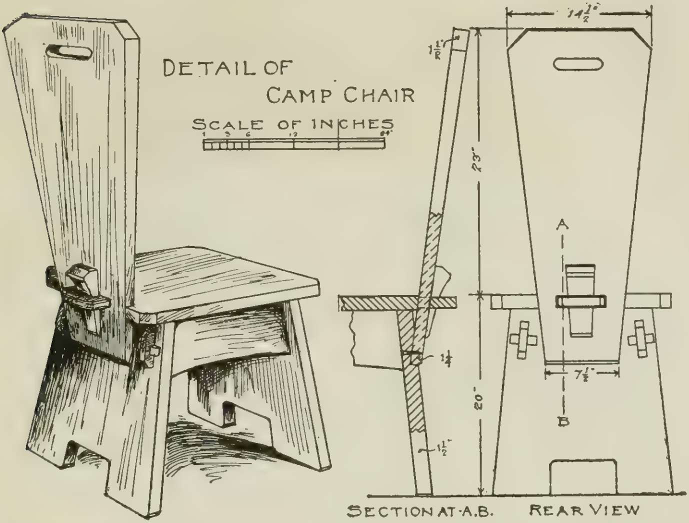
These five examples are given to show that the steps in the problems in design which are met in study, by the division of squares, rectangles and other abstract spaces can be put into practice, giving the student a practical application of his theoretical work. One does not decorate an entire room, any more than an entire house, at once. The problem is taken up a step at a time. When you have planned a space adapted to one side of the room, and have made a pleasing balance of proportions, then the next step is to plan four walls and ceiling in such a manner as to make them a unit.



SOME CAMP FURNITURE AND FIREPLACE FITTINGS THAT CAN BE MADE AT HOME

ALL the models shown here, both of cabinet work and metal work, are designed for use in a camp or in a country house where all the surroundings and furnishings are rugged and somewhat crude. The plan and proportions of the sideboard shown in the first drawing give it a certain decorative quality that harmonizes with the sort of a room in which it is intended to stand. It is much higher than the ordinary sideboard and has two shelves across the top for holding dishes. Below these shelves are three small drawers for silver, table napkins, etc., and below these again one long deep drawer for table cloths. At the bottom a space is left for the larger and heavier pieces of china or metal, and at one side is a cupboard for storing odds and ends. The ends of the sideboard extend straight to the top, like the ends of a bookcase, and are made of thick boards



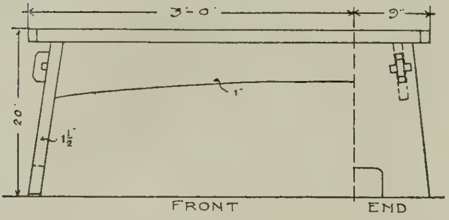


which slope outward from the top to the bottom. The cupboard door and the back of the sideboard are not paneled, but made of ordinary matched boards. The whole construction is mortise and tenon, the projecting ends of the tenons being fastened with keys, and the whole left with an intentional effect of crudity. The corners, instead of being rounded or left in a square, are cut straight across, leaving the angles sharp.

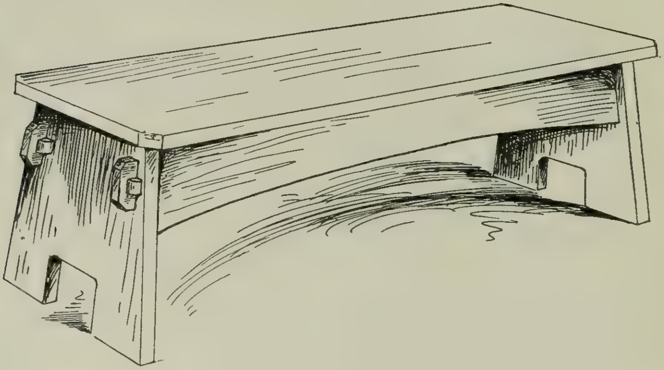
The camp chair is in the same style of construction, as, indeed, are all the pieces shown here. Instead of legs, the chair is made with a solid piece at the front and back, sloped outward from the seat to the bottom, where it is cut in a square to relieve the effect of overmassiveness. The side rails are curved very slightly and are fastened through to the front and the back with heavy tenons and keys. The back of the chair is also one solid piece, sloped from the top to the bottom, with a small opening cut in the top for convenience in lifting the chair. It is fastened to the seat with the tenon and key.

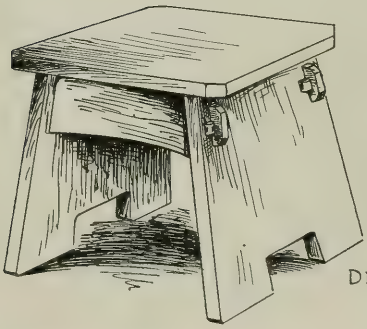
The bench is meant to be used on the veranda outdoors, or in the dining room in the place of two dining chairs. The features of the construction are precisely the same as those already described. The camp stool is simply the bench made square instead of long. This may be used for a low tea table on the veranda or out of doors for a plant stand, or to supplement the supply of dining chairs. In many cases these stools and benches would be found more satisfactory for use around the dining table than the heavier chairs.

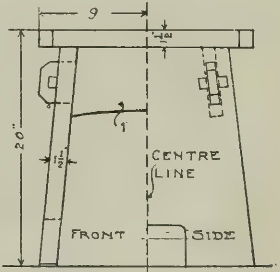
The table is perhaps the most effective piece of all. It is made of heavy



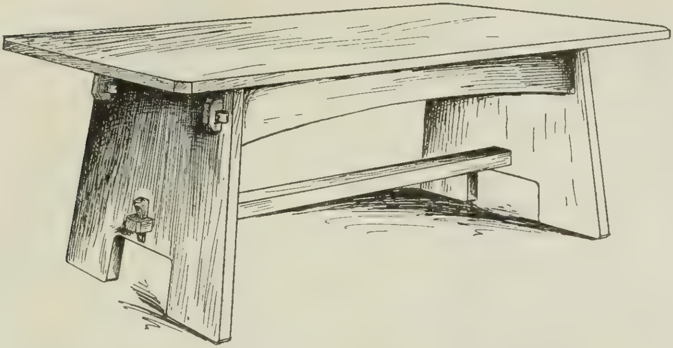
DETAIL OF
CAMP BENCH
SCALE OF INCHES

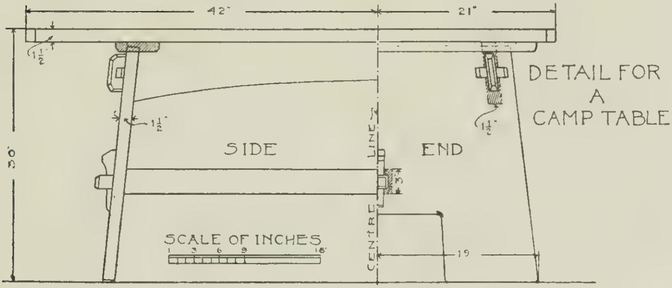






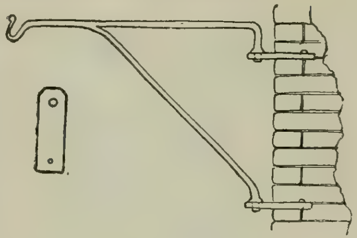
DETAIL FOR A CAMP STOOL
SCALE OF INCHES





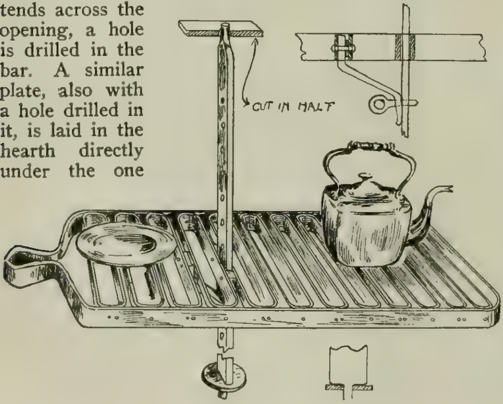
1½-inch boards, and the ends are solid, the same as in the other pieces. It is very strongly made, with the sides tenoned to the ends and fastened with heavy keys. Below, a beam that is nearly square serves as a support to hold the two ends together, and the tenons and keys with which it is fastened bring down a touch of decoration toward the bottom to balance the similar features at the top.

THE designs for metal work this month are also intended for use in a country home or in a camp. The first piece shown is an old-fashioned crane which can be used in any ordinary fireplace. Of course, if the fireplace is to be built, the construction can be adapted to the placing of a crane, but if it is already built, all that is necessary is to remove a few bricks and insert the plates that support the frame. The bricks can easily be taken out by driving a nail into the cement between them and making a hole large enough to insert a thin keyhole saw, with which the cement or mortar can be sawed out around the bricks that are to be removed. The plates can then be laid on and fastened with a nail or screw put through the hole in the back part of each plate. This will hold the plate firmly after it is once in place. The crane can be removed from the plates at any time by lifting it up and out. Both crane and brace should be made of ½-inch round iron and welded together as shown in the drawing. The hook is made by drawing the iron down and tapering it to the length of about four or five inches. A little ball is formed on the end of the hook by holding the iron firmly and "butting" the end with the face of the hammer, and the hook is then shaped over the horn of the anvil. The shaping of the hook should be done before the crane is welded to the brace. Any large fireplace may easily be equipped both with this crane and with the adjustable grate next illustrated, as both are easily removed and may be used one at a time.

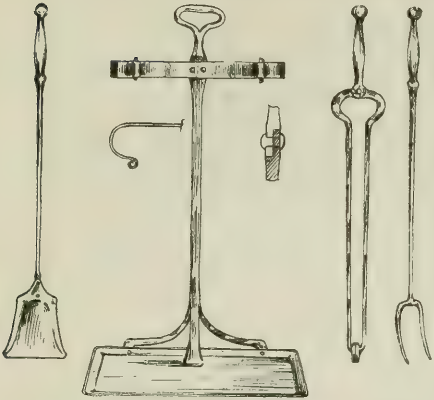


WROUGHT IRON CRANE

A fireplace of large size is needed for the grate, which can be swung over the fire for broiling, toasting or almost any kind of cooking. A standard extends from the floor to the top of the fireplace opening, in which a plate is laid, or, if an iron bar extends across the opening, a hole is drilled in the bar. A similar plate, also with a hole drilled in it, is laid in the hearth directly under the one above. The standard is about 2½ or 3 inches wide by ½ inch thick, and is tapered at the top and bottom to form a round shank at either end that can easily turn in the holes left in the plates or in the hearth plate and top bar, as the case may be. The hole at the top should be deep enough to allow some play, as the grate is removed from the fireplace by lifting the standard up from the bottom and drawing it out of the top plate. The standard has holes punched about three or four inches apart along its entire length, so that the grate may be adjusted at any height by inserting the pin through the standard and the small bracket arm that extends down about six inches from the bottom of the grate, as shown in the small detail. If desirable, a chain can be attached to the pin and secured to any convenient place, so that it can never be lost. It is best to fasten a washer at the bottom of the standard, so that it may turn easily on the plate. The illustration clearly shows the construction of the grate. The outer frame is



ADJUSTABLE IRON GRATE



FITTINGS FOR FIREPLACE

made of iron measuring about 1½ by ⅛ of an inch. This is bent as shown in the drawing and welded, forming a frame about 24 inches long by 11 inches wide. The cross bars are arranged so that one piece of iron will make two bars. To do this the bar should be cut long enough to go twice across the width of the grate and turn at the end, leaving a space of about 2½ inches between each one. A space of 1 inch is left between every pair of these bars. As will be noted by examining the drawing, the joints of each pair of bars are connected with the outer band by the use of one and two rivets, alternately. The bracket that extends beneath the grate and holds it to the standard is connected between the two bars as shown in the small sketch. The holes can either be punched or drilled, and in either case should be made after the band is formed and welded.

The design of the fire set is of the same primitive order as that of the crane and the grate. The standard is made of ¾-inch square iron "butted" at the bottom to form a sufficient shoulder to which may be riveted the pan. Near the top the iron is flattened to a width of 1½ or 1¾ inches, where the cross arm is riveted on. From this flare the iron is then tapered down and the handle formed by bending the end backward and around to form a flattened loop, and welding. A good deal of care should be taken in hammering the handle, so that it will not cut the hands when the standard is riveted. The top cross bar is made of iron measuring about 1½ by 3/16 of an inch, and the scrolls at either end are made by first flattening and widening the iron and then bending over the horn of the anvil. At the bottom two arms about ½ or ¾ of an inch wide by ⅛ or ¼ of an inch thick are welded to the standard and then riveted to the pan in order to strengthen the whole structure. The height of the standard should be at least 30 inches over all. The pan is made of No. 18 gauge sheet iron. This can be cut with a cold chisel and hammered cold into the form of a rectangular pan with rounded corners.

The handle of the shovel is made of a piece of iron about 1 inch in diameter and 8 inches long. Hammer this down about an inch from one end to form the handle. Two knobs about 6 inches apart should be formed by hammering all around and leaving these two places untouched until a neck is drawn down. Then the knobs can be hammered round, leaving about 3 inches of iron to be tapered down. Weld this to a rod about ⅜ of an inch in diameter. At the extreme end this rod should be flattened out and riveted to the shovel, which is made of No. 18 sheet iron, hammered out cold. The same methods are employed in making the poker and tongs.

THE DUN EMER INDUSTRIES IN IRELAND: A SUCCESSFUL EXAMPLE OF THE REVIVAL OF HANDICRAFTS IN A FARMING COMMUNITY

FOR the past ten years there has been growing among Irish people a great racial movement which has resulted in what is now called the Irish Revival—a reawakening of the literature, the art and the industries characteristic of the Celtic people. The revival of the handicraft work for which Ireland was at one time famous is a part of this great movement, and is actuated by the same race feeling that has produced the poetry of Yeats, and led to the revival of the ancient music of the bards. Yet this renewal of the cottage industries is not the result of a desire to revive the ancient Irish industrial art for its own sake merely, but is a recognition that has come to be official of the urgent needs of the Irish peasant. It is in her farming population that Ireland's salvation lies, as even the slow-moving English government has come to know, and the starving condition of the peasants, with the resulting enormous emigration to America of the most progressive among them, is, as Irishmen have long known, a distinct menace. The recent introduction of the handicraft work so well known to their ancestors has proved to be of immense interest as well as benefit to the peasant class, and, in giving them a way to earn more than the bare subsistence—and sometimes not even that—yielded by the impoverished Irish farms, has gone a long way toward keeping them contented with their farm life and has added another alternative to the two which formerly confronted them—to starve, or to go to America.

It is a number of years now since the Congested Districts Board started the first industries in the west of Ireland. In that part of the island the custom of dividing the father's farm among the sons had made each farm so small that the peasants were in a most pitiable state of poverty, and the revival of the industries which the competition of machinery had killed proved to be a godsend. The Board of Agriculture and Technical Instruction also came to realize the importance to the farming population of the introduction of handicrafts, and has added to its first meager programme of teaching a little carpentry to the farmers, instruction in all branches of the industrial arts.

However, in Ireland the teaching of craft work finds its most enthusiastic promotion not through the government but in the private enterprises that have sprung up, headed by workers in the great cause of the Irish revival. There are such enterprises as the Belfast Guild, composed of workers in all kinds of handicrafts; the Art Association,—also in Belfast,—a society of Irish ladies who are engaged in promoting the really national art; and the stained-glass works of Dublin, in which Miss Purser seeks to revive the wonderful Irish glass of centuries ago. Of all the private enterprises, however, one of the most characteristic of the fine spirit of the Irish revival and of the success of the peasant handicraft work is the group of workers at the little town of Dundrum, near Dublin.

When Miss Evelyn Gleeson started this enterprise it was with a firm belief in the capabilities of the Irish peasants and with a keen desire to make farm life attractive and profitable. Miss Gleeson is an artist who had been living in London, where she was a member of the Gaelic League and was intimately associated with the circle of Irish people in the capital. It chanced that she was asked by a manufacturer of carpets to make some designs for him. She submitted them, and he was delighted, complimenting her on her excellent color sense. This encouragement suggested to Miss Gleeson what she could do to help Ireland. She learned weaving and rug-making, and perfected her designing and her knowledge of colors and dyes, with the idea of teaching the peasant girls.

It is only five years since Miss Gleeson left London to start her enterprise. After a careful search she hired a large country house in Dundrum that was near enough to Dublin to allow quick and easy shipment of goods, yet far enough away to be of benefit to the farming class she was trying to reach. She named this house "Dun Emer" (or Emer House), after the wife of the great hero of the Irish sagas. The legend runs that *Chuchulain* first saw *Emer* when she was teaching embroidery to her maidens, and she has come to be to the Irish the embodiment of the womanly arts of sewing and weaving.

From the day when she left London for Dun Emer Miss Gleeson has been devoting all her time, her energies and her fortune to her work. After the first year and a half of hard endeavor had demonstrated the usefulness and success of the enterprise, the Board of Agriculture and Technical Instruction furnished her with sufficient aid to insure the payment of the workers—for her belief in the interest and intelligence of the peasants and efficacy of the work was justified by the quickness with which the country girls took advantage of her instruction. She had no difficulty in finding pupils, and today the school could be indefinitely enlarged if capital were forthcoming.

Miss Gleeson took with her the two Misses Yeats, sisters of the poet who has so wonderfully embodied the spirit of Ireland in his verse. Miss Elizabeth Yeats had learned printing, and her books published today at Dun Emer are distinguished for their simplicity and fine workmanship. Miss Lily Yeats had studied for six years under William Morris and his wife, and is an expert in embroidery and needlework.

At the end of two years Dun Emer was made into two coöperative societies. An estimate was made of the value of the entire plant, and the workers now buy shares at one pound each as they save enough. The management of the school and its policy has gradually come to be in the hands of the workers themselves, who elect officers and executive committees, and are called together to vote on all matters of importance. One of these coöperative societies, composed of fifteen girls, is under the direction of Miss Gleeson, who personally superintends the weaving of rugs and tapestries, the leather work and illumination, while under her are two ladies who teach enameling and bookbinding. The other society of ten girls is under the Misses Yeats, who teach printing and needlework. Miss Gleeson herself teaches drawing, and gives supplementary lessons in cookery and the Gaelic language. And it may be said in parenthesis that it is strange but also very true that learning the Gaelic language has a remarkable effect in increasing the brightness and intelligence of the Irish peasants.

The work has steadily grown, and now the courtyard and stables have been converted into workshops, and large looms are placed in them for weaving great carpets and tapestries. The rugs are tufted—that is, the warp is stretched on a loom and woollen threads are pulled through and knotted. This is the way the finest Oriental rugs are made, although these Irish rugs are thicker and softer and coarser in weave. So far as possible Miss Gleeson founds the designs on Celtic ornaments, such as the endless three-looped Celtic knot, the emblem of the trinity, which is most decorative. The rugs are made in the Irish colors,—the soft greens and blues of Irish fields and skies, and the purple of the hills. Whenever practicable, peasant women dye the wools with their own vegetable dyes; otherwise they are made and dyed in the woollen works at Athlone. In making tapestries Miss Gleeson has been most successful, and the excellence of this work has been attested recently by the receipt of an order to copy for the Dublin Museum one of the most valuable tapestries in the South Kensington Museum.

The rug weavers are paid by the piece—sixpence for a thousand knots, and a clever worker earns from three to four dollars a week—a sum which has double the value in Ireland that it has in America. Since the hours are only from nine-thirty to five-thirty, with an hour out at lunch—a short day for peasant workers—the girls have a chance to do their home work in addition to the handicrafts. Miss Gleeson herself furnishes them with their tea before they go home in the afternoon.

As for the girls, nearly all of whom have been with Miss Gleeson since the beginning of the school five years ago, there could be no greater tribute to the success of the enterprise than the remark of the visitor to Dun Emer who asked what social class the girls came from. "Surely," she said, "they are not peasants,"—which only goes to prove Miss Gleeson's belief that no one is more susceptible to refining influences than the Irish peasant. And this development of the girls who have been so closely associated with her for five years Miss Gleeson considers her greatest success. Yet she has not only enabled them to earn more than the mere pittance that their farm work alone would mean, broadened their outlook and brightened their prospects, but, in furnishing an outlet for the energy that would otherwise have led them to go to America, she has saved to Ireland twenty-five bright, fine peasant girls of the type that may one day yet retrieve the fallen fortunes of the Celts.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION GAINED ON THE FARM AND IN THE WORKSHOP

PRESIDENT Roosevelt, with his customary force and directness, touched the really vital point in all our present movement toward social and industrial reform and the establishment of better standards of living when he said, in a recent address to the delegates attending the convention of the National Educational Association in Washington:

"I trust that more and more our people will see to it that the schools train toward and not away from the farm and the workshop. We have spoken a great deal about the dignity of labor in this country, but we have not acted up to our spoken words, for in our education we have tended to proceed upon the assumption that the educated man was to be educated away from and not toward labor. The great nations of mediæval times who left such marvelous works of architecture and art behind them were able to do so because they educated alike the brain and hand of the craftsman. We, too, in our turn must show that we understand the law which decrees that a people which loses physical address invariably deteriorates, so that our people shall understand that the good carpenter, the good blacksmith, the good mechanic, the good farmer, really do fill the most important positions in our land, and that it is an evil thing for them and for the nation to have their sons and daughters forsake the work which, if well and efficiently performed, means more than any other work for our people as a whole. . . . We need to have a certain readjustment of values in this country, which must primarily come through the efforts of just you men and women here and the men and women like you throughout this land."

Our need for this readjustment of values is so keenly felt just now that nearly all the forces of society are struggling toward it in one way or another. Some of the ways are mistaken and tend rather to disintegration than to construction on a sounder basis, but these are only passing expressions of the prevailing spirit of unrest; the tendency as a whole is altogether constructive. Nevertheless, the most optimistic among us must admit that, strive as we may, we of the present generation can do hardly more than lay the foundation for a readjustment of values that shall be sufficiently far-reaching to bring about a general return to simpler and more wholesome standards of life and work. The actual accomplishment lies in the hands of the sons and daughters now growing up among us, and no part of our task is more important than the training of these boys and girls along lines that will equip them to build well and strongly upon these foundations.

There is no question that our own training is largely responsible for the false standards that prevail today and for the serious mistakes we have made as to the nature of true and lasting national development. We do things swiftly and on a big scale, and in three generations we have leaped from the simple, hardy pioneer stage to the position we occupy today, with its immense expansion, its extremes of poverty and wealth, its great power, industrial, commercial and political, and the inward corruption that threatens, if it is not arrested, to tumble the whole glittering structure about our ears. Our fathers were trained in the hard and rugged school that makes men, and so they gained the power to succeed mightily and to conquer the vast resources of the richest country in the world, but they trained their sons to reap the fruits of that victory rather than to sow for the future as they had sown. Success had come so swiftly and in such generous measure that there seemed to be no longer the necessity for heeding small things. The farmer, miner or mechanic who had grown rich through his power to grapple with and master the conditions of his life desired to see his son "a gentleman and a scholar," and the education of the boy was carried on with this end in view rather than with the object of making him as good a workman and as good a citizen as his father. The man who had not succeeded accepted the prevailing standard just the same, with the one idea that his children must be fitted for an easier life than he had led himself, and so it came about that all our training for the past thirty-five or forty years has been away from the farm and the workshop and toward the acquirement of book knowledge rather than the mastery of life and work.

The effect of this is seen throughout all our national life,—in the loss of respect for honest labor that is evident no less in the uneasy aggressiveness of the workingman than in the groundless assumption of superiority on the part of the man who might have made a good workman had he not been educated for some profession in the mistaken belief that it was the passport to a higher social grade and an emancipation from the necessity of really working for a living; in the prevailing belief in "smartness" that has made our commerce a battle-ground for the war of keen and unscrupulous wits, and in the almost superstitious respect for a "college education" as being all that is required in the way of an equipment for the practical affairs of life. Until very lately book knowledge,—and that along the most conventional and imitative lines,—has been regarded as the only form of education worth considering, and the best years of life have been spent in acquiring a fund of information that unquestionably affords an admirable background for general culture, but that nevertheless is very far from being an adequate preparation for actual life and work. No further proof of this is needed than the fact that in most business offices a college graduate is considered of very little use until he has "recovered from college," and a boy with no more experience in any line of work than that gained by theoretical practice in a school of technology is put to the necessity of learning his trade along practical lines before he is worth anything in the workshop or on the farm.

We are not in any way belittling the necessity of education or of mental training. Education is a far more serious and comprehensive affair than the schools make it, for it does not begin with the three R's and end with a college diploma, but is a lifelong pursuit which gathers material from all of life. Book knowledge is good in its way, for we are entitled to the benefit of the cumulative experience of the race, but it is only a small part of what we have to learn. The greater knowledge comes only by the exertion of all our powers in grappling with the actual problems of life and in the actual doing of some form of useful work, for by these are developed true self-reliance and self-respect in the individual, and hence a truer standard of national life.

For several years now there has been a growing realization of this truth, and the schools have met it by establishing departments of manual training where boys are taught carpentry, cabinet-making, metal working and the like, and the girls sewing, weaving, basketry and general housekeeping, on the theory that the ability to use the hands in making things is an important factor in the development of the brain. It is a step in the right direction, but only a step, for it is only play work done for the sake of education, not real work which is educative because it is done in the most direct and practical way to satisfy a real need, and therefore is not only well done but most interesting to the worker. The quality and character of the play work done in our schools is shown not only by the things that are made but by the fact that the teacher of manual training is never a practical workman. In fact, it is a theory that is generally accepted that a good workman does not make a good teacher, and this theory proves more clearly than almost anything else how wide the gap is which we have opened between education and actual life.

Why would it not be equally practicable to devote the time and energy now given to manual training along theoretical lines to the actual doing of needful things under the guidance of an experienced workman who does—or has done—just such work for a living? In this way every bit of knowledge acquired would count, and there would be no gap between learning how a thing ought to be done and doing it. When it is only play work, done under the guidance of a teacher whose own knowledge is theoretical, the confidence felt in it by the pupil vanishes the moment he is confronted with the necessity of doing real work which must stand on its own merits and perform its own function. Also, his attitude toward the doing of play work is very different from that where real work is concerned. On the one hand, he is less genuinely interested, and, on the other, the doing of any amount of it will not change one iota of the false standards toward real labor in any form that he is taught by the conditions of home life as well as school life.

This is one of our chief reasons for urging the establishment of practical handicrafts in connection with farm life. Its immediate effect would be the relief of many of the most serious disadvantages of the present industrial situation, but the most permanent effect would be the opportunity for the better training of our boys and girls, in whose hands lies the future welfare of the nation. Under these conditions alone could education be made a part of life instead of a period of almost complete separation from it during the formative years when the child is sensitive to every impression and when his standards for all time are being shaped by the teaching he receives. A man is only a grown-up boy, and if he is to do honestly and well his full share in the work of the world, why should he not take it up early in life, and so gain the mental development that comes only from doing real things? The combination of school and farm and workshop affords an opportunity for learning something during every waking hour, for the manual training would come with the actual doing of necessary things under the teaching of experienced workmen, the mental development would come from the constant stimulus of a desire for information as to the physical world about him and the great things that have been accomplished by men in other ages and in other lands, and a true standard as to the significance and the relation of the conditions and events that go to make up life would be the natural result of a life naturally and healthily lived and of necessary work well and conscientiously done.

Book learning was by no means neglected or despised by the great men of our nation who lived and worked under just such simple, natural conditions, but it was sought eagerly and voluntarily as a mental stimulus and recreation, rather than disliked as a necessary evil incident to "getting an education," and every book counted as a factor in real development. Boys who worked all day sat up far into the night to study by the light of flickering candle or pine-knot, so keenly was knowledge sought and so preciously prized. In the present day such eagerness is somewhat rare, not because children are more lacking in sound mentality, but because they are surfeited with book knowledge and starved in the exercise of actual creative ability in the form of work. Given a groundwork of actual experience, the theoretical training that is acquired in addition is of some practical use because there is the understanding of how it may be practically applied, but when the process is reversed the probability is that the theory will prevail, to the everlasting detriment of the practical side. Therefore, it would seem to be quite in accordance with the sound common sense which, in spite of our vagaries and extravagances, is one of our national advantages, that we think seriously of the next step to be taken toward an educational system that shall mean all-around development, and consider the advisability of training our children so that, as the President says, "they will be fit to work with the head and to work with the hands, realizing that work with the hands is just as honorable as work with the head."

NOTES

A collection of Rodin's cartoons were exhibited in New York recently at the Photo-Secession Galleries. To those who have never visited Rodin's studio in Paris and there acquired some understanding and appreciation of the French sculptor's methods of work, these drawings were most enlightening and instructive. A cartoon of a master has always the seeming of a more personal glimpse of the man. It is intimate and friendly and frank. It tells you his first and most definite impression of his art. It is informal as a man is by his own fireside talking with friends. Later in the final marble or canvas he may concede somewhat to public opinion, or a little, unconsciously, to tradition, or the very final touch may be the handwork of another.

It is thus with the Rodin sketches—a glimpse of the man working without remembrance of public or critic, striving to achieve the utmost possible understanding of the great primitive forces of human existence. He is a master draughtsman, and more than that, he is the philosopher searching after truth, all of truth, in whatever guise or form it may present itself. The tremendous, everlasting, universal emotions of life are what he seeks to express in this collection of small, wholly unpretentious drawings,—fear, love, joy, passion are told in a few vigorous strokes, scarcely more than a suggestion of a mood, an item in a note book. He studies people constantly, men and women, what they think and feel and their ways of showing boldly, frankly all that they feel. The human body is to his pencil what for another purpose it is to the surgeon's dissecting knife. He has no scruples, no reserves; in the interest of art all that the body can reveal he repeats swiftly with brush or pencil, impersonally, without bias or hesitation, that in marble later he may present the truth about life.

In these drawings you realize the purpose of the man as an artist, and you feel that the reason for his greatness lies in the superb technique with which he presents with absolute sincerity all the truth, naked and unashamed, that he has been able to wrench from the fastnesses of life.

MUSICAL matters in America are still in the main remote from creative achievement; but not from appreciation. Operas may not be written by us or for us, but they assuredly are being presented with sure understanding, and not only do we demand the best productions artistically and financially, but we are learning to comprehend the best. We are being trained, in fact, to appreciate the finest shading and subtlest expression of musical genius of every other land.

And those of sincere appreciation make the audiences for matinees of musical lectures and evenings of explanatory recitals where men of wide knowledge of music and profound sympathy with the purpose of great composers make clear the pathway of the American public toward that finer musical culture which formerly was acquired by years of patient endeavor and practice.

Among the cultivated men who best interpret foreign music to the New York public is Mr. Walter Damrosch, conductor of the Symphony Orchestra of New York, a man who is unique in what he has done for the development of music in this country, and even more particularly for the development of musical appreciation.

It is impossible in a note of this length to give the briefest survey of the work of this conscientious musician, or, for that matter, to even more than mention the very important musical lecture given by him in New York during the month of February under the management of the Symphony Society. The subject of this lecture was the opera of "Pélléas et Mélisande," the text from Maeterlinck's play of the same name and the music by possibly the greatest living French composer, Claude Debussy. The first production of the opera itself was given at the Manhattan Opera House, February nineteenth, with Mary Garden as *Mélisande,* and M. Périer as *Pélléas.* The lecture, although entirely separate from the Manhattan Opera House, was undoubtedly given as a preparation for a more thorough enjoyment of the production of the opera, just as in the past Mr. Damrosch has lectured upon "The Ring" prior to its production at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Before beginning the story of the opera with the musical accompaniment, Mr. Damrosch in a few minutes' talk made his audience understand to what extent Debussy's work was the most interesting expression of modern French music. He made clear the way in which it had been influenced vicariously by Wagner, and suggested the significance of Debussy's creative genius to the future music of France.

Then Mr. Damrosch selected portions of the text, which he recited with marked vocal distinction and with most interesting sympathetic musical accompaniment. And, without stage setting, trained voices, orchestra or costume, this musician succeeded in giving his audience,—or perhaps one should say his students,—an impression of an opera in which the music was fresh, mysterious, haunting, full of spring days in deep forests and of tragedy in drear, dark castles. In the text one felt poetry saturated with the vague terror of relentless fate, of love, young, wistful, born out of season and place. And the ineffable quality of the music, which might be secured without great difficulty by the wood wind instruments of an orchestra, was nevertheless suggested on the single instrument and left to linger in one's memory, an exaltation, a song leading to the infinite.

Thus in an hour and a half the culture of years was transmitted to eager minds,—a new method of self-development, very American and very interesting, and partly interesting because it makes possible the realization of the gifts of such a man as Walter Damrosch, who not only adapted the music of the opera to the piano, but translated the entire text into the simple English version which he uses in the lecture.

IN point of view of the numbers who saw it and from an estimate of the space given by the press to notices and comments, the exhibition that was heralded in an article of the February Craftsman of "the Eight" (for that has now come to be an accepted cognomen) was undoubtedly the greatest event of the season in the American art world. Whether the aggregate of the comment that was whispered about the galleries during those two weeks of exhibition was favorable or not, it was plain to any observer that many who came to scoff—and did so—remained for prayerful consideration of the glaring canvases of Prendergast, the poetical phantasies of Davies, or the wonderful coloring that Luks puts into what the public would term "sordid" subjects.

It is difficult to tell without greater perspective of time what will be the effect of this exhibition on the eight painters themselves, but it is safe to say that the message they had to impart has made a profound impression on the art-loving public and on their fellow-craftsmen—an influence that will make itself felt in future exhibitions through the brushes of other men.

AN exhibition of the paintings and wood block prints of Arthur W. Dow at the Montross Gallery in February was interesting as showing how a man who has made a study of Japanese art can still be thoroughly American in style, even when using a Japanese medium. Possibly the delicacy and refinement of the Japanese use of wood blocks has created a prejudice in favor of their style; at any rate, to one who admires the Oriental prints, Mr. Dow's Occidental use of block coloring seemed harsh and his lines crude. His landscapes in oil were mostly pleasing studies in outdoor color done at his well-beloved Ipswich.

MR. Cadwallader Washburn exhibited during February in the gallery of the New York School of Art an interesting collection of dry points and etchings. The dry points were, with one exception, outdoor studies of wind-blown trees and grasses and gently rippled pools. The etchings were divided into three groups, Italian, American and Japanese. The work in Japan was by far the strongest. There were sunny outdoor sketches of Japanese landscape, and occasional studies of Oriental faces that were full of character.

THE Colony Club of New York in February held a loan exhibition of drawings, pastels, water colors and gouaches, principally of the eighteenth century. Since many of the members of the club are well known art connoisseurs, the exhibition was extremely worth while, and allowed part of the public at least to have a glimpse of the art treasures that are in private New York collections.

AT the Secession Gallery in February Mr. George H. Seeley held another exhibition of his photographs. Mr. Seeley's work is always full of spirituality, and in sweep of line and mass of light and shade it excels. His most interesting studies are those made out of doors, soft landscapes and effects of sunlight shining through the branches of trees or across broad lawns.

AN unusually fine collection of Dürer and Rembrandt prints and drawings was exhibited at Keppel's in February. There were forty-five Rembrandt etchings, and fourteen drawings and engravings on both copper and wood by Dürer. The exhibition was preliminary to the sale of the collection next summer in Europe.

AMERICAN collectors visiting Europe this summer will find the Knoedler Galleries in Paris and London hung with the best work of the most eminent artists, affording a wide range of choice of beautiful paintings, under the most advantageous conditions.

ALTHOUGH possessed of a name so decidedly English, Mr. Richard Hall, who recently exhibited a group of portraits at Knoedler's, New York, is almost entirely French. Not only was his mother a Frenchwoman, but he himself has lived in Paris for a great many years. His work shows his French training in its bold, yet finished, technique. He is fond of painting effects of light. A large portrait of his daughter at one end of the gallery was conspicuous for the brilliant red glow which strikes across the whole canvas, makes the face and bare neck of the girl glowing and vivid, and tints the Easter lilies in her arms and at her feet. A most interesting sketch is the portrait of Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, which was made in only eight hours. The strong, quick grasp of the artist is remarkably well shown in the way he has caught so quickly and so readily the charm in the face of the homely, interesting prince. Of the other portraits, that of Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt was striking and well painted, while the canvas next it, of Major von Mühlenfels, painted outdoors with a background of a low-hanging branch of a tree, was full of outdoor atmosphere.

REVIEWS

THE large and handsome volume called "In English Homes," with its profuse illustrations of fine old country seats, comes as something of a revelation, for it is seldom that entrance can be gained to these old places, and their treasures are known to comparatively few. In studying their architecture, as Mr. H. Avray Tipping remarks in his able introduction, it must be remembered that adaptation to the needs and tastes of succeeding generations of inhabitants has in every case more or less altered the original form of the houses, making such changes that it is difficult to say that any one belongs distinctly to one of the four periods into which English architecture can roughly be divided:—Gothic, Renascent, Classic and Modern. In this book the first two periods are described, leaving the Classic and Modern for a later work. The comprehensive introduction traces the growth and development of English architecture from the earliest Norman baronial hall that is still standing down to the beginning of the era of the modern professional architects, which dates from the second visit of Inigo Jones to Italy in sixteen hundred and fifteen.

The Gothic is kept with remarkable purity in some of the old English houses. However, the classic spirit entered into the architecture with the Renascence, and the new learning taught men to build houses for their own grandeur rather than for the glory of God. The new form came to be known as the lay style—a distinction which gave the Gothic a certain sanctity which was enhanced by its adoption for ecclesiastical architecture under the religious revival of Laud. In England, however, there was little of that direct copying of the Italian that pervaded France and all Europe during the Renascence. The English Gothic gave way very slowly before the new art, and the result is that the English architecture of the time is a combination of Italian and Gothic which is a style in itself, admirably illustrated in this comprehensive book. The general discussion of English architecture is supplemented with detailed and illustrated descriptions of forty-nine of the finest old country houses in England. ("In English Homes." By Charles Latham. Illustrated. 436 pages. Price, $15.00 net. Published by George Newnes, London; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A book full of interest to any lover of pictures is "Portraits and Portrait Painting," by Estelle M. Hurll. While it is in its essence an historical account of the origin and development of portraiture, the tracing of this branch of art from its meager beginnings through its quaint realism with Holbein and his contemporaries, to its magnificence with Velasquez, its humor and strength in Hals, its understanding in Rembrandt, down to its many variations and possibilities in the present day, has an interest far wider than that of mere art history.

In the early days when artists were merely artisans and pictures were pure decorations, to make likenesses of faces was a recreation in which a painter could seldom indulge himself. So the pictures of friends or patrons that appear tucked away in corners of the saintly canvases of Lippi or Botticelli, or the autograph likeness of the artist himself—a favorite way of signing a work with Masaccio, Perugino and many others—seem like little glimpses into the personality of the artist.

A full appreciation of the lasting human qualities of portraits, and a certain sympathetic and intimate way of talking about the artist, his work and his model, make the book full of pleasure to the casual reader; while, on the other hand, the authority of wide and exhaustive learning, careful and appreciative taste, lends value to the book as a reference for art students and critics.

("Portraits and Portrait Painting," by Estelle M. Hurll. Illustrated. 333 pages. Price, $2.50. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

AMERICAN morality,—or lack of it—tinged, as it is, with the false prudishness that is the American's heritage from his Puritan ancestry, would find that it needed fewer societies for the prevention of vice if more often it faced the truth and had that lack of shame that is the natural result of absolute openness and frankness.

It is unfortunate that any attempt in the direction of greater candidness and higher exposition of the truth should so far diverge from a normal, sane point of view and, as a result, have so little persuasive power as the book called "Woman and the Race," by a woman who attempts to disguise her femininity under the *nom de plume* of Gordon Hart. While it is frank and honest according to its lights, it is tinged with a certain morbid sentimentality that would make it a dangerous book for the young mind, and handicaps its helpfulness to the mature. The real need of greater frankness and understanding between parent and child is what "Gordon Hart" aims at obtaining, and in this all right-minded people should agree with her. It is the value of this object that makes the little book deserve some attention, in spite of its perverted and morbid point of view.

("Woman and the Race," by Gordon Hart. 264 pages. Price, $1.00. Published at the Ariel Press, Westwood, Mass.)

"EFFICIENT Democracy" is the title of a book that is full of clear, strong thinking on a universally interesting topic. The author, Mr. William H. Allen, has been active in social work for many years, and is at present General Agent for the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. This kind of work has given him an exhaustive knowledge of the administration not only of charity organizations but also of churches, hospitals and schools, and a distinctly valuable point of view with regard to the efficient administration of government. Under the chapter title of "The Goodness Fallacy" Mr. Allen arraigns the prevalent point of view that regards the "goodness" of a man as evidence of his ability to perform public service. "To be efficient is more difficult than to be good," says Mr. Allen. "The average citizen honestly in favor of what he calls good government does not yet understand that there are an intelligence and an efficiency as far beyond the reach of mere goodness as is business efficiency beyond the reach of good intention." This insistence on efficiency in public service is the basic principle underlying the viewpoint of the whole book. ("Efficient Democracy." By William H. Allen. Illustrated. 346 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.)

A BOOK of real atmosphere and general spontaneity of expression is "Poland: The Knight Among Nations," by Louis E. Van Norman. It hardly pretends to be an historical treatise or a biographical account, nor yet a judgment of the Polish people, still in its fresh, buoyant manner it contains some of the qualities of all three. It has a certain leisurely way of talking with the reader, interspersing into the conversation little stories and anecdotes, amusing or of historical interest, that makes the book a delightful companion. By being himself so full of appreciation of the Polish character, comprehending not only their brilliance, their bravery and the poetry of their nature, but also realizing where they are weak in individual character and public system, Mr. Van Norman delicately suggests the idea that the reader, too, has a personal knowledge of the Poles. The atmosphere of Poland is shown in the same intimate way—its present position, with its German, Russian and Austrian phases, is vividly pictured by stories about all classes of the people and descriptions of their picturesque customs. ("Poland: The Knight Among Nations." By Louis E. Van Norman. Illustrated. 359 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, London and New York.)

TO write of artists as men is the aim of Mr. McSpadden's fascinating book, "Famous Painters of America."

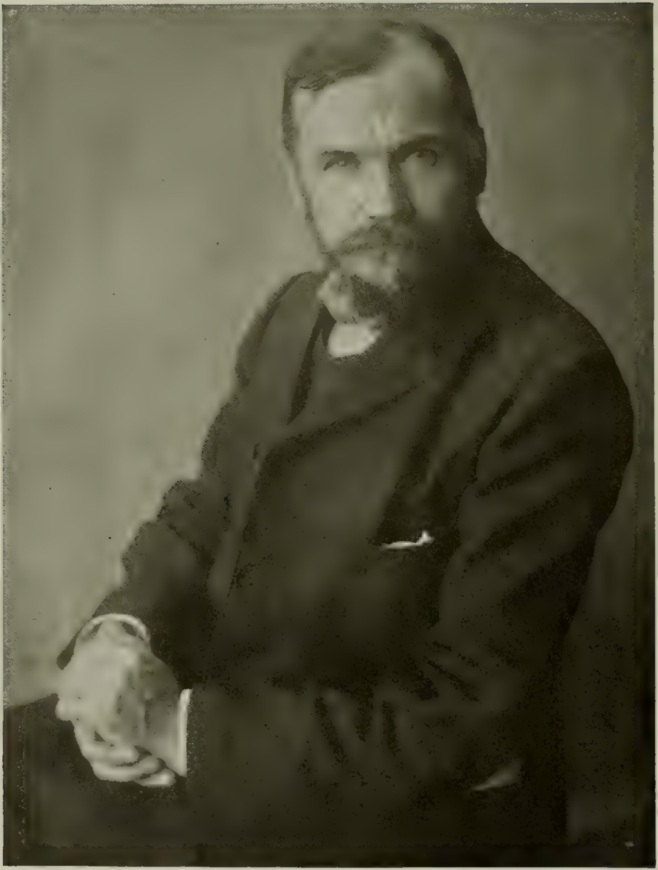
There is no talk of lights, or values, of *chiaroscuro,* or any one of the art terms that appall the ordinary reader. The eleven great painters whom the author has selected seem chosen rather arbitrarily, but the book does not pretend to be a study of art; it merely sketches the personality of the men—and does so most delightfully: Gilbert Stuart appears as the young, impudent pupil of the magnificent Benjamin West; Copley as a tobacco dealer's son; the strange, vivid personality of Inness is sketched, and the mystic Vedder is shown to be a well-fed American. The breadth and force of Homer, La Farge and Abbey, the brilliant Chase and the inimitably witty Whistler — all are shown, and even Sargent is taken for a moment out of his dark corner of diffidence and shown as the man he is. ("Famous Painters of America." By J. Walker McSpadden. Illustrated. 362 pages. Price, $2.50. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

IT hardly seems necessary to prove photography an art when the Secessionist photographers are today giving us such excellent ocular demonstration of the fact. And yet Mr. Antony Guest's explanation is clear and unanswerable, and forms a starting-point for a book which is rich in the suggesting of artistic principles to be carried out in photography. "Art and the Camera" could be read to advantage by a student of any kind of art, since it deals, not with the technicalities of photography, but with the great principles governing light, line, mass, composition, and the imaginative qualities which enter into a work of art.

The arrangement of "Art and the Camera" is such as to make it impossible as a reference book. Its style, while easy and conversational, is exceedingly rambling. Even the section headings are misleading and inadequate. But in giving the photographer "principles that may guard him from error, by showing him examples that should stimulate his emulation, and by offering him suggestions" that are valuable, Mr Guest's book may be considered successful. ("Art and the Camera." By Antony Guest. Illustrated. 159 pages. Price, $2.00. Published by George Bell & Sons, London; The Macmillan Company, New York.)

SOME idea of the scope of Mr. Carnegie's library work may be gained from the "Portfolio of Carnegie Libraries," which is a separate issue of the illustrations from "A Book of Carnegie Libraries," by Theodore Koch, still in preparation. These illustrations are published in loose leaf form, and gathered in a portfolio for the convenience of those who would wish to make a comparative study of library designs. Since Mr. Carnegie's gifts have been distributed in every part of the United States, this collection of plans gives a general idea of the American architectural standard for public buildings today. From this standpoint the portfolio is of general interest, while to the architect it furnishes excellent subject for technical study. ("A Portfolio of Carnegie Libraries." By Theodore Wesley Koch, Librarian, University of Michigan. Published by George Wahr, Ann Arbor, Michigan.)

"THE Better City," an account of the work that has been accomplished for civic improvement in Los Angeles, is a book which, in spite of its rather flowery style, is of real interest and practical value. It is written by a man who is himself active in the social work of Los Angeles. ("The Better City." By Dana W. Bartlett. Illustrated. 248 pages. Published by The Neuner Company Press, Los Angeles.)



From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

DR. FREDERIK VAN EEDEN: DUTCH POET,
NOVELIST AND PRACTICAL COMMUNIST.

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FREDERIK VAN EEDEN: POET, NOVELIST AND PRACTICAL COMMUNIST: BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD

"*It is good and possible to have things in common, but what we do not know, and what I have tried with much patience and trouble to investigate is this,—what things do we have in common, can we have in common and ought we to have in common? I consider these among the greatest, the most urgent, the most important questions of our present life. And mind! These questions cannot be solved by clever reasoning, nor by any amount of reading and theories. They can only be solved by practice, by facts, by careful investigation and patient experiment, not by words alone, but by deeds, deeds, deeds!*"—FREDERIK VAN EEDEN.

THEORIES of communism are familiar to all of us, for the dream of wise men and reformers for ages past has been an ideal state of society where privilege and opportunity should be the same to all, and where property should be owned in common and its benefits equitably divided. Yet so far the ideal commonwealth has been as remote from possible actuality as the millennium, for the reason that its existence presupposes a state of mental and moral equilibrium that mankind is very far from having attained, and every attempt to put communistic theories into practice has fallen to pieces before the apparently ineradicable selfishness, frailty and inconsistency of human nature. Even the degree of communism enjoined by tribal law in primitive states of society vanished before the advance of civilization, which is based upon class rule, the desire to accumulate private property, and the consequent exploiting of the many for the advantage of the powerful few. The increasingly complex conditions, as well as the mental habit ingrained by centuries, are hard to overcome, and so far the attempts to establish a sane and enlightened system of communism have not gone beyond the small groups of theorists who, to put their theories even partially into practice, have been obliged to separate themselves from the rest of the world.

But now comes a man whose chief aim in life is to find a practicable form of social organization, based on communism, that will spread naturally and inevitably through all classes of society and, without revolution or upheaval, will in time supplant the present disorder of things simply because it is based on common sense and appeals to the deep-lying instinct of self-preservation that actuates society as well as the individual. This man is Dr. Frederik Van Eeden, of Holland, poet, novelist, dramatist, physician, psychologist and originator of a theory of Christian and Economic Socialism which is the direct antithesis of Marxian Socialism in that it takes into account the strength and endurance of every phase of our present social order and aims at the modification rather than the overthrow of our present form of government and the organization on practical business lines of an economic commonwealth that shall slowly outgrow and finally supplant the political state.

It is a daring theory, but Dr. Van Eeden's own attitude toward it is shown by the quotation which heads this article, and is proven by his own successes and failures during the severe tests which he has given to the practical side of his great idea. It is this courage and unflinching honesty of his that carries conviction. He is an enthusiast and a dreamer, but he is also a man of science who rejects every theory as worthless unless it will stand the test of practical application and can be proven by actual facts.

UNTIL lately, we Americans have known little of Frederik Van Eeden beyond the fact that he was the author of two unusual and powerful novels, "The Quest" and "The Deeps of Deliverance,"—which have recently been translated into English and published in this country. Both are revelations of the quality of the man, the first being a foreshadowing of his dream of a social organization based on justice and righteousness, and the second a profound study of human nature, but his poems, dramas, essays on social reform and studies in experimental psychology, although they have borne a large part in bringing about a literary revolution in Holland, are little known outside that country and Germany for the reason that Dutch is one of the most difficult of languages to translate adequately. His career as physician and psychologist has made him famous among scientific men, but not with the general public outside of Holland, France and Germany, and his experiments in practical communism and commercial and industrial coöperation have been confined so far to the attempt to better conditions in his own country. Therefore, before outlining his theory of social reorganization it may be well to give some idea of the man himself and his manifold activities.

He comes honestly by the strain of business ability and sound common sense which balances the artistic, imaginative and scientific sides of his complex and evenly developed mentality, for his great-grandfather was a keen, prosaic business man,—a bulb grower of Haarlem. The next two generations cast aside business in favor of art, science and philosophy, and this was the mental atmosphere that surrounded the boyhood and youth of Frederik Van Eeden and determined the direction of his own development. As a child, his one desire was to become a poet and a painter, but later he compromised on the study of medicine, partly because of his interest in the natural sciences, and partly from an underlying conviction that a man's work ought to be of greater service to mankind than could be compassed by exclusive devotion to the fine arts. He went through the usual course of training, but it was characteristic of him that his career as the conventional village doctor lasted only two years. Feeling the need of new opportunities and wider experience, he abandoned his practice and went to Paris and Nancy to study the little-known science of hypnotism and suggestion as applied to therapeutics. Returning to Holland, he associated himself with his college friend, Dr. Van Renterghem, in opening the first clinic for psycho-therapeutics in that country.

At first it was a sharp struggle to maintain the new enterprise against the prejudices of the most conservative people in the world and the opposition of orthodox medical practitioners, but it finally succeeded and became very popular and prosperous. With a man of Dr. Van Eeden's temperament, the even routine of a successful and honored profession soon came to mean stagnation, so he turned over his share in the clinic to Dr. Van Renterghem,—who still conducts it with distinguished success,—and retired to his country home to devote himself to the writing of poems, plays, novels and scientific books and essays, and to the free exertion of his powers to help and relieve suffering humanity without any thought of financial return. These years of partial retirement, which were so rich in significant literary production, were also years of training for the struggle that was to come with his larger work in experimental sociology and in testing the practicability of organized coöperation to bring about better social and industrial conditions. Through his practice he had obtained a deep insight into human nature and a wide experience of human suffering, and, realizing the misery of a great part of the human race and the fact that out of a hundred individuals hardly one or two came to full and healthy development of mind and body, he came to the conclusion that the responsibility lay with our present social conditions and the defective structure of our community.

Having reached this conclusion, it was natural that his next step should be the purchase of an estate of about thirty acres, with a few houses on it, in the neighborhood of the place where he lived, and the starting of a small community with the avowed purpose of experimenting until he should find a practical basis for his theories concerning the possibility of reconstructing the social organism on what should be the sound business principles of justice, honesty and fair play, under a government recognized and supported by all. Being an admirer of Thoreau, although he by no means shared all his views, Dr. Van Eeden called his settlement "Walden," and essayed with his associates to find a way of living that should be free from the abuses and faults of the present social organization.

THE colony was started in eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, the policy of its founder being simply to look out for good workers and to try everything that could make the enterprise self-supporting. Although Dr. Van Eeden prudently kept the proprietorship in his own hands, he made no rules and left the colonists so far as possible to work things out for themselves. The principle upon which the colony was conducted was communistic as to the means of production and the revenues derived therefrom. Every member of the community worked, men, women and children, the idea being to educate the latter along practical lines which became more definite as the child advanced in years, until he found himself, almost without knowing it, a producing member of the organization and in receipt of a regular income. Dr. Van Eeden himself lent a hand in all the work of the settlement, thus gaining practical experience of the difficulties to be encountered in earning a living by manual labor, in selecting and organizing a group of good workers and in making the colony self-supporting. He devoted the revenues from his literary work to the aid of the enterprise, and for five or six years it advanced slowly but steadily toward the goal of sound organization and self-support. The settlement furnished an ideal environment, as the houses were widely separated and surrounded by gardens or groves, each family having the privacy of its own home.

In nineteen hundred and two a small bakery that had been started at Walden began to prosper, for the whole-wheat bread made there gained such a reputation that it commanded a good market all over the country. The colony also carried on market-gardening with such success that in three years from that time it was practically self-supporting. Believing it to be essential that any independent body of workers should produce as many different articles of common necessity as they could, Dr. Van Eeden had bought another farm of sixty acres a few miles distant from Walden, and there started a dairy farm, using the milk and butter not only for home consumption and to supply the market, but also for the Walden bakery, so that the products of the two farms were all utilized in the most economical and profitable way.

But a small colony, however well-organized, was not the end toward which Dr. Van Eeden was working. He wanted some means to make such an organization grow steadily larger, becoming always more practical in its methods of living and working and offering the opportunity to every able-bodied and well-meaning worker to become a member of it. So in the same year that Walden began to get on its feet as an industrial community he founded an association called "The Society for the Common Possession of the Land," his purpose being to form a self-supporting organization of workers who should keep land and the means of production as common possessions and so exclude the curse of parasitism. The work of the society was to be, like the original enterprise, experimental, the object being to test out the impracticable features of communism with relation to land possession and to find out just how much of the theory would stand putting into effect on a comparatively large scale. This society still exists and is prospering, and its work has been of much value in pointing out practical and effective methods of realizing such an ideal. It now includes about ten different groups, and is growing quietly and steadily.

Walden, however, was getting into rough waters. From the beginning of the enterprise, its founder had encountered grave obstacles arising from the uncertain and impractical character of some of the people who wanted to join him. To quote his own trenchant description of the state of affairs with which he was obliged to wrestle: "A number of fanatics, semi-cranks, useless or shipwrecked people, artists who saw only the artistic side of the case, sentimentalists who wanted to go 'back to nature,' egoists who sought for a cheap and safe refuge, theorists who wanted everything to go along their preconceived lines, well-meaning workers who were not aware of their incapacity—all these people flocked unto me." Furthermore, the avowed socialists wanted to take all business into their own hands as a proof of their emancipation from wage-slavery, and Dr. Van Eeden, doubtful as he was of the probable result, gave them every chance to see how the theory would work by encouraging independent action as much as possible. But as the business grew it became evident that its worst foe was lack of definite organization under some one capable and acknowledged head. A manager was badly needed, and at last one was engaged, a capable and tactful man who was an acknowledged friend of the workman and a well-known socialist. After much opposition to any form of management, the colonists agreed to accept him, but as Dr. Van Eeden himself writes: "For most of them this meant the collapse of dearly cherished illusions, sown in their minds by socialist, Tolstoyan and other orators, who obviously never dreamt what their doctrines would mean when tried in hard earnest." They refused absolutely to allow the manager even the modest salary he asked, or anything more than the average wages they all got, and met him with so much unfriendliness and opposition that his stay lasted only one day. Knowing that the enterprise was doomed to failure under such conditions, Dr. Van Eeden gave the malcontents the choice between accepting the manager whose rule would hold together and develop the business for the benefit of all, or leaving. The majority of them left, and started a new competing industry in the immediate neighborhood of Walden, leaving its founder with the large, expensive, recently built plant with electric power and machinery on his hands,—without workers and naturally without customers.

THE difficulty was serious, but Dr. Van Eeden has no doubt that it could have been overcome and that the colony would now be flourishing, had not another and much larger enterprise which had grown up alongside of it met with such difficulties that all the property of this dauntless experimenter in social reform was swept away. The close of the great railway strike in Holland, in nineteen hundred and three, left more than two thousand families locked out and breadless. With characteristic energy, Dr. Van Eeden, who had stood by the strikers throughout, came to the rescue by constituting a commission of assistance for the unemployed. At first only contributions were sought, that the dreadful want might be in some measure relieved, but Dr. Van Eeden soon took measures to turn the contributors into regular customers of a coöperative commercial organization which he formed from the unemployed. A shop was opened in Amsterdam and filled with a general line of goods, and the locked-out railway men were employed as clerks, collectors, and the like. The scheme won instant favor, and prospered so amazingly that in less than a year there were forty thousand contributors, a number which grew to seventy thousand by the end of the second year, when the business had grown to such dimensions that there were four shops in Amsterdam, two more in The Hague and Rotterdam, and agencies all over the country.

But the growth was too swift, considering the inexperience of the coöperators. Dr. Van Eeden tried his best to keep it within bounds, knowing the danger of over-expansion without adequate organization. He tried to get experienced business managers who would keep the concern in running order and manage it on economical business principles, but here he encountered precisely the same difficulty that broke up Walden. The workers for whose benefit the coöperative shops were started were all strikers and socialists, imbued with the feeling of class and rabid on the question of class struggle. They trusted in the man who had come to their aid, but in no one else, not even each other, and fought with all their power against the idea of any form of business management other than their own unregulated efforts and Dr. Van Eeden's personal supervision. Under such conditions the enterprise soon grew beyond their grasp and reached a point where it faced the alternative of systematic management or failure.

Dr. Van Eeden called the men together and told them that they must accept a form of management based on strict business principles, or he would wash his hands of the whole matter. They accepted the management and an experienced business man was made manager. But he did not realize the material with which he had to deal and the urgent necessity for going slow. He favored even greater expansion, bought up a competing firm, opened still another shop, took on more employees, and the whole enterprise proceeded merrily until Dr. Van Eeden, who had gone to Germany for a much-needed rest and a little time to resume his neglected literary work, came back to find it in deep waters financially. In a short time it was necessary to call a meeting of creditors, and the upshot of it all is best stated in Dr. Van Eeden's own words: "After a painful struggle of a few months, during which all my property became over-mortgaged and the fortune of generous members of my family drawn into the whirlpool, the final crash came, leaving the different branches of the business in the hands of shrewder people, the employees under the old capitalistic rule, and myself, worse than penniless, a wiser and a sadder man."

DR. VAN EEDEN'S own account of his experimental enterprises was published in the February *Independent*, and on March eighth he delivered his first lecture to an American audience in Carnegie Hall, New York, under the auspices of the Civic Forum, his subject being "Practical Communism, Work and Bread." His stay in this country covered only a few weeks, but those were full of interest not only to the American people, but to himself. To the American people he brought a sane and practical theory, based on the result of his own experiments, of social reorganization and the extent to which common ownership of land, capital and the means of production might safely be carried. To him, the conditions in this country seemed to promise much greater hope for the future than is possible in the more settled and conservative countries of Europe, where solid and long-established tradition is at war with all the elements that threaten social upheaval.

The foundation for this hope is perhaps not so flattering to our national vanity as we would like, for it does not rest upon any overwhelming belief in the greatness and glory of our republican institutions as they exist, nor in our claim to a practical monopoly of liberty and of great commercial and industrial achievement, but upon the fact that we are a big, unamalgamated, chaotic community, full of ferment and unrest, but drifting in the right direction and therefore liable at any time to evolve a form of social organization that will be close to what the world is seeking. Dr. Van Eeden's faith in communism as the ultimate solution is not at all shaken, but from the depths of hard experience he has brought the unalterable conviction that the all-commanding condition of communism is strict, powerful, perfectly functioning organization. While he stands firmly for communism on this basis, he does not hesitate to assert that private ownership in the hands of any good landlord is eminently preferable to common ownership in the hands of a badly trained and poorly organized community.

He believes, from the result of his own and all similar experiments, that the original form of communism as practised by the ancient Christians, according to the Gospel, is not only utterly impossible, but undesirable, and that the best way to convert the extremists who urge the abolition of all private property is to do as he did,—give their theories a fair trial in hard earnest, under the conditions of modern life. But he also believes that it is possible to find out what ought to become common property in a well-ordered community, and how to deal in a just and rightful way with capital and rent,—not to do away with them, for civilized mankind could not exist without them, but to handle them ably, fairly and justly, for the good of all. He has nothing to say against wealth, which has always been the source of art, of science and culture, of beauty and wisdom, but urges that it be common wealth, which is a blessing, while unbounded private wealth is a curse which invariably and inevitably brings about the disintegration of the community in which it is allowed to flourish.

His favorite illustration of this point is drawn from the communism of the bees, which he declares is based upon fundamental principles which would be most valuable to human society. Bees are capitalists, he says; they accumulate immense stores, the bees born in spring die in autumn, and during their short summer life they not only work for themselves, but they perform an incredible amount of extra labor, and the fruits of this labor,—the surplus value,—they leave to the community for the benefit of the bees born in autumn, that they may live out the winter and reach the next spring. As a lesson in economy the system is perfect, but still more remarkable is the self-control shown by the fact that every single bee is constantly in immediate contact with vast quantities of honey and yet never uses more for his private want than is absolutely necessary. The hive is thus a perfect example of capitalism in combination with communism, and to follow out the thought is to see that such a combination is the only way to make both capitalism and communism practicable and useful for individual and community.

To Dr. Van Eeden's mind the establishment of the true commonwealth is possible only when people have realized this truth, and have trained themselves to live in private soberness in the immediate presence of vast common wealth. The ultimate possibility of this he does not doubt, for the fundamentally sound reason of the human race and its instinct of self-preservation will in the end teach mankind that individual self-control and limited private wealth are the only means to keep community and individual from demoralization and destruction.

The solution that he urges is the formation of a community which should keep in common possession those goods that, for the welfare and preservation of all, ought to remain common property,—and which moreover would not allow any of its capable members to squander the common goods without giving useful work. A community which by these means would restrict the possibilities of extravagance, usury, parasitism and idleness, and on the other hand would suffer no pauperism, and would never let any capable and willing member starve for the want of work. The rule of the fanatic communist,—"labor according to inclination, award according to want," he denounces as untenable and pernicious, and at the present time absolutely impossible, but the rule of the coöperator, "labor according to capacity, award according to the work done," would lay the foundation for an economic commonwealth in which the means of production, common property and accumulation would be in the hands of the community, and the worker should receive according to his capacity, with this restriction only, that he should work so long as he remained in full working condition, and should never amass so much as to free himself and all his offspring from the obligation to be useful to the community.

The great question to be considered is, of course, the sort of community in whose hands it would be safe to trust the ownership of common goods. The present political state is a remnant of the times when every nation was an economical entity, subsisting by its own means and by what it could get by conquest from other nations. Before any form of common ownership is possible, this must be superseded by the commonwealth held together by economic means and not restricted to the confines of the political state.

The formation of such a commonwealth would necessarily be on the most practical business basis, with the end in view of obtaining a fair and honest exchange of goods for goods, of bringing about a peaceful commerce that should override all national and political boundaries, and of instituting organized coöperation for the common benefit,—for the full development of human life and powers. Such a commonwealth, he asserts, would not necessarily imply absolute equality, but it would imply equal opportunities for all, and no greater difference than would be necessitated by different inclination, aptitude and capacities. But to bring it into being would require a great leader, a commercial and organizing genius who would work for the good of humanity. Dr. Van Eeden says frankly that he is not the man, but that he is looking for him, and that he contributes his own experiences toward the general sum of endeavor and is content to await the leader who shall come.

THE LAMPADROME

I THINK of one who lies alone tonight,
Beneath a coverlid of violets,
Among Rome's alien dead,
Of one who kept the flaming torch alight
With suffering no kindred heart forgets
Who sees that simple bed.

I think of them who take the sacred fire
From such tired hands to bear it in the race
Toward God's immortal goal;
And wonder if their tumult of desire
Can reach his silent resting place
Or trouble his still soul.

Nay—for the agony of them who run
Is theirs alone, the glory of the flame
Is all that they may share,
And so 'tis well when each man's course is done,
When he shall die upon the road he came
And rest in calmness there;

When he may lie alone each dreamless night
Beneath his coverlid of violets,
Among the imperial dead;
And other men shall keep his torch alight,
While he for aye all suffering forgets
Within his simple bed.

EMERY POTTLE.

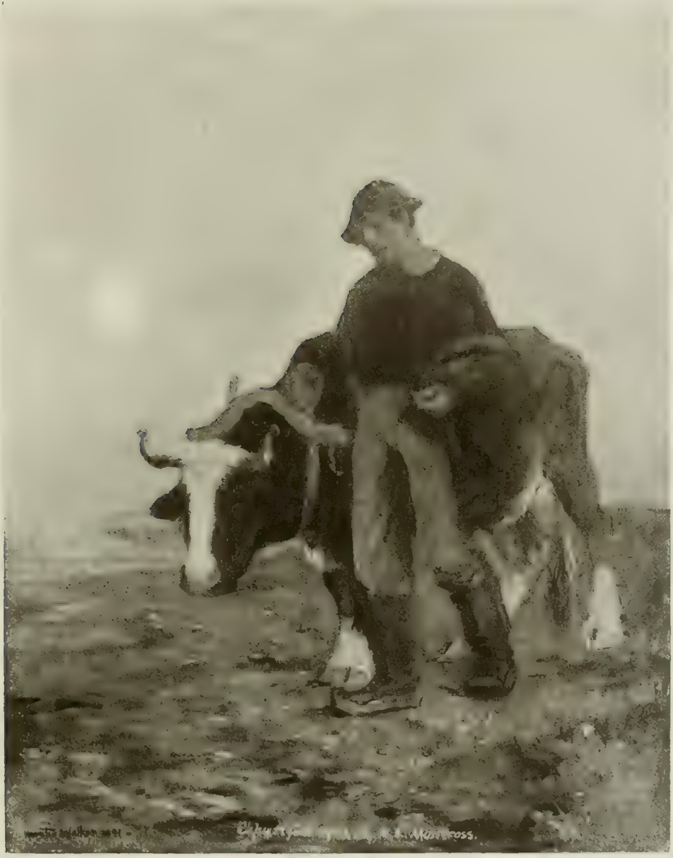
THE ART OF HORATIO WALKER: BY MARION WINTHROP

THERE are certain painters who have the rare quality of combining technical excellence with the universal human appeal which can reach even the untaught. Of these was Jean François Millet, and of this class also is Horatio Walker, whose work, because of his choice of subject, suggests comparison with that of the great French painter who undoubtedly influenced him.

It is a fact well known to painters that the majority of artists who select the literary subject—like Watts and the Pre-Raphaelite painters; or the human, story-telling subject, like J. G. Brown and Ridgway Knight—to go no further for illustration—are ordinarily totally lacking in art quality, and work with the hard, tight realism of the chromo lithograph. Yet Mr. Walker's pictures tell a story, in the way a story is meant to be told by the brush, in the painter's language. And while the layman may be interested only in his story of the life and quaint customs of a forgotten corner of North America, the artist also can receive the keenest pleasure from the manner in which Mr. Walker has told it.

The question of the figure in the landscape seems to be one imperfectly understood by the majority of painters. The problem of the figure in the interior was dealt with as successfully as it is ever likely to be by the old Dutch painters, and in this generation has been demonstrated for the benefit of American art by our own William M. Chase. But the use of the figure in the landscape, and indeed, the art of landscape painting itself so far as the western world is concerned, did not actually exist until the nineteenth century. In early art when the idea of paganism was associated with nature, so that it was under the ban of Christianity, we find it reproduced only in a decorative manner or as a subordinate accessory. In early Chinese art, however, of the period when the religion began to permit and encourage the love of nature, we find pictures of The Sage or The Poet contemplating the beauties of nature, seated in his proper place in the composition—used, in fact, for the purpose of accenting the beauties of nature and the advantages to be obtained from meditating upon them, as an essential part of the idea of landscape.

In the majority of the landscape works of the western world, however, the figure has no relation to the landscape except as a selected accident, either to tell a story or to assist the composition, according to the class of its creator. Corot appreciated in a way no one had previously done the value of the accent of the figure in the landscape,



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"RETURNING FROM THE FIELDS."
HORATIO WALKER, PAINTER.

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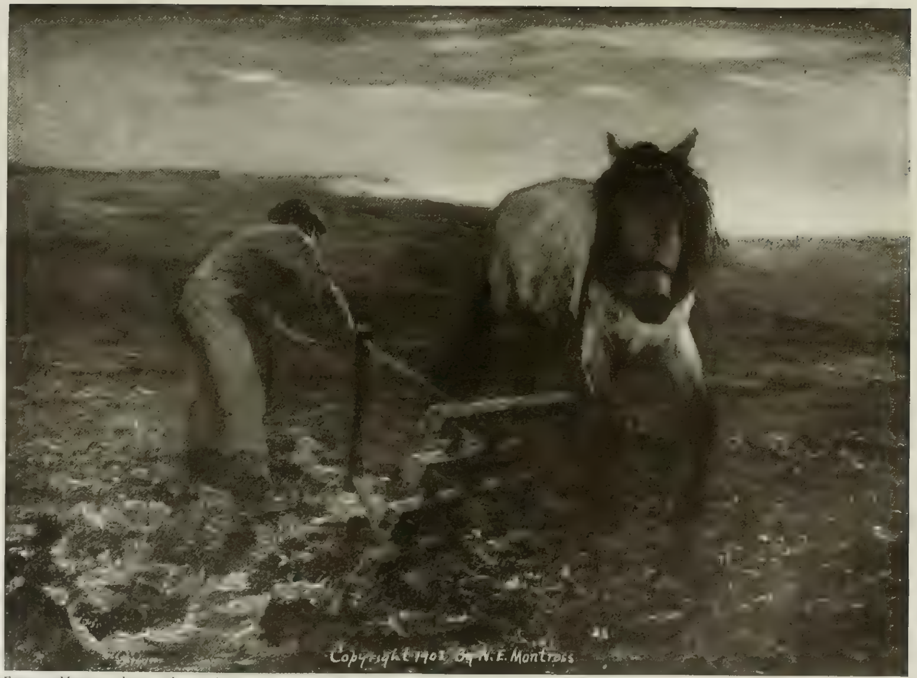
"SHEEP SHEARING:" HORATIO WALKER, PAINTER.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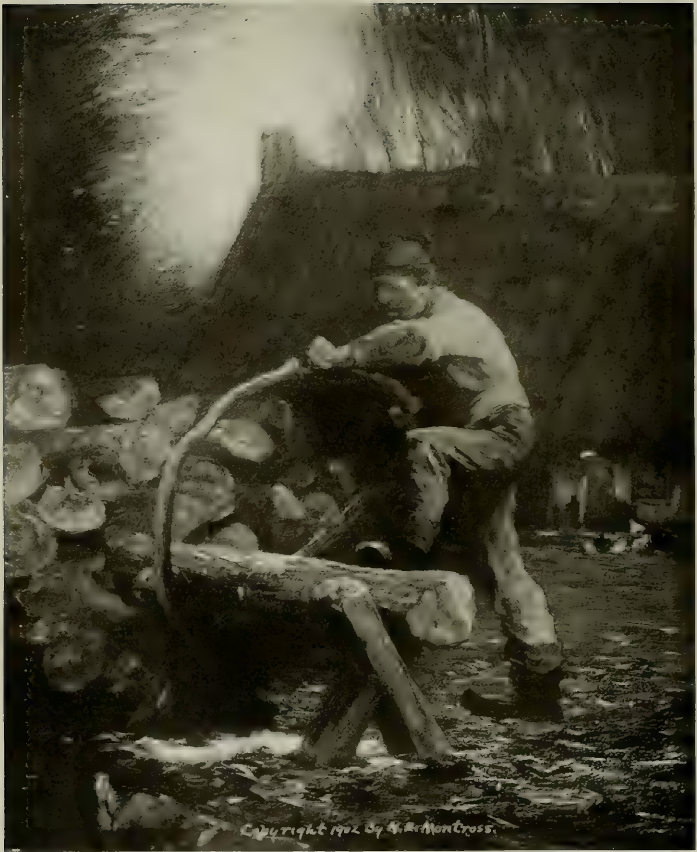
In the Collection of Geo. A. Hearn.

"TURNING THE HARROW—EARLY MORNING:" HORATIO WALKER, PAINTER.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"THE WOOD CUTTER:" HORATIO WALKER, PAINTER.

and in a less degree as he is less great than Corot, Diaz also realized it. But Jean François Millet was the first to give us the figure in the landscape where the human being was, in a sense, a part and product of the soil, clad in its colors, his home seeming to have sprung from it—its roofs either a stronger hue of the earth or thatched with twigs or straw, with green moss growing out of it. This peasant, in his colors of earth and sky mingled, wringing from the soil his meager yet contented living, is familiar to us in the paintings and drawings of Millet, who came himself from the people he painted, and who recorded the things that *with the eyes of a painter* he had been accustomed to see about him in his everyday life.

HORATIO WALKER, who was born in Canada and spent his boyhood in New York state, discovered for himself the little corner of French Canada where he finds his subjects, and has made it his own. Millet immortalized the peasants of Normandy and Barbizon; Horatio Walker, although one cannot say that he would have seen the Canadian peasants just as he does if Millet had never been, has yet unquestionably transferred to his canvases so true an impression of the primitive quaintness of this little island of Orleans that looking at them we can feel that we are there in the picture. And it is a journey into a far country. In this little colony shut off from the rest of the surrounding world and modern ways, conditions as primitive as those of the old world exist. The women bake in rude outdoor ovens made of stone and set up in the fields, and the men shear the sheep and saw their wood with utensils as simple as those in use in the farming country of France. The houses are like the French cottages, with the same red roofs, and the peasants wear the same clothes—sabots, blouses, barêts, kerchiefs and home-knit socks of red and blue.

The value of these colors, faded by use and sun, in their place in the landscape is appreciated by none of our modern painters more perfectly than by Horatio Walker. What if he were taught by Millet—it takes a great painter to learn the lesson. The value of the blue jean, for example, which is so universally worn by the French and Dutch peasant, and which makes the human figure work in so harmoniously with the scheme of nature, is a thing easily perceived by the amateur and the lesser artist, but the seeing is so rarely in proper relation. The use of blue is invariably overdone. Horatio Walker has perceived and recorded this impression of blue with absolute sense of proportion. He understands that blue as it exists in nature is never pronounced except on certain days in the sky. And in his canvases we find blue exquisitely used as a keynote, combining the threads of blue in distance, in mist, in reflected pools and streams.

THIS last exhibition of Horatio Walker's at the Montross galleries, while perhaps not one of his best showings, has many beautiful and interesting canvases. In his subjects he has varied as usual from the purely pastoral, from impressions of oxen straining at the plow in the misty dawn, to the frank realism of pigs in the enjoyment of their simple pleasures, and certainly no one has excelled him along this line. The more idealistic of Mr. Walker's admirers will probably find more pleasure in his more poetic pastoral subjects. One called "The Felled Tree" is a delightful study of massed gray tree trunks with rich touches of green wood moss about the roots, the color harmony being created by the touches of blue and faded red—which has become pink in the woodcutters' blouses and caps.

There is a "Girl Feeding Turkeys" that strongly suggests Millet and is not one of Walker's most successful efforts. But a smaller canvas called simply "Turkeys"—a group of these fowls in a light high-keyed spring landscape—is delightful, the red accent of the turkeys' combs being used with delicious effect. Again there is a beautiful use of vermilion in the study "Boy Feeding Pigs," not only in the subtle telling strokes on the animals themselves but in the repeat of color in the combs of the roosters and in the red blouse of the boy. The contrast of interior and outdoor light is also particularly good in this canvas. The greater number of the pictures at this recent exhibition were water colors—a medium which only the artist with a strong masculine brush and complete mastery of the problems of values can safely attempt. In them the artist has made rather free use of opaque white.

Mr. Walker has a summer home in Orleans where he paints each season. He has succeeded in making friends of the peasants to such an extent that they are in every way willing to help him, even to arranging details of their haying or ploughing to suit the convenience of his work. Other painters inspired by Walker's success have gone to Orleans and tried to paint there, but without success. Any painter who has attempted to grapple with the problem of peasant antagonism has discovered the impossibility of working against it. If Horatio Walker had not won the confidence and friendship of the people of Orleans we undoubtedly should never have seen these particular canvases.

The question of what constitutes beauty in art is one upon which the layman and the artist cannot precisely meet—at least upon the same ground. As has been said at the beginning, certain outdoor painters like Millet and Corot in France, and Horatio Walker and William Lathrop in our own country, satisfy both the layman and the painter for different reasons. There are other men, like Whistler and Twachtman, who appeal more to the painter than to the average sincere layman who does his own thinking. It is perhaps not probable that in a huge busy commercial country like America the people will ever come to have the appreciation of beauty that once was in Greece, and in Italy in the days of the Renaissance. But certainly the cultured general public is getting closer to the idea of beauty as the painter sees it than he was in past generations. Undoubtedly the taste of our mothers' day would have revolted from a picture of Horatio Walker's pigs considered as a thing of beauty, yet now there are many people who, although unable to appreciate the technical skill with which Walker wields his brush, can yet enjoy such a picture and wish to possess it. And to have brought home the simple homely realities of life as things possessing beauty is to have done something for humanity as well as art.

THE SINCERITY OF MILLET

"A SINCERITY so absolute and convincing as to become at times almost depressing is the secret of Millet's art. He painted that which he knew and understood and felt. In eighteen hundred and fifty-one he wrote, 'The most joyful thing I know is the peace, the silence, that one enjoys in the woods or on the tilled lands. One sees a poor, heavily laden creature with a bundle of fagots advancing from a narrow path in the fields. The manner in which this figure comes suddenly before one is a momentary reminder of the fundamental conditions of human life—toil. On the tilled land around, one watches figures hoeing and digging. One sees how this or that one rises and wipes away the sweat with the back of his hand. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread. Is that merry, enlivening work, as some people would like to persuade us? And yet it is here that I find the true humanity, the great poetry.' "

ARTHUR JEROME EDDY.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN AS A LABORER: HIS VALUE AS A WORKER AND A CITIZEN: BY C. H. FORBES-LINDSAY

THE ration-fed reservation Indian will soon be altogether a creature of the picturesque past. The last of the lands held as communal property will, in the course of the next few years, be allotted to their owners in severalty and our aboriginal wards will finally become absorbed in the body politic as independent and self-supporting citizens. Wisely, considering the poor preparation we have given them for the struggle of competitive life, the emancipated Indians will continue for some time to enjoy the paternal protection of the "Great Father." Their lands will be subject to the trusteeship of the government, and the laws which have operated as a barrier between them and their most insidious enemy—ardent spirits—will be maintained, if possible. Aid and guidance will be extended, in the first steps upon the path of freedom; but the Indian will be required to work and to sustain himself by his own efforts.

When we consider the conditions under which the Indian is suddenly launched out into the state of self-supporting citizenship and set in competition with the strenuous white man, the future would seem to be fraught with sinister promise for the redskin. His hereditary predilections and the enforced habit of latter years tend to render him antipathetic to independent effort. Personal ambition could find no scope in the ancient communal policy of the tribes. The succeeding reservation system was, if possible, more restraining in this respect, as it stunted effort even to the extent of suppressing the primary motive of human endeavor—that of self-preservation. As a charge of the United States, the Indian has been segregated from the outer world, supplied with gratuitous food and blankets, and cut off from the exercise of useful activities. But the sum of his handicap is not reached by these disabling conditions. He has a racial dislike for the white man and a rooted suspicion of his good faith, both sentiments being born of bitter experience. He is generally wanting in the qualities that make for success in agriculture. He has an inherent aversion to manual labor and utterly lacks the bent for mechanical pursuits. Withal, he entertains the deepest dislike to innovation of any kind, is extremely disinclined to separation from his tribal community and loathes discipline and restraint.

Knowledge of the heavy disadvantages with which the Indian must contend in his struggle for a satisfactory place in our industrial

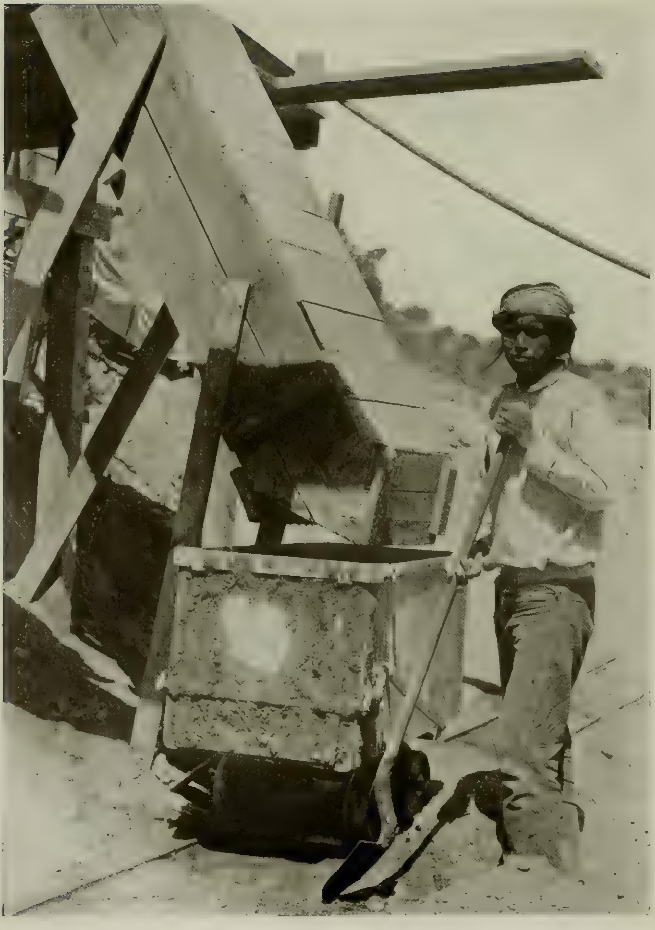
YAKIMA SQUAW AT WORK IN THE HOP VINEYARDS: IN NORTH YAKIMA OVER THREE HUNDRED INDIANS ARE EMPLOYED AS HOP-PICKERS.

INDIANS PREPARING CONCRETE: SALT RIVER PROJECT, ARIZ.

"FAT HEN," AN APACHE INDIAN WHO IS FAMOUS IN ARIZONA AS A CAPABLE, INDEFATIGABLE WORKMAN.

INDIAN LABORERS WORKING AT PUBLIC ROAD CONSTRUCTION.

HENRY CHILCHUANA, THE APACHE INDIAN RAILROAD BOSS, WITH HIS KINSMEN WORKING ON A GOVERNMENT ROAD IN ARIZONA.



AN APACHE INDIAN FILLING THE CONCRETE CARS AT THE HARRISON CONSTRUCTION CAMP, NEAR LIVINGSTON, ARIZ.

economy made those most solicitous for his welfare doubtfully anxious of the outcome of our new policy at the time of its inception. It speaks volumes for the basic characteristics of the Indian that during the past two years of experiment he has achieved such a measure of success as to astound those who had enjoyed better opportunities for acquaintance with his incapacitating peculiarities than for discovering his splendid underlying qualities. Furthermore, he has, by his admirable conduct, already gone far toward eradicating the ill-founded reputation that has so long attached to him. Those who have made his acquaintance since his emergence upon the stage as a free man have learned to respect him for traits, the existence of which hitherto had not been suspected. He is making friends on every hand. Employers of labor speak of him in enthusiastic terms. Communities that dreaded his presence now look upon him as a desirable citizen. The difficulty lies, not in finding a place for the Indian, but in persuading him to take advantage of the more than sufficient openings to which he is welcome in the field of labor.

AT THE outset, the task of making the reservation Indians self-supporting appeared to be surrounded by almost insurmountable obstacles. They displayed a general and natural repugnance to the entire programme proposed by the government. They objected to the disruption of the old tribal ties, to the distribution of their lands and to the demand that they should work. In many cases the greatest difficulty was experienced in inducing members of bands to take up their allotments and in some cases—notably that of the White River Utes—it has been found impossible to carry the arrangement into effect. This band—of which more anon—stubbornly refused to accede to the order and decamped, bag and baggage, making their way to the reservation of the Sioux, in South Dakota.

Where reservations were broken up and the allotted lands accepted, no disposition was displayed by the Indians to compass the essential object of supporting themselves. The proposition was at variance with their inclinations and strange to their experience. They simply sat down and let things drift, or gave themselves up to indulgence in their old-time diversions of pony racing and dancing. In most cases the government found it necessary to continue the accustomed distribution of rations for a greater or less period.

This unresponsive attitude of the Indian was no more than what might have been expected in the natural order of things. Excepting the Five Nations, who number about one-third of the two hundred and eighty thousand aborigines included in our population, the redskin of today has made little advance in civilization since our advent to his land. Our latter-day educational agencies have worked some degree of development in the younger generation, but the effects have been considerably counteracted by the uncompromising conservatism of the adults past middle-age. Nor does the influence of the schools operate greatly in the suppression of the racial proclivities of a people who are characterized by the strongest individualism. Many of the Indians now employed in pick and shovel gangs and their wives are college graduates who have returned to the tepees of their tribes and the customs of their ancestors, discarding the habits acquired at Carlisle and Haskell, even to the extent of eschewing the use of English.

In general, then, the material out of which the authorities charged with the administration of the new policy had to fashion their redskin citizen was of the crudest. They had to deal with a being for whom ambition, independence, responsibility and continuity of effort had no meaning; one who had no conception of the duties and privileges of citizenship and who felt no gratification in having the one imposed upon him and the other extended to him.

But it must not be supposed that the Indian is lacking in redeeming qualities. The strain of childishness in his composition is mixed with virility. He possesses stamina and his characteristic want of perseverance must be attributed to lack of incentive. He has the finest sense of an obligation, and performance will surely follow his promise. He displays in a striking degree the domestic sense that prompts to order and goes to the upbuilding of commonwealths. He is unpractical, but experience and his native shrewdness will remedy that defect in the course of time. His dislike for discipline and a regulated life is probably superficial, and certainly readily overcome, for employers of labor find him tractable and amenable to training. Contrary to the general belief, he is naturally peaceable and mild in disposition. In short, the greatest antithesis exists between the Indian as we have imagined him and the Indian as we are learning to know him.

THE problem that confronted the Administration when it entered upon the task of enforcing the new Indian policy was a complicated one. Indeed, the varying conditions at the several reservations and the contrasting peculiarities of the different tribes constituted a number of separate and diverse problems, each of which demanded special consideration and specific treatment. The Act of Congress of February eighth, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, "to provide for the allotment of lands in severalty to Indians," took no account of the physical character of the different sections to which it was applicable. It merely provided that each allottee should have eighty acres of farm land or one hundred and sixty acres of grazing land. In practice the statute has operated to give many Indians more land than they can possibly work and many others less than sufficient to afford them a comfortable living. In other cases, want of capital, the absence of markets for produce and other deterrents militate against the prospects of the Indian farmer.

It was soon obvious to the directors of the movement that, while a majority of the Indians might ultimately become attached to the soil, their immediate welfare would be best promoted by inducing them to seek the means of livelihood away from their old homes. This not only on account of the greater prospect of earning money in the open labor field, but also because of the developing influence to be derived from contact with the work-a-day world. The efforts of the Indian agents were, therefore, mainly directed to securing outside employment for their charges and persuading them to accept it when offered. The former object was not difficult of accomplishment, owing to the great demand for laborers in the West during late years, but it was not without grave misgiving that contractors entered upon the experiment. Inducing the redskins to leave their reservation homes and their friends and families was a matter involving the exercise of much tact and diplomacy. In time, however, small parties went out under the charge of educated men of their own race and with the assurance that their transportation back would be provided. At first it was found impossible to hold any considerable number of them to their work for more than two or three weeks at a stretch, when they would either return home, or go off and spend their earnings before taking up their tools again. They chafed under the restraint and regulation of the new life. It was hard for the Indian to accustom himself to take up a pick promptly at the whistle of the gang foreman and to wield it steadily until relieved by a similar signal. But he went manfully about overcoming his disinclination and remedying his inefficiency, until today he is universally acknowledged to be the best laborer in the West. Employers unite in the statement that the Indian is the most reliable and efficient laborer they can find. They pay him white man's wages and admit that he gives a better return for them than any other class of workers. He occasions no trouble and will stand to his work without watching. He has trained himself to sustained effort, and will now labor for six months or more without cessation. He is developing thriftiness and has learned to provide for the needs of the morrow.

Mr. H. T. Cory, the engineer in charge of the stupendous work of repairing the break in the lower Colorado River, has employed at one time as many as three thousand Indians, and he expresses his conviction that the task could not have been carried to a successful conclusion without the aid of the Indians. They labored steadily through the long hot days of last summer when the thermometer registered one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade.

The United States Reclamation Service is employing Indians in large numbers wherever they can be secured, and the service engineers endorse the statement of railroad contractors and others that no better labor is obtainable. It is significant of our new relations with the redskin that the remnant of Geronimo's Apaches have been engaged for a year or more in their old-time haunts along the Salt River in doing the white man's work in the white man's way. Upon the very ground which they dyed with American blood they are now striving to create pleasant dwelling places for American people. They have recently completed one of the most difficult roads ever built and immediately turned from it to the construction of the canals in the same project.

That the Indian is rapidly accepting the essential conditions of our new policy toward him is strikingly evidenced in the case of the White River Utes, to whom reference has already been made. This band was the most obstinate in its opposition to the plans of the government and for more than two years resisted every effort to lead or drive it in the desired direction. Nevertheless, today every able-bodied man of the band is voluntarily engaged in the service of a railroad contractor near the town of Mystic, South Dakota. Not one of them had ever done a day's work previously, but their employer is highly pleased with the rapidity with which they are becoming valuable laborers.

As a laborer, the Indian has passed the experimental stage. He has proved beyond question his capacity and willingness to do hard work, and has also demonstrated his ability to perform tasks calling for some degree of skill, such as the mixing of cement and the laying of concrete. In the process of development he has exhibited some excellent qualities that will stand him in good stead in his struggle to find a place in the citizen community. He has established his superiority as a laborer in open competition, and now has an unlimited field of endeavor open to him. Moreover, a better training ground in which to prepare for higher efforts could not be found.

While the ultimate success of these efforts to make a useful citizen of the Indian necessarily depends upon himself, he owes much to the guidance and aid he has received in his first essay. The affairs of the Indians were never in such able hands as at present. Commissioner Frank E. Leupp combines with the most intimate knowledge of the Indian and his needs, the strongest sympathy for him and the keenest desire to better his condition. Secretary Garfield is no less solicitous of the welfare of the Indians, and while this number of THE CRAFTSMAN is still current will have started upon an extensive tour of the reservations in the West with a view to familiarizing himself with the various conditions involved in our task of setting the redskin squarely upon his feet.

THE efforts to make an agriculturalist of the Indian have not met with as much success as could be desired. Tilling the soil appears to be the least attractive form of useful activity that can be presented to him. Stock farming and herding are congenial, and in these pursuits he excels, but as a producer of crops he must be considered—for the present, at least—somewhat in the light of a failure. As a landowner, agriculture would be the most readily available occupation to him, but it is as well, perhaps, in view of his needed experience and development, that he should spend the earlier years of his emancipation at a distance from his home. His land cannot be alienated for many years to come and it will be possible for him to return to it with changed tastes and the necessary knowledge for successful farming.

As a freeman the Indian seems to be prolific of surprises, and sustained effort in the right direction may meet with results that do not appear at present to be attainable. This hope is strengthened by the wonderful achievement in a few exceptional cases. The Crows, of Montana, afford proof that the reservation Indian of the most unpromising type may, under judicious guidance, develop into an accomplished farmer. Five years ago, this tribe was living in communities of several hundred each, camps scattered over a large area. The government was supplying all their needs, and their time was divided between loafing, sports and ceremonials. In nineteen hundred and two, their reservation was opened to settlement and agricultural allotments were made to their members. For two years thereafter, the Crows continued their *dolce far niente* mode of life, despite the efforts of the agent to arouse them to useful activity. But the Crows are in charge of a man who knows the Indian character as the priest knows his psalter, and one, moreover, of infinite tact and patience. In nineteen hundred and four, he induced the Crows to give a Wild West show on the reservation. In the following year, he introduced agricultural features and, with discriminating subtlety, excited the spirit of emulation among the Indians.

At the Fourth Industrial Fair of the Crow Indians, held last fall, the exhibits of stock, poultry and farm produce entirely overshadowed the amusement features and were viewed by the Indians as the more important. The Crow allotments are now practically all under effective and profitable cultivation. Most of the Indians have improved their property by the erection of buildings and have become possessed of implements and wagons. The keenest rivalry has been established and a spirit of independence has been created among them. What has been accomplished in the unpromising case of the Crows of Montana is surely practicable among other Indians.

In many instances, Indian landowners lack not only the experience but also the means to turn their holdings to profitable account. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs conceived an admirable plan for overcoming these difficulties, but, so far, he has failed to secure the necessary approval of Congress. Mr. Leupp's proposal is that in certain sections especially adapted to the prosecution of the industry, Indian lands should be leased to corporations for the purpose of cultivating beets and manufacturing sugar. The suggestion, if carried into effect, will entail the double advantage of insuring the Indians a revenue from otherwise unproductive lands and of inducting them into a useful industry. Furthermore, the success which has followed the introduction of Indians into the sugar beet fields of New Mexico and Colorado would indicate that this is a form of labor unusually attractive to them. Undoubtedly the fact that it affords employment to the women and children must recommend it strongly to the redskin, who, apart from mercenary considerations, likes to have his family about him when he works.

The Indian who appears to be unequal to the cultivation of his own land will often perform excellent service of a kindred character for another. Hundreds of aborigines are giving the utmost satisfaction in the capacity of farm hands. Many are employed on fruit plantations and in the hop fields, all of which forms of labor afford scope for the joint employment of the family.

The Department of Agriculture has for several years past been experimenting with Egyptian cotton in southwestern Arizona and with the greatest promise for the extensive establishment of its cultivation. The Yuma Indians, who have watched the work with deep interest, declare that in times past their people grew cotton in that region. They are eager to engage in the labor of the cotton fields and it is believed that eventually all of them will be so employed.

WHAT of the Indian arts and native products? It must be confessed that in their original forms they are destined to disappear. There is small demand for the blankets, pottery, baskets and beadwork of the tepees at the necessarily high prices of the genuine articles. In forms that should combine utility with art these products might enjoy a more extensive market, and the Indian Commissioner is trying to induce the Indians to fashion waste paper baskets, letter holders, and other useful articles with the same designs and material as they now use on their ollas; to adopt practical shapes for their pottery and to apply their bead embroidery to serviceable things. But the Indian has already been seduced into making cheap imitations of his peculiar products, under the direction of the Philistine white traders, and the genuine manufactures must suffer in repute as a consequence.

Mr. Leupp is employing every practical means at his command to secure a survival of the Indian art. Children who display any special talent for the native handicrafts are afforded every facility for developing it. In the manual schools it is required that native art shall be applied wherever possible and that its impress shall be given to manufactures of modern articles. Thus, a wagon of American pattern that is turned out at the hands of Indians is decorated with a distinctively Indian design. A carved bracket or an ornamental door frame receives similar treatment, and so with all the articles handled by the Indians receiving manual training.

The progress that the Indian has made in the past few years has relieved his friends of fear for his future. It would be little short of miraculous if he were already entirely able to take care of himself, but the manly way in which he has taken up life's burdens and the wonderful adaptability he has shown to strange conditions give promise of the eventual development that will convert him into an independent citizen, able to give a good account of his lands and his life. He will necessarily gradually become merged in the population of the West and furnish a valuable element to it.

THE END OF MAKE BELIEVE: BY MARY HEATON VORSE

THIS is a hard story to tell because the things which happened touched me so deeply and because I have always had the feeling that somehow I should have prevented it all, though of course, I could not, but one feels that way toward the cruel things of life that ought not to have happened. I should at least have gone back and comforted Ellis, though there was nothing I could have said which would have given him back what he lost that day. I told myself then he wouldn't want to see me, and I still think that is so, but the real reason is that I was too cowardly, I couldn't meet his little drawn face. My only excuse is that I was a girl at the time and there was a horror about it all to me. My part in the story is an account of a series of remissnesses toward Fanny and Ellis and I cannot but feel ashamed when I think how much I meant in their two lives and how little I did for them.

They lived in one of the handful of houses which looked as if chance had thrown them against the face of the Simsbury hills, and theirs was the bleakest in the settlement. Two forbidding pine trees stood before the house which stared with empty unseeing windows at the bare bones of the mountain which rose in its face only a stone's throw across the road. It gave the effect of a house which has long since been deserted and left to tumble to pieces quietly behind its picket fence which looked like the sparse pointed teeth of an old man. It gave me a sense of desolation to look at it; a genial tumble-down disorder, chickens and even a pig running in and out of the door would have been grateful.

The first time I went to Thornton Corners I went on foot because of the roads being hard for a horse in the early spring. Two miles of steady rise and three miles of steep climbing it is. Part of the way I caught a ride on an ox team and the man told me that the best place for Mayflowers was in the hill pasture opposite Forges's. That is how I found Fanny and Ellis. I recognized their house by the ravine and the pine trees the man had told me about.

They were in the front yard playing croquet with two grown boys. The wickets were made of willow twigs bent over, the mallets were shingles, but I especially admired the ingenuity which would lead one to use china hen's eggs for croquet balls.

They played with great interest and gravity, so absorbed that they did not notice my approach. In the interest of the game they had quite lost sight of the fact that there was anything original in their croquet set. I plucked up courage enough to ask my way to the field where the arbutus was. They gazed at me open-eyed a moment, then Fanny replied:

"Ellis he knows where there's Mayflowers," thus comfortably shifting all responsibility for the question I had put her.

"All over there, it's full of it." Ellis waved a vague hand to the mountainside. I made my way to what looked to me a likely place, and found leaves and buds but no flowers. Presently I heard a shy little voice behind me which said:

"Ellis he says that you ain't in the right place. Ellis he says for me to show it to you." I turned to find Fanny, who since I had seen her a few minutes before had made a marvelously quick change. I saw at once that she had on a clean frock and a new hair ribbon, even though she had withdrawn as much as was possible into the branches of a little pine tree. I felt touched at the honor done me.

"It's over there," Fanny went on in her little faraway voice, but I knew that she was very glad to see me for all she drew the branches of the pine around her like a garment.

I HAVE two vivid pictures in my mind of Fanny. One of them comes to me unbidden; it is the picture of Fanny as she was the last time I saw her, and I blot it out as quickly as I can with the picture of Fanny dressed in her clean brown frock, her shining new hair ribbon and her pine tree, her brown eyes gleaming out at me from the pine needles like some friendly wood creature. As she told me the Mayflowers were over there I saw Ellis careening around over the southern slope; he whooped joyfully as he ran.

"Ellis," Fanny explained, apologetically, "is a camel-leopard. He made the hump on his back." With that she came forth definitely from her pine tree and I saw that her thin little face was shining from a recent soapy washing. She was a very little person and I was surprised when she told me she was going on twelve in exchange for the information that my name was Marion Hughes. These confidences further cleared the air of shyness, for Fanny now volunteered:

"He's been a camel-leopard three days now, all the time 'cept when he plays croquet. The others won't play, 'less he stops—he made up the croquet set." She looked at me sideways with a little note of embarrassment and of pride also in her voice as she gave me the first glimpse of make-believe world where she and Ellis spent their days.

We were well acquainted by the time we reached the southern slope, though still a little embarrassed by one another. Fanny greeted Ellis with the simple statement:

"Her name is Marion," which it seemed was enough to make us good friends at once, for Ellis, though he was a wood creature like Fanny, had not learned then that human beings are bad and therefore to be feared. That he might help me better he soon discarded his hump, which was made of a newspaper and craftily tied on with string. After a while the temptation of a new audience grew too strong for him. As he hopped toward me there was no room left for doubt that he had suddenly turned into a rabbit, and I told him so.

"A *white* rabbit," he corrected. "I eat up all the pink Mayflowers, that's what makes my eyes so red." When I ran after him imploring him not to eat them all up he rolled down the hill, laughing and laughing—I have never heard anyone else laugh as Ellis did. It was as if his little soul was a crystal spring of laughter, as if he were pouring out his inner being in the throbbing happy noise, as some birds sing. One could not hear it unmoved, for it seemed as if all the glad innocent things had their share in the making of it, as though Ellis had tapped the hidden source of all good and it came to the surface in him in his laughter.

It took us all out of ourselves. I ran down the hill after him laughing, and Fanny rolled down as Ellis had, no longer a little brown wren of a girl, but a gay wild thing drunk with spring and laughter. Yet all the time we must both of us have felt conscious, Fanny and I, that this wasn't our doing, but Ellis's magic; that he had given us one of the most precious things that life holds—a few minutes lived high above the ordinary scale that life is tuned to.

We stopped as we began and again fell to picking arbutus soberly, while Fanny said to me, "Ellis makes you laugh and laugh. He makes everyone laugh, but when you get through you don't know what you've been laughing at." That was it. He could make one laugh and he didn't need the makeshift of having to have something to laugh at. He had the key which opened the treasure-house, and laughter bubbled forth like water from a living spring. You wouldn't have guessed it to look at him, for he looked like any other little undersized boy of ten with a delicate little profile, a brown face and tousled brown hair.

No one who saw us engaged at our pleasant task would have supposed that one of these children, who seemed more like little brown birds than anything else, had at his command two of the most precious things in the world, illusion and laughter.

THE END OF MAKE BELIEVE

IT GREW late and I started for home, but I stopped at the house which gleamed out from behind the pine trees as fragile and gray as an empty shell which the sea has forgotten. An old man very much bent and infirm was pottering around the yard, a fit occupant for such a house.

"It's my father," Fanny explained, for Ellis was off the road, the adventure of life upon him. The old man came forward and with a very gentle and courteous manner bade me come in and be seated. A woman, untidy and shiftless, appeared at the door, and shading her face against the late western sun with her bony hand, called with shrill listlessness:

"Ellis, Ellis!" She could as well have called him back from another world.

"That there boy'll be the death of me," she said in her indifferent, monotonous voice. "He's forever at some nonsense, don't no one know what he's drivin' at. He'll be solemn for days, then off he'll go like that. Come in and set, won't you?" Fanny had gone in ahead and was busy getting me a drink. "Excuse the looks er things, I'm feelin' real poorly and ain't had the heart to slick up."

A chill crept over me as I sat there in the disorderly room. Fanny slipped up beside me and shyly took my hand while the woman whose face and hair and faded calico seemed shades of one dismal color, talked on and on about how poorly she felt and how bad Pa's rheumatiz was—discouragement was in the air she breathed. Then I started on my way home and found Ellis and laughter waiting for me.

After that, I often found him waiting for me in the bend of the road. It makes my heart ache to think how many long hours he spent watching for me there. You see, I was the first one he had ever met who was akin to him except Fanny. She waited for me too, and as soon as I appeared, scudded off to the house to put on the famous clean dress, kept, I suspected, for my visits.

"Don't you have to go to school?" I asked them.

"Not when we have company," they answered, for they thought that arbutus was only a secondary reason for my coming up into the hills, and so after a time it came to be. They always had new places for me, for they ranged the woods looking for them against my coming. Then when we had gathered all I could carry back over the long road, we would sit in the pine woods, while Fanny bound the flowers into convenient little nosegays and Ellis lay on his back looking up in the sky make-believing for me, the wings of his little fancy taking longer flights all the time. This make-believe of his went beyond the imaginings of children, it was a living force with him. He lived the things he imagined and made Fanny live them; she had some mysterious feeling that the things Ellis imagined actually were, and since it had been the very fabric of her life as long as she could remember it is not strange that this should be so. I reached my greatest intimacy with them the last time I saw them that summer. Ellis lying on his back made his own kind of rambling poetry for me.

"If I was the brook," he half chanted, "if I was the brook, I'd tear all the Mayflowers off my banks and float them down to you——"

"Oh, don't be the brook, Ellis," Fanny begged. "You'd leave me. I can't bear to have him the brook—there can't be two brooks in one place."

He didn't look at her, but went on with his chant.

"If I was the wind I'd blow them there. But if I was a hawk, if I was a hawk," he went on with rising exultation, "I'd bring them to you, I'd knock on the door with my beak and drop 'em there. Then I'd fly to a tree—there's a tree near your house, isn't there, Marion? I'd fly to it and sit and watch you and you'd come out and see the flowers and look to see who'd brought 'em, an' I'd be laughing and laughing to see you look. Oh! Ho!" and he laughed aloud with that joyous laugh of his. "You'd never think it was a hawk and that the hawk was me."

I DIDN'T go back for some weeks. Summer had come before I went up into the hills. The house looked more forbidding and empty than ever. The old man was sitting under the pine tree whittling at a wooden bowl.

"Where are Fanny and Ellis?" I asked.

"They've gone away," he told me, with his gentle vagueness. "Won't you come in and be seated?" He never forgot his manners.

"Have they gone for long?"

"I can't rightly say. She didn't let on exactly. They've gone with their Ma," he explained.

"Where did you say they were?" I persisted.

He shook his head. "I don't know. They've gone up state. They've gone to the city. She told me where—but I can't sort o' remember. She's got folks there. Yes, she's got folks there." He brightened up at being able to tell me anything as definite. I sat with him a few minutes while he whittled at his bowl. His vagueness seemed to have wiped them off the earth. I felt as if they were make-believe children of my own invention. I might of course have found out from the older brothers or the neighbors where, but I didn't. I didn't do anything, I only sentimentalized over what would happen to Ellis. I thought of him turning his imagination to bad ends, I fancied him flying his little kite of illusion in some dangerous place. I thought of him arrested perhaps for having played too much and laughed too much, arrested and sent to a reformatory. I knew what would happen to Fanny—she would go to school and tidy up after her slovenly mother. I sentimentalized, but that was all I did, then as was natural I even stopped thinking about them except as I went to Thornton Corners in the spring after arbutus. Two springs I asked for them to learn that they'd "been home for a spell," that "they were expected soon." They seemed to spend their time between Thornton Corners and the town where their mother went to work. I suppose the older boys couldn't make enough for all of them and the father had passed his usefulness, for I had never made any inquiries as to how they lived nor done anything to help them in any way. Ellis had given me something precious, we had met only in his make-believe country, and in exchange I had given him sympathy. Until they went away it hadn't occurred to me how much I had left undone.

The third spring I found Ellis again. He was waiting for me at the bend in the road as if it hadn't been three years since we had seen each other, and as he sprang forward I saw that none of my dark imaginings had been fulfilled. He hadn't changed in looks, he wasn't even much taller. His eyes had the same lovely wild gleam, and I knew that laughter was bubbling in his spirit waiting for any excuse to run over. We didn't have to get acquainted over again, it was the happiest sort of a meeting.

"I knew you'd come, Marion," he said. "They told me you'd been here every spring. Do you ever play you *are* spring? That's what I play you are. Never seem's if it came till you do."

We talked on just as we used to, and as he didn't talk of the things he had seen, neither did I. At sight of him my vague self-reproach vanished and I let him take me by the hand and lead me into his own little magic world.

"Fanny'll be here in a moment," he said. "She's gone in to fix her hair." Everything was as it should be, nothing had changed, and I sang the glad tune Ellis had taught me. "She's been sick," he added.

She came lumbering across the pasture to me, a spick and span little mother bunch huddled in a little shawl. She hadn't grown much either, but she had filled out amazingly to a veritable little roly-poly, her round face was an unhealthy pasty color from being ill so long, I supposed. I should hardly have known Fanny; she looked at me with her good childish eyes in a funny questioning way like a hurt child who asks one why it has to be hurt. Neither Ellis's gaiety nor mine could lift her out of herself for more than a moment; left to herself she would fall into an absent-minded stare, open-mouthed, open-eyed, as if life were a painful riddle for which she could find no answer. Her brown eyes followed me as though they asked me, "What has happened? What has happened?" When Ellis dashed off on a winged flight down the hill she would run after him, from force of habit, I suppose; though her ungainly figure rolled around like a little old woman's, her poor feet still imagined they could carry her along with the old-time dash and fleetness.

I DIDN'T analyze all this at the time, I was too glad to get Ellis back, too glad to get into the open and play at little girl again. Spring was in my blood and in Ellis's, and we made believe to our heart's desire. I didn't waste time philosophizing about Fanny and accepted as simply as any little girl Ellis's statement that Fanny had "been sick."

I went in as I always did to pass the time of day with their mother and to get my drink of water. This was the regular ending of my little party.

Mrs. Forges greeted me listlessly as usual, but there was a tinge of hostility in her tone, like that of a person who has been standing on the defensive so long that she in turn had become aggressive.

Ellis welcomed me in joyfully, he ran ahead of me toward an old-fashioned wooden cradle, a contemporary of the antiquated benches in the school.

"Come here and look, Marion. See what's here!" he said. "See my little brother."

Tenderness and pride were in his voice, there was not a note to warn me.

I bent over the little red creature.

"Why," I exclaimed, "I didn't know you had another little one, Mrs. Forges." It was in my mind to go on to say something foolish about the distance in ages between this last baby and the others, for even then no suspicion of the truth had touched me, when she interrupted me with a gesture not without its harsh dignity.

"'Taint my baby—" she said. "It's Fanny's."

Fanny stood near the cradle gazing at the child with her look of stunned surprise on her face.

For a moment there was perfect quiet in the room.

"I can't be's hard on her's mebbe I oughter," the woman went on, a vague note of apology in her voice. "She ain't seemed all there—sence."

Again there was silence in the room; the baby slept while Fanny gazed at it with her stupid open-mouthed wonder, while Ellis stood tense and rigid, his eyes flaming at me. Then Mrs. Forges spoke again. "Ellis he always makes believe it's his little brother——"

"And so you might, so you might," he cried, springing forward—for a moment I thought he was going to strike his mother. "*Just this once* you had a right to make believe! Oh, couldn't you have done it for this once? She'd almost got to believing it's real—Fanny thought 'twas true most," he had turned violently to me. "She *believed* most 'twas our brother. And now she's spoiled it, *she's* spoiled it. *Fanny knows*, and we never can make believe again." His voice broke and he fled from the room. I could hear him sobbing in the woodshed beyond. I started to go to him, but at the sound of me he turned and ran from me like a hunted wild thing and I watched him until the merciful forest hid him from me, and I turned back to the room where Fanny stood looking with stupid eyes at her baby.

COMPENSATION

OVER the grasses sere and brown
The silver shadows press.
With giant steps the sun strides down
The golden terraces.
Silver and gold! But my heart grieves:
"Oh, for the little vanished leaves!"

. . . .

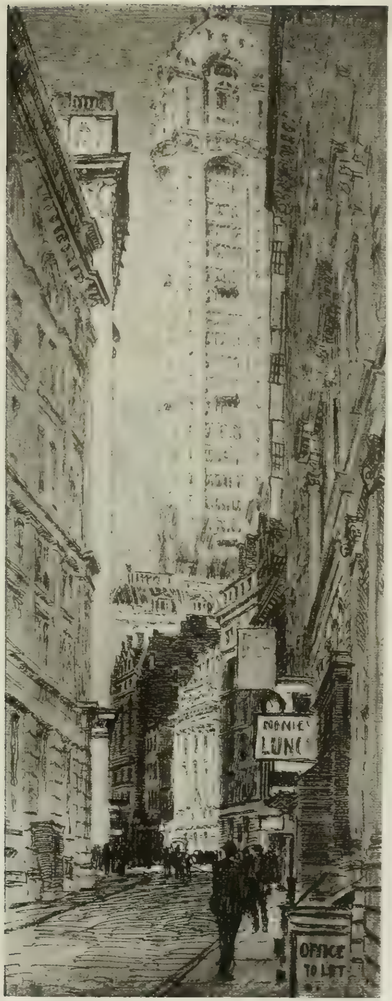
The ghosts of little leaves upsailed
In song, on winter's wing:—
Forgotten wonders were. We veiled
From you their gladdening.
O lift your eyes across the plain!
Behold, the hills have come again!

AGNES LEE.

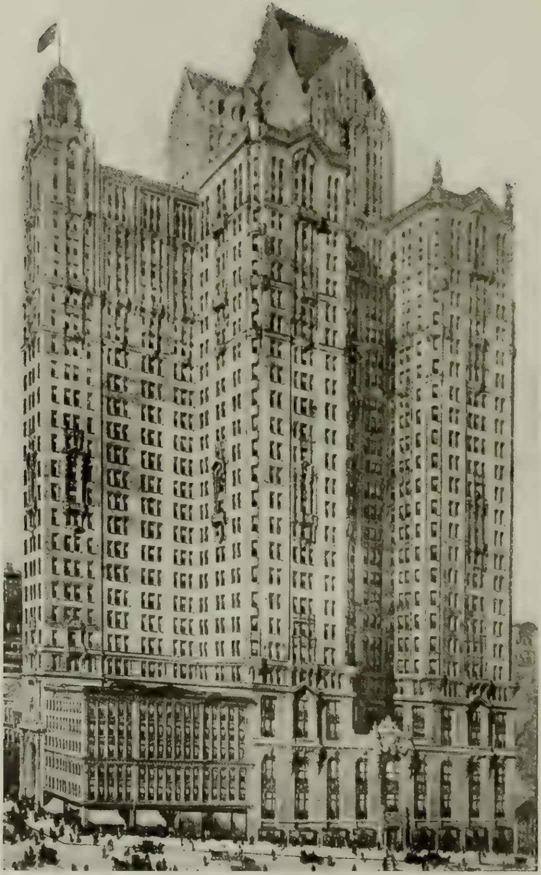
ITALY IN NEW YORK

IN THE lower part of New York on a corner of Washington Square Park which is crowded on sunny days with dark-eyed, bareheaded women and children, and where of a Sunday one sees gay spots of red, blue and orange, and one hears more Italian than English, there is a straw-colored stone church that strongly recalls Florence. Upon a clear day it makes the same contrast of pale gold against a deep blue sky. And at the corner of the church each day a dark-skinned Italian carefully spreads out a few oranges upon the cream-colored ledge of a little fountain built into the wall of the church, just as was his custom, no doubt at home. The artists of the neighborhood linger to stare at him as they pass. His neck scarf is emerald green, and as he stands there beside his oranges he is a picture ready made; and various dwellers on the square with memories of Italy stop to buy his wares anxious to keep him in the picture.

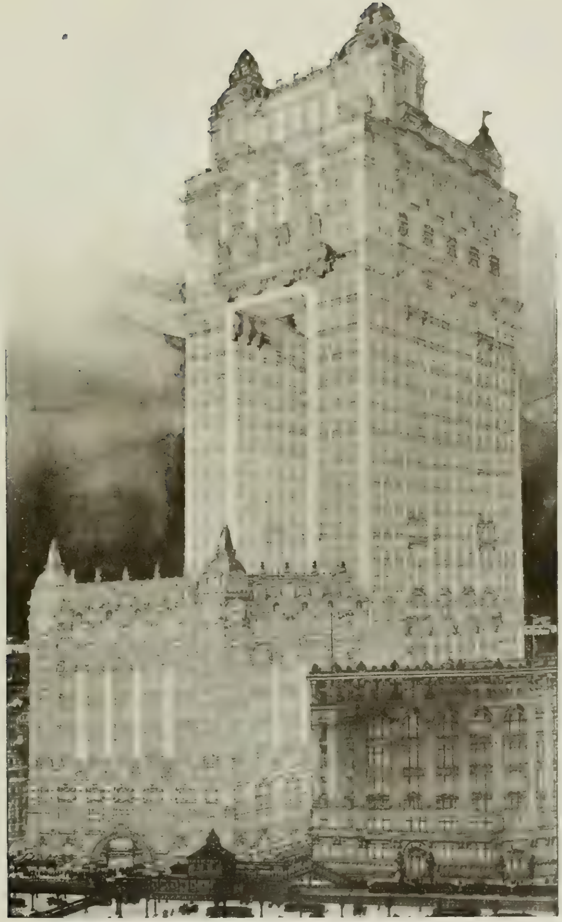
The Italian has excellent reason to feel at home on that square which stands at the upper edge of one of the largest of the Italian settlements in New York. Walking down Macdougal street toward the south one passes among the cheerful dilapidated houses many an old home with a wrought iron balcony that was the center of wealth and fashion fifty or sixty years ago. Now gay-colored rags of unconjecturable purpose are suspended from those balconies repeating the hues that may be seen in touches upon the garments of the loungers in the street. Also signs may be seen suspended from the iron railings telling the passerby in his own tongue that excellent mandolin music is furnished for entertainments by the dwellers within. The shops along the street contain principally articles in demand among Italians, and the fruit sellers standing beside their little carts freighted with golden oranges, lemons and bananas call their wares in their own tongue. And if the day be sunny and warm, whatever the season, the street will be full of an apparently leisure class. For although the Italian seldom fails to improve his worldly condition in the new world, he seems also always to have time to enjoy a bit of sunshine. Black-hand associations may exist and personal vendetta may add zest to life and even death; but the American who lives long enough in the neighborhood of those childlike emigrants from that land of dreams must be a harsh and non-beauty loving soul if he does not enjoy the sight of them even if their theories of hygiene are imperfectly developed. This will all come right in another generation. Meantime they are happy and beautiful. What more does one ask of one's neighbor?



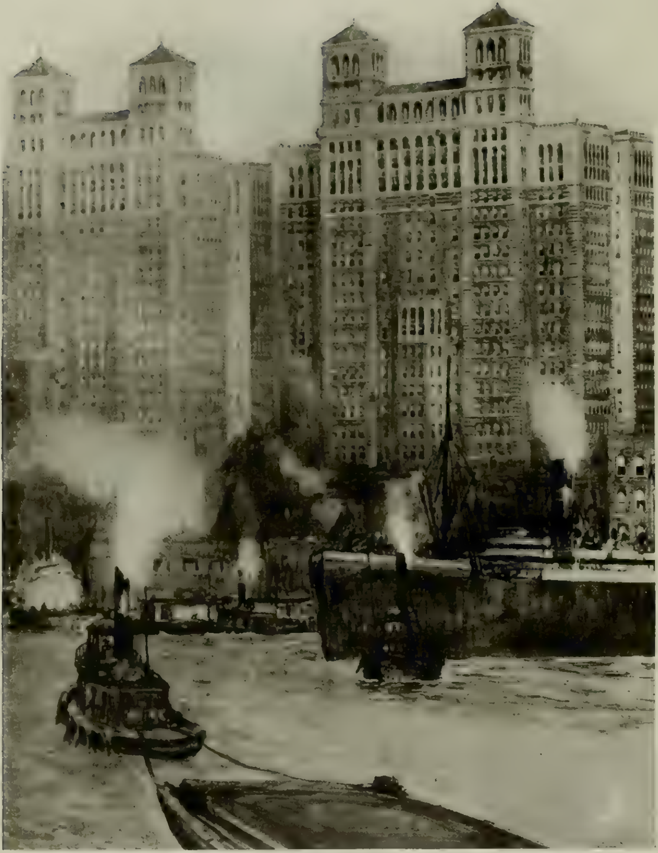
SKETCH OF SINGER BUILDING TOWER, AS SEEN FROM LIBERTY STREET: ERNEST FLAGG, ARCHITECT.



CITY INVESTING BUILDING, NEW YORK:
FRANCIS H. KIMBALL, ARCHITECT.



COMPETITIVE DRAWING FOR THE UPTOWN TERMINAL OF THE M'ADOO TUNNEL, NEW YORK: HOWELLS & STOKES, ARCHITECTS.



CHURCH STREET TERMINAL BUILDINGS,
NEW YORK: CLINTON & ROSS, ARCHITECTS.

AS THE WORKING GIRL SEES IT: BY ELIZABETH HOWARD WESTWOOD

A LITTLE while ago I read an interesting book called "The Tragedy of the Wage Earner." It was written by a lady who said she had given up pleasure and wealth to bring a little happiness into the wretched lives of the women who were prisoners of toil. She made a kind of fairy story out of it and pretended that the "time clock" was a three-headed dog that snarled every time you put your card in and bit you if you were late. She made believe that the factory was a big dungeon and the noises of the machinery were groans of the prisoners. She said that paper boxes and silk waists were made out of blood. She thought the foreman was a cruel monster who crushed women and little children to pieces and then ate their flesh dripping with gore. It was an awfully sad story and I cried myself to sleep over it, and dreamed all night that I was fighting with a big fiery-eyed dragon that was trying to smother me to death.

When I told the girls about it at the factory, they said "hot air" and "guff," and Mayme Carrol, who goes to a club at a settlement, said there was two gangs of working girls—the kind rich ladies make stories out of and just the common, ordinary, everyday ones like all of us.

The only way I am like her kind of wage earner is that I was born to work. She calls it a heritage. My mother and my grandmother and their mothers way back were peasants in Germany, and there wasn't anything they didn't do from milking cows to weaving cloth. When I got through the grammar school, my father said I didn't have to work unless I wanted to, he was making big enough wages to keep me, and I could do as I pleased. But mother said, "Nonsense," she wasn't going to have me putting on airs walking the streets and getting into bad company. I was going to earn my money and put it into a bank so when I got married I'd have something to start on the way my sisters did. If I had stayed home I'd have been cured soon enough I guess, for Jennie Luke and Sadie Grady who thought they were too good to work with the rest of us in the silk factory got so sick of having nothing to do that they came and begged the forelady to take them on. It was all right in the summer when they could go to places every day, but in the winter they couldn't stand it; they were so lonesome they wanted the work.

MOST of the girls hated the forelady, she was too strict, they said, but she and I got on real well, and I often think of the things she used to tell me. I was messenger girl in the office and I used to go out and buy lunch at the bakery round the corner for her and the bookkeeper. The bookkeeper wore a lace waist and lots of rings and was as stuck up as if she'd been a school teacher. But sometimes the forelady used to ask me to eat my lunch with her on the second landing, and she'd give me one of her cream puffs. One day she was real mad at two spinners who said they wouldn't stay another day in that factory and be bossed around by such a slob.

"That's just the way with them girls," she told me. "They think it's smart to be so independent. They started in to work here for three dollars and fifty cents a week and they've raised themselves to six dollars. Now just because I called them down for being late so much, they're going to quit. They won't be making that in a new place for a long time. If they was like me, with a sick sister and two children to look after, they'd think twice before they kicked a good job. Not that I'd stay in a place if there was a good reason for leaving. I've seen times when I was glad enough to get out and begin again."

I didn't know what she meant then, but I've found out since. Why I've known lots of girls that never stayed at one job more'n two or three months. They were so touchy they couldn't stand being called down, and they didn't care whether they learned or not. But when the foreman got fresh or a customer with a flashy shirt stud asked them to go out to dinner they'd think it was real funny. I've never seen the time yet when I couldn't get something to do, if the men got too fresh; nor I haven't any patience with a girl who is afraid to give up a four-dollar job at box-making when her boss don't pay her extra for night work and keeps back her wages. But just the same when she's found work she likes she'll never get to be a forelady unless she sticks at it.

Mrs. Jenkins used to tell me that I was smart enough to do real well if I kept at business and wasn't too full of notions. She said I was young enough to try different kinds of work and see which I liked best. You could work a lot better and get more out of life if you just liked the thing you were doing. She said there wasn't anything she liked better than the sound of the looms and the rattle of the wheels. She just loved to see the shuttles fly back and forth like lightning, leaving a little inch of silk every time until before you knew it your piece was finished and you had yards and yards of silk ready to go right to the stores. She said life always seemed just like that to her, and the kind of pattern you got on your silk didn't depend on anything but how your loom was harnessed. That's how Mrs. Jenkins felt about weaving and she said I'd know it quick enough when I found my own work. I'd like it so much that I'd think twice before I married and left it. Pretty soon the silk mill where I was working shut down for two months and our bunch got other places.

AFTER I left the mill, I was sort of homesick for it at first. I'd got to feel at home there, and I missed Mrs. Jenkins and all the spinners and even the stuck-up bookkeeper. Not that I didn't like the store where we all got places. I was stock girl in the jewelry department, and it was as good as reading a novel to hang the necklaces on the show rods and to fill trays with rings and pins. And the customers might have been duchesses and countesses. They looked like the kind I read about in "The Marriage of Lady Algernon." It was a high-toned department store and we got the carriage trade. There was always lots doing; every day had something exciting.

I used to like to hear the salesladies talk. They had lots of gentlemen friends and always went to balls Saturday nights and spent most of their money for clothes. We stock girls all went in a bunch. We had our lunch together and used to tell each other everything.

But I hadn't been there long when I knew it wasn't the place for me. I kept wanting to do something with my hands and do it better than anybody else and have it all for my own. Now it was different with Jennie Luke. From the first day she went into that store she was just fascinated with it. One Sunday when we'd been there a few weeks we took a walk together in the Park and Jennie said that she'd decided she wasn't going to be satisfied until she got to be a buyer. She just laid awake at night thinking about it and planning how some day she'd go to Paris and spend thousands and thousands of dollars buying hats or dresses. Then when she'd bring them home they'd sell better than any other store's. Would you believe it, that is just what has happened. Before she'd worked there two months she got to be a saleslady in the children's wear department. She was so quick and so pleasant that she made more sales than some of the old girls and she went to work and learned everything she could about the business. She got promoted right along. They took to her; she always had so many good ideas for making dresses sell. She got to be head of stock and then assistant buyer, and two years ago when the buyer left she took her place and now she has five thousand dollars a year and a lot more off commissions. That just shows what you can do if you like your work, the way Mrs. Jenkins said. It's funny, Sally Grady was just the other way. She wasn't the same girl when a fellow was around, she'd show off so. She got in with the bleachy blonde crowd right away, and Jennie and I couldn't do anything with her. Everybody knew what they were with their face paint and their hair dye and the decent girls wouldn't be seen with them. Mrs. Jenkins told me before I left the mill that I mustn't ever have gentlemen friends where I worked.

"You have your friends outside," she said, "and make them come and see you at your house when your mother and father are around, and they'll always treat you square. But a fellow don't think any more than the dirt under his feet of a girl he can be free with in the store and meet on the street corners." We told Sally that, but it didn't make any difference. I don't know where she is now, and her family haven't heard from her for years.

THEN some of our bunch went into a candy factory, but most of the girls there were such a tough lot and talked so nasty that I didn't like it. The very noon I left there I passed a sign that said, "Wanted—Girls on Caps. Paid while Learning." The place looked bright and nice and I liked the girls who were going in the door. So I walked into the office and got a place to begin right away.

I often think of that afternoon when I saw the long workroom for the first time. It was all so clean and pretty with the heaps of lace and silk and ribbons and the big piles of white boxes full of finished caps. They were just lovely. And the girls were so happy. They sang all the time just as if they were at home, and didn't stop when the foreman came around. They were real kind, too, and my learner who showed me how to run lace didn't holler when I made a mistake and spoiled a ruffle. She just learned me how to work my machine so I wouldn't get in a snarl and said I'd be doing fine soon.

Well, I liked making caps and before I'd been at it long I knew I'd found the trade for me. You didn't get laid off when business was slack; it was steady work all the year round and I didn't miss a day in three years. We didn't have to begin work till eight o'clock and we got through at five, and on Saturday at three. Then the pay was good. I got six dollars a week when I was just a lace runner. After I got to be a lining hand I went on piece work and so I made thirteen and fourteen dollars a week. Why, if a girl couldn't earn ten dollars she wasn't much use. The boss was real pleasant. He knew most of the girls by name and he used to give us presents on

Christmas. On Hallowe'en we always had a party with big cakes and cider.

When I left to marry Jim, Mr. Halstein gave me a silver cake basket and told me that if I ever had to work again there'd be a place for me there. So after Jim and little Hans were taken off in one week with the diphtheria I came back again. 'Twasn't that Jim was a bad provider. I got enough from his lodge to keep me and Gretta and I had money saved of my own. But I got awful restless thinking of how, if I'd just got another doctor, perhaps Jim wouldn't have died and 'twasn't as if I'd ever marry again. I'm not like lots of women. If I can't have the man I want, I won't take anyone. Then I was young and strong and I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't be making money and saving it against the time when we were sick or Gretta was grown and wanted pretty things. My mother didn't have any home now. Father was dead and all the children off and married, so she was real glad to come and look after Gretta and make things pleasant for me when I got home after work.

'TWASN'T long before I was made a forelady at twenty dollars a week. That's ten years ago and I'm there yet. There's been lots of changes. The business has grown and we've beaten most of our old rivals. Our workroom is almost twice as large as when I first came. We've changed foremen twice and we have nearly two hundred girls. I've seen girls come and go—all kinds too, some of them downright bad, some of them silly, some real nice and bright and bound to come to success. Most of them are good-hearted, though, if you get them the right way. I know my girls pretty well. I hire them and pay them and discharge them, and they come and tell me about their fellows and their troubles at home. But even the best of them with real good sense don't think about anything but new hats and how to fix their hair, and what they're going to do that night. They'd rather have a fellow that will treat them to soda water and take them to the theater than a raise in salary any day. They are just like the real rich ladies I've heard about who don't care for anything but clothes and a good time. Lots of them get big wages and you'd think they'd go to night schools and learn some more or that they'd fix up their homes real tasty and study how to cook and sew. It don't cost much to do any of them. But they don't. They walk the streets and go out with their crowd. It's hard enough to get them to save their money.

There's one thing I won't ever do and that's to take girls who haven't got their working papers, no matter how short I am for help. 'Taint that I'm afraid of getting caught by the factory inspector. Land, no! All the factories I know use little children, some of them nine and ten, but I never heard of one being fined. I think it's a shame to let children work. There ain't much I can do to stop it, but I ain't going to miss the chance I have.

Once when I hadn't been forelady very long, a smart looking girl came in and asked for a job. She said she was sixteen, and didn't need working papers, but I knew better. As I found out later she was just twelve. I gave her a good lecture and told her to go back to school that very afternoon. Would you believe it, she just broke down and cried. She hadn't any mother or father and her aunt wouldn't keep her any longer. Of course I knew she could get work at the next place she went, but my heart kind of went out to her, she was so little not to have any home and she looked so pinched and hungry. And I thought of Gretta left like that. Well, I just up and took her home with me. I sent Rose to school and fed her and clothed her just like my own. If I'd been looking for a reward, which I wasn't, I'd have had it time and again. Why, Rose just made the older sister for Gretta that she needed, and she's been lots of company for me. I don't know what we'd have done all these years without her. She was real bright and when she got through grammar school, I made her go to the high for a year. But she didn't care for books and wanted to get to work. So I took her in the factory and she makes bigger wages than any girl there, instead of the six dollars a week she'd have got raised to by now if she'd gone to one of those factories where they give little girls two dollars to begin on.

She's paid me back in good board all I ever spent on her, I guess I couldn't be prouder of her if she was Gretta. When she marries Jennie Luke's nephew next summer the factory will lose one of the best girls it ever had.

YES, I like my work and I can't think of anything that would make me give it up except if Jim came back to life. It has sort of grown on me as the years have gone by until it's part of me just like Gretta. I don't know anything that makes me happier than to come into the factory a nice spring morning when the air just makes you feel like waking up and doing things. The floor is all swept up and the machines are clean. The cutter has bolts of muslin ready to cut out into summer caps and the girls have stacks of work piled up by them ready to begin on. Out in the office the mail is piled up on the desk with a lot of orders, and the salesmen write that our caps sell the best in the market.

When I bid good-morning to the girls on a morning like that, they'll say, "Oh, now don't you wish you was rich and didn't have to work this morning and could just go riding off to the country in a grand automobile?"

And I say, "Nonsense, I wouldn't change places with the King of England. It's just a grand day to work. I've got too many new girls to break in to be thinking of automobiles and if I get all my orders filled and out tonight I guess I'll be happier than all the millionaires going." It is just grand to work then and I feel as if there weren't anything I couldn't do.

The boss has been real good to me. He's raised my salary every year since I was forelady. In the summer he gives me a month's vacation with pay. Then when business isn't so rushed he often lets me take an afternoon off to go shopping or anything. Once when I had the pneumonia he sent his own doctor to pull me through and his wife used to come real often and bring flowers and sometimes books. Then, too, what I say goes, and the girls know there ain't any use of getting him to take their side when I have given them an order.

There's lots of queer things that happens to me. One day a young lady came to see me at the factory and tried to get me to make my girls join a union. She was dressed real nice and she said she had been to a college and knew all about the trials and injustices of a working woman. I didn't know just what she meant, but I said it was hard enough work to get the girls to spend the money they did make in a sensible way, and if she wanted the job of teaching them how to earn more she was welcome to it. And at that she flared up and said I didn't have the interests of the Cause at heart and wasn't willing to help my sisters in distress. I got mad in my turn, and I told her she could just get out of that factory and stay out. I haven't anything against unions if women want them, and have the time for them. I know lots of women want to be bosses. But I've never seen the time yet when we've had all the hands we wanted, and if a girl hasn't gumption enough to find a good place she won't do much in a union.

A few years ago I moved over near a night school and I've taken lots of evening courses, but it's kind of hard work when I'm busy all day and that's the only time I have at home with Gretta and mother. Still I'm going to keep at it till I've taken all the regular courses and then when Gretta goes to high school in a year or so I can help her with her lessons.

THE other night I'd been working late after the girls left, filling up my stock. It was getting dark when I came down the stairs, and the streets were full of people hurrying home to hot suppers and an evening when they could do what they pleased. It was just the kind of night I like best of all, when it's still warm, but you can kind of feel fall in the air; you know the hot summer's over; the girls are all back from their vacations; everything's starting up regular for the winter.

I stopped by the old church to get some chestnuts for Gretta, they were the first of the season. The chestnut vender's stove was hot and his torch was blowing in the wind and giving things a queer look. Just as I got my change there was a toot and down the street came a big automobile, the children and the dogs clearing the way for it. Right on the front seat was a lady in beautiful clothes. She wasn't paying any attention to the people next to her, she was just leaning forward and looking about kind of eager. As the automobile slowed up for a truck, a torch threw a big spot of light on the lady and I looked right in her face. And in a minute I knew she felt just the way I did. Wasn't it funny now, she'd been riding in an automobile all day long, dressed in silks and satins, with all the money she wanted, servants to wait on her, and nothing to do but to have a good time; here was I making caps every day from morning to night, year in and year out, with a mother and a little girl depending on what I earned and just my own hands between us and charity. And yet we felt just the same. As this flashed over me she turned and we looked right in each other's eyes and she knew it too. We smiled across at each other, and then the automobile was off. I haven't ever seen her since, but I often think of her, so sweet and pretty, just like a fairy in all that dirt, and she feeling just like me. But she don't know a bit about my kind of life and I don't know about hers.

That's just the way with the "tragedy of the wage earner." I guess that the rich lady who wrote it don't know any more about the good times my girls have than they do about her kind of troubles. Ever since that night in the fall I've known that cap-making and automobiles haven't got anything to do with how people feel inside. If that lady or I was to write a book, I guess they'd both read about the same.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AS TEACHER, GUIDE AND PROTECTOR OF THE PEOPLE:

BY ALICE DINSMOOR

AN ASTUTE lawyer from the interior of the country, after a stay of a few days at the Federal capital, said to me: "Every citizen ought to visit Washington. Those too poor to go at their own expense should be the guests of the nation. Nothing else can so stimulate patriotism and beget loyalty." This idea is every year approaching realization in the throngs of people who find their way to Washington. And yet impressed as they are by the majestic exteriors of the buildings and by the variety of activities within, they can get but a faint notion of what the army of men and women at work is doing for the nation at large, in connection with other members of the same army stationed far and near throughout the domain of the present United States.

Nothing, perhaps, gives a truer view of the development of the government than the extension of the Executive department. The cabinet offices which Washington filled were the Secretaryships of State, War, and the Treasury, together with the Attorney-Generalship. Under the presidency of John Adams, with another foreign war threatening in 1798, the Navy Department was organized. The next addition was made when, in 1829, President Jackson invited the Postmaster-General to join his cabinet. Twenty years later the Department of the Interior was constituted. In this portfolio and that of the Treasury, attention to agriculture, trade, and manufactures was given, but in an increasingly inadequate manner. By the year 1862, the need of a Department of Agriculture was so evident that it was created by Congress, though it was not until 1889 that the Secretary became a cabinet officer. In response to demands by the Knights of Labor, a Labor Bureau was organized in 1884; four years later this was changed to the Department of Labor, and finally in 1903, this was merged in a new department—the ninth and latest cabinet position—called the Department of Commerce and Labor.

The Post-office Department was the first through which the Federal government can be said to have come into personal touch with people at large. And since rural delivery has been instituted, a messenger from that Department goes daily to remote farm houses, robbing the country life of its loneliness. Indeed, while the dweller in the wilds has only one mail a day, he has what the urban resident has not, facilities for registering a letter or package and buying stamps and money orders at his own door.

A rural delivery letter carrier may happily become the intermediary with another branch of the government. If he reports that the roads on his route are either impassable, or passable only at an unreasonable expenditure of time and horse-flesh, the Post-office Department reports the fact to the Director of Public Roads, in the Department of Agriculture. This official sends instructions to the local officials informing them that on request an expert engineer will be detailed at government expense to advise them about the repair or construction of a proper road. He may, if desired, direct the work until the method is understood by the local roadmaster. This division of the Department of Agriculture concerned with the public roads of the country is the outgrowth of the office of Road Inquiry established by Congress in 1893.

OUR central government today is to all intents and purposes a teacher to a community using the *most advanced methods of instruction,* for it builds an object lesson piece of road where request is made for this assistance; so far as possible, preference being given to localities where the need is greatest. The work is done in the most thoroughly scientific manner; an expert engineer is in charge, the foreman and machinery operator are skilled men, the machinery used is adapted precisely to the place. The chemists of the Department use laboratory tests for determining the kind of road suitable for a given place. It sometimes happens that these trained road-makers save large sums to communities by demonstrating that a cheaper kind of road is really better in a certain locality than one proposed by local authorities. This was true, for instance, near Troy, Alabama, where it was proved that a sand-clay road supplemented by macadam was much better adapted to the situation and much cheaper than a strictly macadam road, for which bonds were about to be issued. These object-lesson roads serve to teach local officers proper methods of building and also stimulate public sentiment in favor of good roads, so that the money needed for their construction is forthcoming in the community. In all, 113 object-lesson roads in no less than thirty-two states, from Florida to Washington, have been built. The local materials utilized in their construction range from granite and basalt, to slag, marl and oil, with limestone leading. The effect of object-lesson roads in a community is generally not only to enhance the value of property, but also to lead to the improvement of highways in adjoining counties as well as in the immediate vicinity. Anybody who has observed the blundering way that road-building under ordinary conditions is carried on, and has noticed that one heavy rain storm may leave the new road worse than before it was touched, appreciates the value of expert advice by government intervention.

This road-building work is but one small activity of the Department of Agriculture. The Department is primarily, of course, to act the part of counselor and friend toward the farmers of the land. Secretary Wilson sees such possibilities in his field that he says "the Department has but crossed the threshold of discovery and education," and yet already its work has brought changes that estimated in dollars reaches the hundreds of millions annually.

WHAT are the directions in which the Department is working? They are indicated by the names of the bureaus: Weather, Animal Industry, Plant Industry, Forest Service, Chemistry, Soils, Entomology, Biological Survey, Accounts and Disbursements (of this Department), Publications, Statistics, Experiment Stations, and last,—the one already referred to—Public Roads. To carry on this work Congress appropriated for the year 1907, $9,210,440. This is a large increase over former appropriations, because the horrors which the "Jungle" revealed led to the new meat inspection laws that for their execution have $3,000,000 given them, and this inspection comes under the Bureau of Animal Industry. The Department employs in Washington about 1,600 persons; in other places, more than 4,000. They are skilled chemists, geologists, biologists, pathologists, surveyors, etc.,—men with the best training technical schools and experience can give. They are collecting data, conducting laboratory experiments, trying by every available means to learn what will be of most use directly to farmers, dairymen, orchardists, poultry and cattle raisers, and indirectly, but just as truly, to our whole nation and many foreign peoples, whose physical wants they supply.

The problems upon which the Bureau of Plant Industry is working are as wide in range as they are intense in interest. As everybody knows, the wheat growing areas are being continually pushed northward and westward, and periodically computations are published showing when the soil in these regions will refuse longer to yield. Nothing, then, is more vital than the discovery of how to restore to the soil the used up nitrates. Manure is expensive; the great nitrate beds in South America are becoming exhausted; and so it becomes most important to find the best means for wresting from the atmosphere quantities of the nitrogen that we have supposed had no use there except to dilute the oxygen. This, it has been found, can be done by certain bacteria. They require most careful culture. Farmers have no facilities either for cultivating or for watching them—it is all work with high power microscopes. What better can the government do than to employ experts for these experiments? The Department publishes bulletins giving information about these bacteria, and even sends out the bacteria hermetically sealed, to farmers who may put them into their fields.

Closely connected with this study of the nitrogen problem *per se*, is that of *durum* wheat, which, as nitrogen is one of its essential constituents, is in fact a study of the same problem.

THE ordinary spring and winter wheats commonly grown in this country, are, botanically speaking, *triticum vulgare*. *Triticum durum*, a harder grain very rich in gluten, is widely cultivated in Spain, Russia and Algeria, regions where the supply of moisture is moderate. Chemists find that this *durum* wheat has 2.5 per cent. more proteid in it than the *vulgare*, and correspondingly less starch. Study shows that it is well suited to the climate of Colorado, Utah, Oklahoma, Idaho and Kansas, states where the rainfall is low but irrigation is possible, and where sunshine, the sugar producer, is abundant. As, therefore, gradually the soils of the more northern states are becoming depleted of their nitrogen, these other states that we have not thought of as grain producers may become our most valuable wheat fields.

The Bureau of Plant Industry in studying the production of beet sugar, finds that the cost of labor is the main item of expense, and so the Bureau is now trying to raise beets that will require less hand labor in their cultivation.

The corn crop of this country being worth annually more than a billion dollars, nearly twice as much as any other crop, the experiment stations are active in "breeding" new varieties that will produce more to the acre. The Department is coöperating in these experiments, as in others, with the experiment station workers in the great corn-producing states.

The cultivation of nuts and a careful study of their nutritive qualities is receiving attention by the Bureau of Plant Industry. The interesting fact has been discovered that a definite sum of money invested in peanuts will buy twice the protein and produce six times the energy that the same sum will if put into porterhouse steak. In view of this fact, it is comforting to know that the crop of peanuts in this country now runs into the hundreds of million pounds, raised chiefly in Virginia, Georgia and Tennessee.

The study of new fruits is one of the most valuable undertaken by the Bureau. Among these are the creations called citranges, a fruit resembling an orange, but capable of growing 300 or 400 miles further north than either oranges or lemons, and useful for cooking and making citrangeade. Several new pineapples have been created, and slips of these as of the citranges are distributed to people who will take them and continue the experiments. Thus opportunity is given to growers to make what they can of these new fruits.

IN NOTHING do farmers more need expert advice than in the extermination of insects that threaten the destruction of their hard-raised crops. Especial study has been given to the cotton boll weevil, particularly malicious in Texas and Louisiana. The investigation shows that dry weather is destructive to the pest, but the entomologists agree that the worst enemy to the weevil is the native ant, *solenopsis geminata*. Climbing the stalk for the possible nectar of the blossom, it encounters the weevil, and seizes him. The rapid spread of the ant is therefore much to be desired by cotton growers, and as a matter of fact the tribe is advancing. Imported parasites have been tried against the weevil, but with poor results. This native combatant is best.

Another large field for the entomologists, both state and federal, is the study of washes to be used for the San José scale, the enemy of orchards from California, where it first appeared, eastward to the Atlantic border, where it now infests peach, plum, pear and apple trees. Lime-sulphur washes have been experimented with, the Bureau of Chemistry aiding essentially in finding the best proportions and the best manner of application. An efficient formula is found to be 50 gallons of water, 20 pounds of quicklime and 15 pounds of either flour or flowers of sulphur, boiled together for one hour. Salt and sugar have both been tried with the above ingredients, but the Bureau finds they add nothing to the efficacy of the lime and sulphur. Various other injurious growths on fruit trees are also killed by this simple wash.

But better, because less trouble, is the destruction of the scale insects by beetles and birds. This subject has received the careful attention of the biologists of the Department. The cardinal and grosbeak are found to be very fond of the plum scale, which also infests cherry trees. The black scale is now in California a more serious pest than the San José, and no less than 29 species of birds are known to eat it. They include woodpeckers, sparrows, vireos, wrens and bluebirds. Indeed, 57 species of birds feed upon some scale insects and their eggs. Who knows but that, without the aid of birds, the various scales would rob us of all our fruit?

THE government experiment stations under the Bureau of Plant Industry include the Arlington experimental farm with 350 acres under tillage, where, among other activities, foreign products as well as native plants and seeds undergo all sorts of tests. At the Mississippi Valley laboratory at St. Louis and the Subtropical laboratory at Miami, Florida, special study is made of diseases and other enemies of products of these sections of the country. At Chico, California, is a plant introduction garden where trials of seeds and plants from foreign countries are carried on; twelve acres are devoted to foreign varieties of grapes; figs and pistache nuts are also receiving special attention. The Bureau is carrying on a new experiment farm at San Antonio, Texas, to find out what crops may profitably be tried in that new region.

The officers of the Department of Agriculture, realizing that they can but take the initiative in these undertakings here mentioned, and in many others to which space permits not even a reference, are advocating and encouraging the study of agriculture not only in the various state agricultural colleges, but also in the lower grades of the public schools. The so-called nature study now taught in the primary grades of all well-ordered schools is the best preparation for the larger themes recommended by the Department for older pupils. The Bureau of Experiment Stations publishes an outline both for nature study and elementary agriculture adapted specially to the use of rural schools (Circular 60), so that teachers may get full instructions directly from the Department. Farmers may be of the greatest assistance to schools by sending in specimens of plants in various stages of growth; also by inviting teachers and pupils to their fields to see insects doing their work of destruction, or to examine a particularly fine crop, or one new to the locality.

The year book of the Department of Agriculture contains not only the annual report of the Secretary, but also special scientific papers prepared by the heads or other members of the various bureaus. Of Part II of this volume—the part of interest to the nation at large—

500,000 copies are printed for distribution. The appendix contains full statistics of the vegetable and the animal products in the different states and their market prices in the chief cities of the country, not only for the current year in which it is issued, but also comparative figures for a series of years. Besides this year book, the Department publishes numbers of bulletins; in 1906, for example, 437 were published; of these 404 were reprints. The total number sent out was 6,568,000. These are distributed gratuitously, as are also seeds, through members of Congress to their constituents, or on request to the Department. About 7,000,000 packages of vegetable and flower seeds have been thus distributed annually for a number of years, of inestimable value to farmers and gardeners.

WHILE the Department of Agriculture fosters the industries upon which the physical lives of all our people depend; the Department of Commerce and Labor, the latest to be added to the cabinet, is hardly less comprehensive in its scope, and perhaps even more personal in its relations to the individual citizen.

Its administration concerns not only all the industries suggested by the word commerce, and the oversight of the thousands of people who perform the labor of the land, but also the following other bureaus, some of them turned over by the Treasury Department, where, of course, they never had any proper place: The Bureau of Manufactures, Corporations, the Census, Statistics, Fisheries, Navigation, Steamboat Inspection, Immigration, Standards, the Lighthouse Establishment and the Coast and Geodetic Survey. The Department employs 9,500 persons; more than half of them are connected with the Lighthouse service.

The Bureau of Manufactures collects and collates information about manufacturing industries and markets, both in this country and abroad. Its special aim is to promote the sale of our articles in foreign lands, and the value of its service to the manufacturer is recognized by him when the Bureau sends a special message to him concerning a market for his goods, discovered in the course of its regular investigation. For example, agents were sent to China to get specimens of fabrics, and two hundred sets of these samples were furnished to manufacturers of cotton and to textile schools, that they might be prepared to supply the Chinese market with goods salable in that country. Agents of the Department have also been investigating the South American, Mexican, and Japanese markets, and reports from these countries likely to be of use to certain manufacturers have been mailed to them, with a view to their losing no time in sending out their goods.

The Bureau of Corporations and the Department of Commerce and Labor were created at the same time; and the first commissioner, Mr. James R. Garfield, was named by the President the very next day after Mr. George B. Cortelyou was confirmed as Secretary of the new Department. The first public work of the Bureau was the investigation of railway discriminations in favor of the Standard Oil Company, and the data thus obtained, in the hands of the judiciary, led to indictments containing 8,193 counts. The criminal proceedings growing out of these discoveries have been fully set forth in the newspapers and the phenomenal fines imposed are well-known. Meanwhile the most valuable result to the country at large is that railway companies are no longer discriminating in favor of single great corporations, and small shippers report they are getting fair treatment. In other words, this Bureau stands between the people and the soulless corporations, with the power so to restrict their action that they may serve but not victimize the public.

The Director of the Bureau of Standards has on his staff 87 persons, engaged in the most exacting of scientific work. Physicists, chemists, electricians, and engineers of high ability and skill are necessarily employed. They are making and verifying, for example, standards of electrical resistance and electro-motive force, determining electrical conductivity, temperature coefficient, the thermo-electric power of materials and other like problems. They are testing electric lamps and samples of oil, and undertaking to improve present methods of photometry. They are improving precision weights, and comparing length standards to the end that absolutely accurate engineers' tapes and yard and meter measures may be made. They are also testing pyrometers, thermometers and barometers, not only for government use, but also for the public in general. In the fiscal year 1906, for example, 11,132 clinical thermometers were submitted by hospitals, manufacturers, physicians and others, to be tested. Of these, 7 1-2 per cent. failed to meet the test requirements, and thus demonstrated the utility of the Bureau. The examination of ores and chemical re-agents to determine their purity, and a re-consideration of the quantitative relation between oxygen and hydrogen in water are subjects of investigation by the chemists of the Bureau. The desire on the part of the manufacturers and users of instruments to have upon them the government's seal of their accuracy, constantly puts so much outside testing upon the staff, as to retard their own legitimate theoretical and determinative work, but in this manner they are serving the people at first hand.

THE last annual report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration gives a most graphic idea of the way our government assumes the care of the foreigners who come each year to our shores. Last year's army numbered 1,285,349. At a less rate than this, 1,000,000 per annum, plus the natural increase of about fourteen per cent. every ten years, in 134 years our population would reach 950,000,000. It would then be as dense as the most densely-peopled part of the Chinese empire. But it is possible that this rate of immigration may not be maintained, for several of the nations of Europe are taking serious note of the fact that their populations are becoming depleted of their brawn and youth, and are using measures to keep their workers at home.

Our laws for protection against objectionable aliens are stringent. As careful an examination as possible is given to the physical, mental and moral condition of all who come, and any who are found deficient are sent back by the steamers that brought them. But the vigilance does not end with their admission to the country: during the past eighteen months, 717 have been deported because within *three years of their landing* they had shown evidences of insanity or other mental weakness, or some contagious disease.

The congestion of foreigners in the seaboard cities, especially in New York, it is believed, will be lessened by the recently established Division of Information in connection with the Bureau. This is intended to keep well abreast of the labor needs of every section of the country, so that as they land, laborers may be sent directly to places where they can find employment. The crying demand of the factory owners in the southern states may thus be soon met. Nearly 500 Belgians have lately been brought to the South Carolina mills, found through advertisements in Europe, by the state Immigration Commissioner. Of the foreigners landed in New York within the year ending June 30, 1907, the greatest number to any one state, 22,673, have gone to California, many of them to help in the rebuilding of San Francisco. The territory of Hawaii, at the instance of its legislature, sent special messengers to Europe to secure settlers, and thus has added to its population nearly 5,000 Portuguese.

The whole subject of immigration has assumed such complications and magnitude that Congress has lately appointed a special commission to investigate the matter in all its bearings. Meanwhile, the Bureau is urging an international conference on the question. As the Commissioner-General well says, "Various subjects of much less importance have been successfully handled by world conventions."

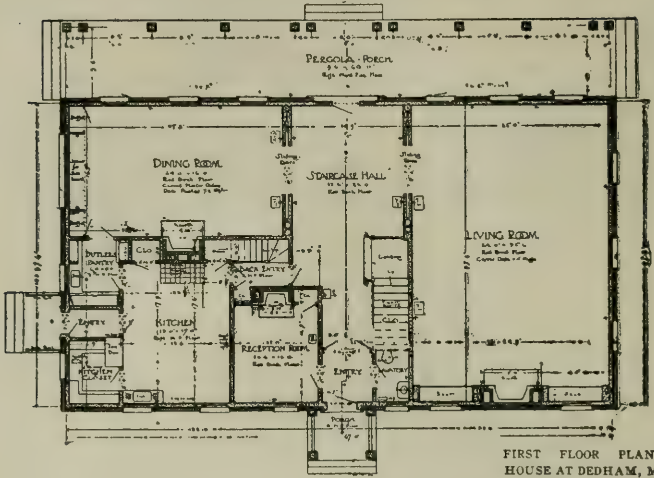
UNDER the present auspices, as under the old, the functions of the Bureau of Labor are "to collect and publish information, as the law defines, relating to the material, social, intellectual and moral prosperity of laboring men and women." The voluminous annual reports of the Bureau contain this information so arranged that it may be the basis for wise personal, corporate or legislative action. The volume of nearly 1,000 pages issued by the Department last June sums up Strikes and Lockouts from 1881 to 1905, giving the figures for our different states and also for all the countries of Europe. Every business in which a strike or lockout has occurred is represented. The summing up is of the highest interest: A far greater number of strikes occurred in the building trades than in any other industry; but in the coal and coke industry, more than twice as many men were involved. The average number of days closed by strikes ranged from 3.1 in blacksmithing to 103.4 in the making of pottery. Of the 36,757 strikes from 1881 to 1905, involving 181,407 establishments, 68.99 per cent. were ordered by labor organizations and were wholly successful in 49.48 per cent. of the establishments; partly successful in 15.87 per cent. of others. The demand for higher wages occasioned more strikes than any other one cause. Next to this, producing 18.84 per cent. of strikes, was the disagreement about the recognition of union and non-union rules. This was also the cause of the greatest number of lockouts. The year 1903 was notable for having the highest number of both strikes and lockouts; of these, most occurred in the state of New York and least in Ohio. The officials who order strikes may find much encouragement in the figures of this report, for they show that in the 25 years under review, employees have won all the demands for which they struck in 47.94 per cent. of the strikes, and a part of them in 15.25 per cent. of the places where they worked. And employers have also encouragement to use the lockout to enforce their wishes, for it has been effective in 57.20 per cent. of the establishments where it has been resorted to. Since 1905, the Bureau has published a bi-monthly bulletin reporting results of research regarding labor conditions both here and in foreign countries, that may be of "value to the industrial interests of the country."

THE DESIGNING OF HOMES: BY FRANK CHOUTEAU BROWN

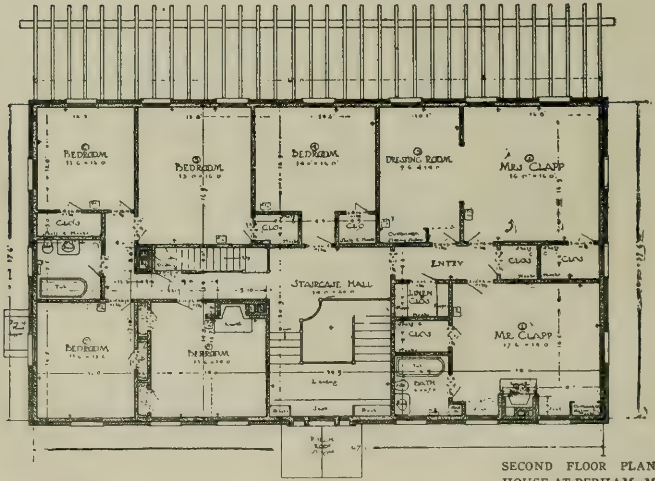
WHILE the dwelling presents rather a complicated problem that increases in difficulty as civilization becomes more and more "advanced," it is yet so important, inasmuch as so many people—practically all our women-kind—spend by far the greater portion of their lives within the building's walls, that it should demand the closest consideration of the most skilled men in the profession instead of going most often, as is actually the case, to those of the least experience. The less money there is to be expended upon the house, the more skill and experience is demanded upon the part of the designer, in order to obtain the most for the money of the intending builder and owner. The interest of such a problem far surpasses that of any other—save possibly the even more complex one of "city building"—contained within the province of the architect.

The small dwelling is always varied, ever differing to suit requirements set by the different clients and the limitations imposed by each environment. The only occasion when the planning of a dwelling can fail in interest to the designer, is when some real estate speculator comes along and gives a *carte blanche* order for "so many houses at so much apiece!" Apparently an easy problem; but it is surprising how flat and insipid it becomes, merely from lacking the individuality of the client who is continually demanding things impossible within the limits set by purse or lot. It only remains for the architect to invent and fashion, from his own imagination, possible clients who may then demand of him the accomplishment of even more impossible results!

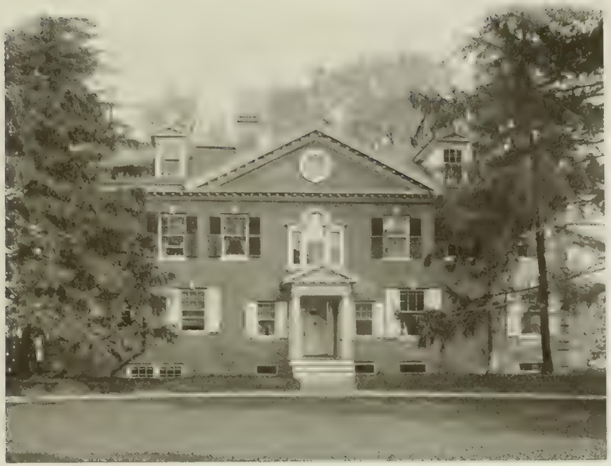
Then, too, we hear a great deal about an "American style;" something new and original that our architectural designers are supposed to invent! This striving for originality is what has produced some of the funereal designs achieved by some architects of the Middle West, where far overhanging eaves and many closed-in and wide-roofed verandas absolutely prevent the sunshine from ever filtering into any portion of the house interior. It is also questionable for us in this new and rapidly developing country to copy too closely foreign types of dwelling design, as they rarely appear at ease in the settings we must provide for them. After all, it is only common sense to work out a house plan so that it best fits the lot and the demands of the owner, without any regard to its possible exterior treatment; inasmuch as a close study of the characteristics

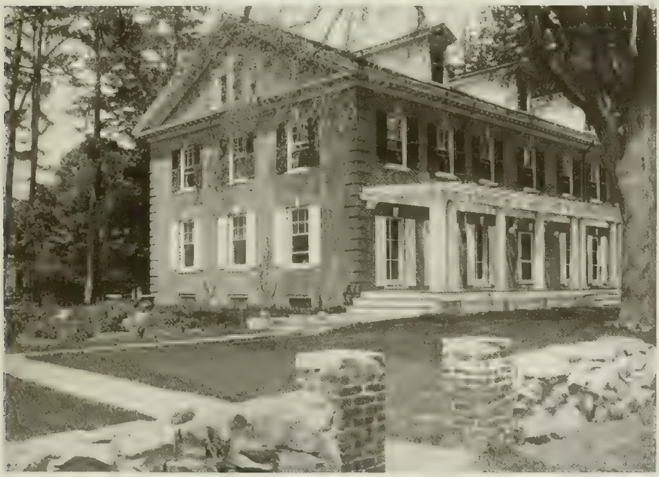


FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF HOUSE AT DEDHAM, MASS.



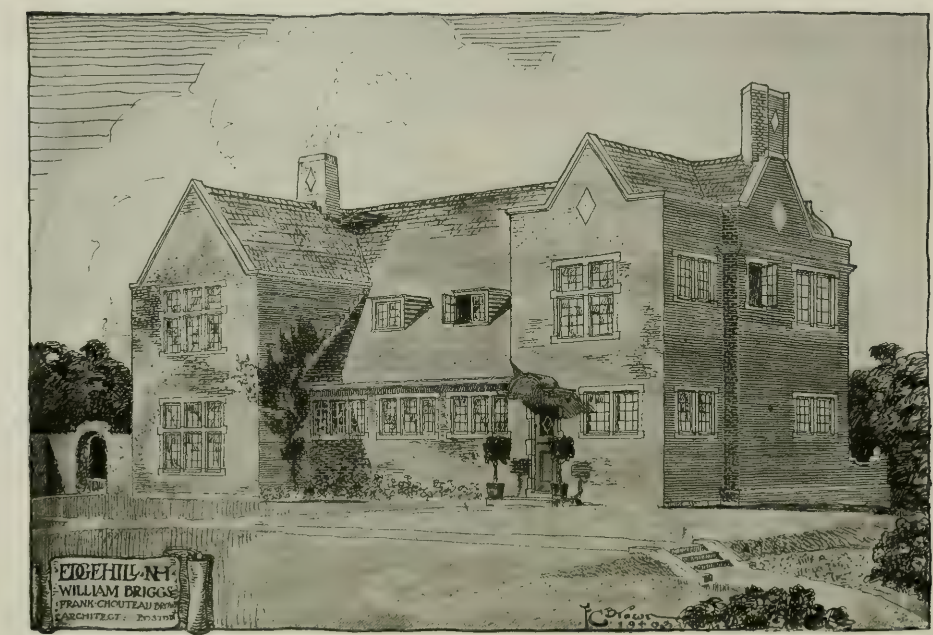
SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF HOUSE AT DEDHAM, MASS.





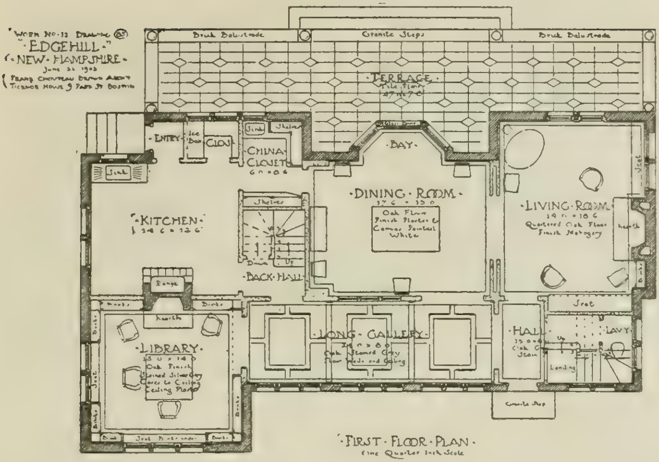
Frank Chouteau Brown, Architect.

"GEORGIAN" HOUSE AT DEDHAM, MASS: ENTRANCE ON STREET FRONT: GARDEN SIDE AND PORCH.

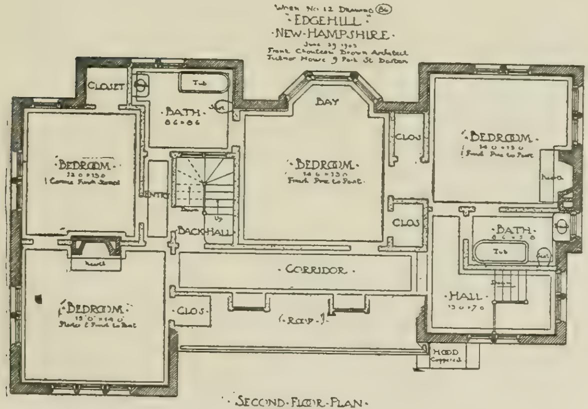


Frank Chouteau Brown, Architect.

HOUSE OF WILLIAM BRIGGS: AT EDGEHILL, N. H.



·FIRST·FLOOR·PLAN·
One Quarter Inch Scale



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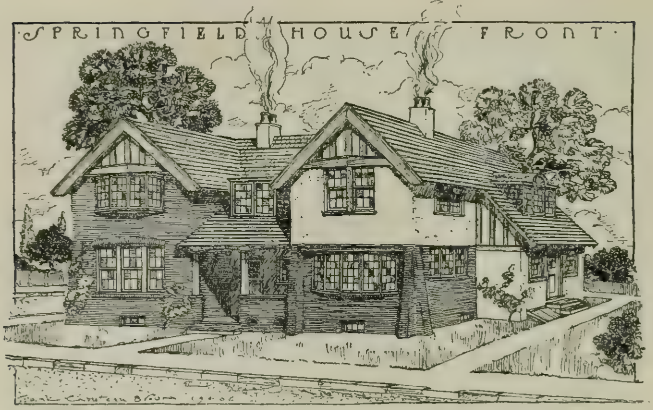
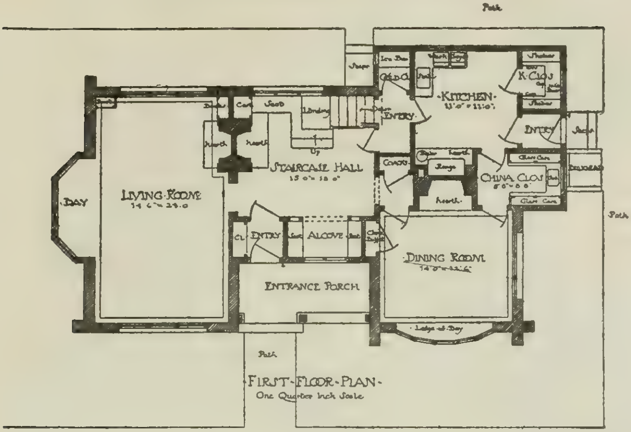


Frank Chouteau Brown, Architect.

of the site,—especially,—and the surroundings of the future house, if properly expressed in the plan, will largely suggest—if not even pretty definitely determine—the major part of its exterior handling.

Personally, I never use "half-timber" except when necessary, on account of the accent and sparkle of the contrast between its whites and darks, to give just that final touch of definition to a design that sometimes makes the entire difference between its success and failure. In the main I prefer to depend for my effects upon such native and modern materials as our rough hard-burnt brick or the still simpler surfaces of plaster, studying always to make the design as simple as is humanly—and artistically—possible; depending upon the good proportion of openings, their right disposition and the harmony of contour and roof lines, to obtain a pleasant effect when the design "goes together" in execution.

In working out the house design, it is most important that it should be regarded as freshly as possible, with no preconceived idea or ideal to limit the imagination or prejudice the eye. Then, after a thorough study of all the requirements, until they are rather unconsciously absorbed than individually to be recognized, it is possible to work out an idea that will be plastic enough to suit itself easily to all these requirements, one after the other, until something has been achieved that may be recognized as somewhere near the correct and proper solution of the problem. My own experience has ever been that, in working up such a design, there is a certain unconscious "feeling" that manifests itself in regard to those lines or details that are *wrong*. In drawing them in, I experience a sensation, such as is given in working against some antagonistic force, that insistently tells me that that particular idea of treatment is not right. By continuing to develop it further, I find this antagonism becoming stronger and stronger, till at last one comes to a moment when it is disclosed not only

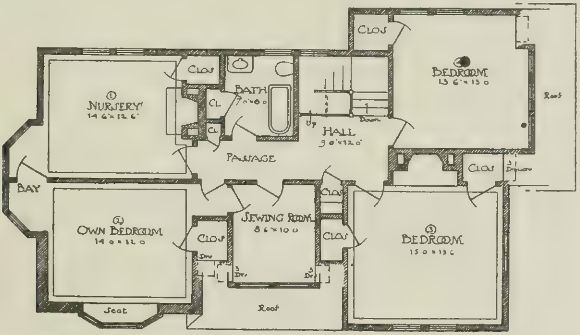


-FIRST-FLOOR-PLAN-
One Quarter Inch Scale

SPRINGFIELD HOUSE.

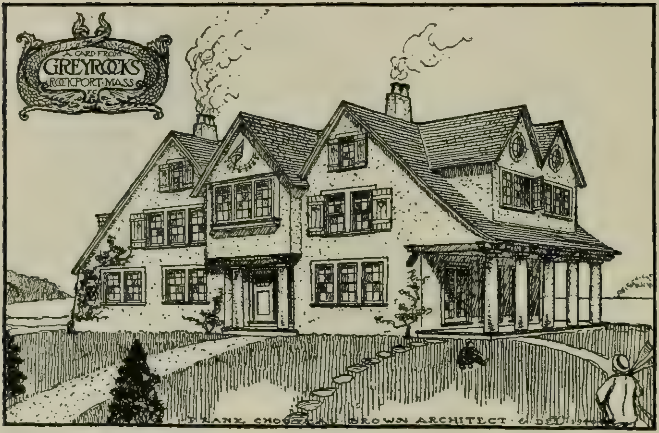
that it is wrong, but *how* it is wrong; and so the right and proper solution eventuates almost of itself.

A residence certainly should look like a home, both within and without. "Homely" is the only good old-fashioned English word to rightly express this meaning, although, in the mouths of this latter generation, it has now come to be much misused and misunderstood. The home aspect within the dwelling is often achieved single-handed by the woman inhabiting the house, but on the exterior this respon-



-SECOND-FLOOR-PLAN-
One Quarter Inch Scale

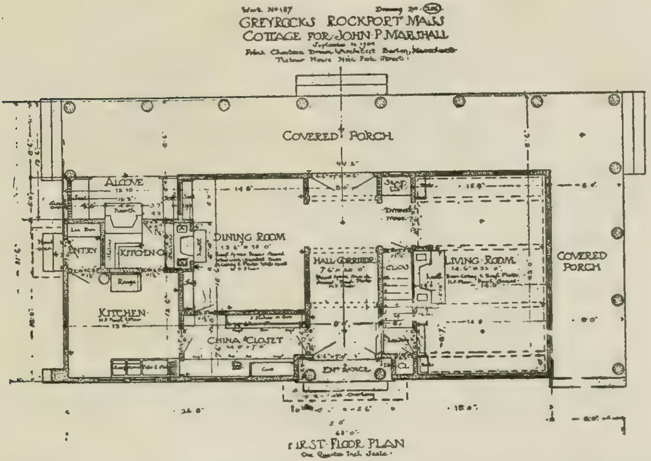
SPRINGFIELD HOUSE.



Frank Chouteau Brown, Architect.

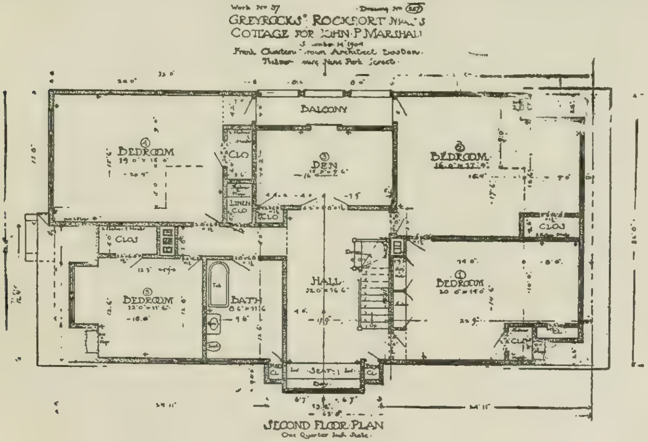
sibility must lie solely within the hand of the fashioning architect. Even in so classic and hackneyed a style as the Georgian Colonial in which the brick house in Dedham is conceived, I attempted to get that domesticity of effect that ought to be—but so seldom is—the most striking exterior effect of a building intended for a dwelling.

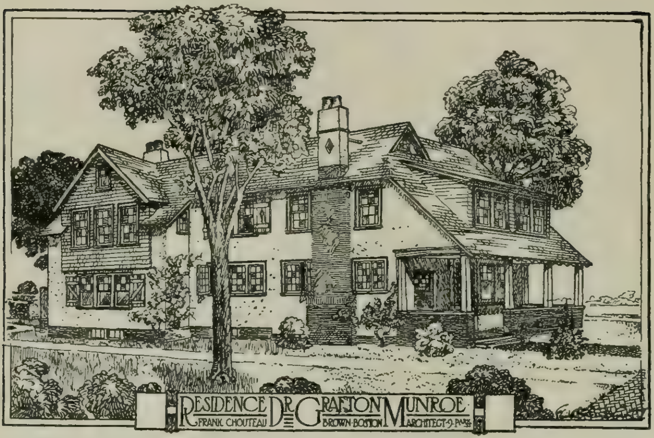
In the especial instance just mentioned, the house was built upon a site previously occupied by a Colonial dwelling; with surroundings of old trees and drives and with adjoining houses markedly Colonial in type (the very next dwelling having been designed by the famous Bulfinch), while the owners had also a large assortment of old mahogany furniture that they intended to use in the dwelling. Manifestly, a "Colonial" design was demanded. To endow it with more interest, however, I preferably took for a model the heavier English Georgian period that preceded our "Colonial" style, and so was able to meet all the requirements and yet achieve a less conventional and familiar type of dwelling. As a result, the house, a year after it was completed, had become so a part of the surroundings that even architects viewing it presumed it to be an alteration of an old dwelling; and the general populace—from what they see toward the street—believe it to be really an old house. The street being to the north, the living part of the house is to the rear, the south, where there is a considerable stretch of open land that is a part of the estate, and here a more distinctively modern feeling is in evidence; although through all the design there is hardly a detail that does not contain some modern touch in its treatment, as a closer scrutiny will easily detect. The plan now, after some three or four years of occupancy, is still considered as ideal by the owners, as they have a number of bedrooms, and those large rooms on the first floor that are essential to their comfort and manner of living. The



attic also contains a room twenty-eight by forty feet that is variously used as a billiard room, play room and sewing room, as circumstances require.

Almost all of the pen and ink perspectives are of houses conceived in the modern style and based upon the type of cottage that is so typical of modern



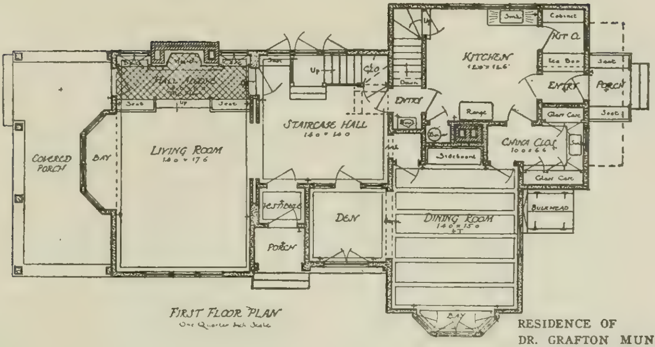

RESIDENCE DR GRAFTON MUNROE
FRANK CHOUTEAU BROWN·BOSTON ARCHITECT·9·PARK

Frank Chouteau Brown, Architect.

English work. They are, however, consciously made less distinctively English in order to suit them more to our surroundings and environment, while the differences in the arrangement of the American and English plan have produced of themselves a difference that is quite apparent in the exteriors.

In the designs for small houses, where an attempt has been made to retain the "cottage quality," it at once appears that the roof and sky line of the house is the real essential point of the problem. This is occasioned by the attempt to make the dwelling seem low and humble in effect,—which actually results in adding to its apparent length, so that what is lost in pretension in one direction is made up in another, and in a way that makes the dwelling much more a part of the landscape, and, therefore, more alluring and attractive. In the determination of these roof lines much study is given, until the scheme as arrived at has eventually been selected.

With the importance of the roof entering so much into the design of the house, it becomes more essential than usual to design the house as a whole,—rather than an elevation at a time, as is so much the practice. As a consequence, the exterior treatment of almost all these houses was arrived at in one extended study, starting with one elevation (generally that one where the plan most clearly expresses and determines an exterior treatment) and extending it in either direction at the sides—which would be put down on the board beside the elevation first started—and finally working around to the opposite front, studied on tracing paper placed over the first made façade, —and with the two side elevations reversed, so as to round off and blend into the other side of the design. This process allows of the entire house itself being so distinctly and fully developed in the mind's eye that it is certain to be harmonious in its exterior, seen from whatever angle or point of view.



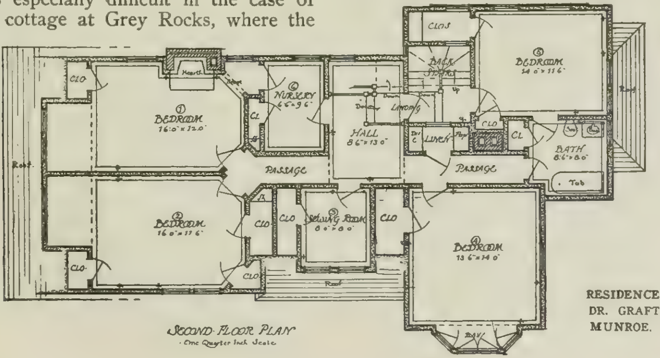
FIRST FLOOR PLAN
One Quarter Inch Scale

RESIDENCE OF
DR. GRAFTON MUNROE.

This image becomes quite as distinct as though it were actually worked out in a plaster or clay model, although such a model I have never actually used. The perspectives, too, are a part of the result of this same study, frequently preceding the actual definition of the elevations; otherwise being laid out roughly in pencil at the very time that the elevations are themselves taking shape, so as to assure that the two elevations being studied are conformable the one to the other.

The problem of the roof contour was especially difficult in the case of the cottage at Grey Rocks, where the land contained no trees or shrubs and was a slightly rounding promontory projecting into the ocean and ending in rock cliffs some thirty or forty feet high, with the road running along the land end of this small cape. Remembering these limitations of environment, the plan and exterior treatment of the house become at once understandable and appropriate.

The Springfield house was the attempt to design a simple, inexpensive cottage dwelling for a small city. A more elaborate and complex version of



SECOND FLOOR PLAN
One Quarter Inch Scale

RESIDENCE OF
DR. GRAFTON
MUNROE.

this same general scheme is shown in the Munroe house. This will appear in the second story especially, where a number of rooms of small size were considered essential by the owner.

It is rather interesting to note the way through which these types of dwelling design were arrived at. Coming first from the West, where at that time dwelling design was in a very immature, crude and chaotic state of development, the crowding number of old Colonial buildings of the New England section came as a fresh inspiration and surprise, so that for a number of years it was difficult for me to conceive any problem in other than this style. The absolute bareness and set conventionality of the plans necessitated by these treatments, however, along with the comparatively few motives available in a classic design, the continued insistence upon the central entrance, etc., soon caused the Colonial style to lose its interest as a medium of expression. In other words, once I found that I was *thoroughly* acquainted and familiar with the gamut of design derived from the style alone, I began to realize its inherent defects.

All the time expended in the study of the New England, and later the Southern Colonial buildings, was certainly not wasted; inasmuch as it resulted in a sense of refinement, of purity of line and outline, and of restraint and reserve in handling that is invaluable. Besides it resulted in a "feeling" for the old so keen, that, from a plan outline or a mere glimpse of the physiognomy of an old house, it has become as easy and intuitive to tell something of its history and the different periods of its development as it is to tell a person's character from a moment's glance at his face. This intuition was learned only by painstaking study and the measuring and drawing out of literally hundreds of old Colonial houses, doorways, stairs, mantels and details; a study that has also been well worth while from its great value in alteration work, inasmuch as it has happened that a great deal of my practice has been in the line of altering and restoring old Colonial dwellings where it has been the desire of the owner to reproduce, in his finished building, as nearly as possible a structure belonging to the best type of the period during which it was first begun.

There next followed a period of study of the plan of the English dwelling, especially as it was working itself out in Great Britain today, while an instant appreciation of its peculiarly homelike qualities followed. The rooms in these buildings are not all opening out the one from the other, so that it is possible to take in the entire first floor of the building at a glance as soon as one has passed over the threshold, as is true of the modern type of Colonial plan with which we are now so familiar in this country. While the connection is close and convenient enough for all family purposes, each room is so disposed as to be somewhat secluded, and so remains to add a second, third or fourth fillip of interest to the visitor, as he discovers them, one after the other. The "unbalance" of plan with the possible location of the entrance at any point made advisable by the disposition of the rooms occasioned by suiting the arrangement to the site, the points of view and the points of the compass, also adds a natural interest and makes possible a much greater variety in the exterior treatment of the building, while the use of modern materials (especially cement plaster) is the more appropriate to this type of dwelling.

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: A SERIES OF LESSONS: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER: NUMBER VIII

> "The very conception of ornament implies a modification of the natural forms on which it may have been founded. There is little in nature that is ready made to the hand of the artist. A masterpiece of art is what it is in virtue of a something which was not in the natural motif of the artist, but in his treatment of it."
>
> —*Lewis F. Day.*

TO conventionalize nature is to adapt a nature derived motif to the structural demands of a problem, to the space and position which it is to occupy, to the tools, materials and processes of execution. A man who has a thorough command over the technique of his craft, who possesses a refined feeling, good judgment and common sense will inevitably turn to nature for suggestion. If he has an appreciation of the elementary principles of line, form and tone adjustment, acquired through persistent observation and experiment, he may be expected to adapt nature to his purposes in a logical and consistent way. A paper-trained designer who essays the production of designs for wall papers that are never printed, textiles that are never woven, iron that is never forged, tiles that are never fired, with only a superficial knowledge of the tools, materials, processes and constructive demands of these industries cannot be expected to find in the word "conventionalization" any other significance than that involved in the more or less formal rendering of a natural specimen. The most interesting conventionalization of nature is found in the work of a trained craftsman who turns to nature for a suggestion that will impart life and animation to the refinement and enrichment of his problem. He can get along very well and produce beautiful work without nature; but with nature as an ally he finds his imagination and inventive faculty stimulated and strengthened many fold.

His treatment of the motif which he seeks may be such as is shown in the first example of Fig. 50, or such as is shown in the second example of this figure. They were both suggested by the wild teazle. One treatment is neither more nor less commendable than the other, and any information as to the source from which the suggestions were derived is quite immaterial in a discussion of the results. We can form no judgment as to the relative merits of the two designs until we see them in position on the constructive problems of which they were merely structural elements. Each was adapted and related to a constructive whole which led to distinctly different treatments of a suggestion derived from the same source. As the designs stand, in this abstract form, there are but three questions to be asked: Is each adapted to the tools and processes peculiar to metal working? Is each thoughtfully arranged in its line and form, space and mass? Is each consistent throughout in its treatment? It would be inconsistent to place the formal, symmetrical ending of the second on the rhythmic, glowing lines of the first. The truth of this is so evident that it would seem unnecessary to mention it; yet we find this simple principle, consistency of treatment, so often violated that its emphasis never ceases to be desirable.

In the first example a rough blocking out sketch is shown of the relation of lines, which was established after the shape and measure of the hinge as an element in the design and the style of treatment were determined. A rhythmic relation of lines and forms

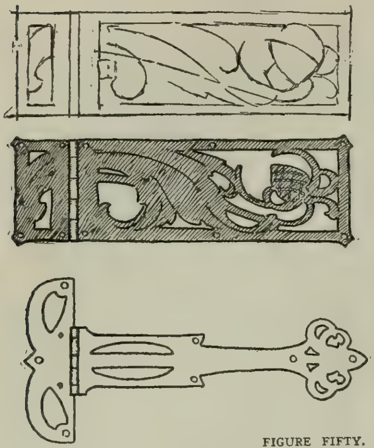


FIGURE FIFTY.

was desired; common sense and the material employed demanded that all of the loose ends of the design be bound together into a compact whole. The question of space and mass adjustment was decided partly by the application of elementary principles of composition, partly by the saw and file.

The amount of conventionalization that is given to a nature derived motif then is not in itself a basis on which any judgment may be formed as to the merit of the result. We may prefer the highly conventionalized symbols of the primitive weavers, or the less conventional treatment of nature to be found in the Oriental textiles. In either case we can form an adequate judgment of the results only on the basis of line, form and tone adjustment and on the technique involved in the weaver's craft.

In Fig. 51 is a pen sketch of a Chinese lily. In one sense even this sketch is conventional in treatment; it is an adaptation of nature to the technique peculiar to pen and ink rendering. Its interest, however, is in light, shade and texture, in the transient qualities which nature has imparted to the Chinese lily. It is obviously unfit in its present form for purposes of design. Whether one prefers a naturalistic treatment in design or a formal, geometric treatment is immaterial. The essential point is that it is necessary to alter, rearrange or in some way adapt the lines and forms here shown before they are suited to our purpose. The style or character in the design is the result of the treatment accorded the motif. The character which comes from treatment is, as we have seen, dependent upon the adjustment of several correlated questions. For the sake of simplicity we have isolated one of those questions for purposes of study. We are aiming at an appreciation of the æsthetic interest of a beauty that is expressed in abstract lines, forms and tones, and of the application of some of the *principles* thus defined to constructive problems, simple problems indeed, but such as may be assumed to be somewhat within reach of our experience.

In the specimen shown we may find, in its typical growth and unique character, material for our ends; or we may seek in an analysis of its parts, bud, leaf or flower, a suitable motif. But one thing is surely clear. If we cannot use the transient beauty with which Nature has endowed this flower, we must in our treatment of the motif impart to our work a beauty of another sort. Here, as

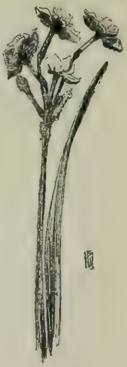


FIGURE FIFTY-ONE.

in all things, Nature furnishes the raw material, but leaves it to man to convert this material to his needs by such processes as he may invent. It is a long step from the tree that grows in the forest, or the unquarried stone in the hills, to the houses in which we live. While Nature may furnish the raw material she does not furnish ready made designs, and will baffle our efforts to find in her the clue to a beautiful design. This last is our share in the game. The beauty which we give to our designs must come from within us; it cannot be found in a study of the specimen, however painstaking or analytical that study may be.

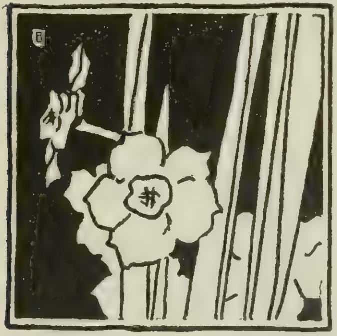


FIGURE FIFTY-TWO.

In Fig. 52 is a treatment of a Chinese lily that may claim to be decorative in character. A specimen has been employed to express a definite idea with no other change than the elimination of realistic details. That idea was the decorative distribution of areas of black and white within a rectangle to secure interesting space and mass relations. To give decorative character to a flower motif, then, is not merely to stiffen its growth into formal lines or to place it in a strait-jacket, but to adapt it to the requirements of a definite idea.

In Figs. 53-54 another idea has found expression. Here the lily has served as a basis for an interest that is dependent entirely on the rhythmic and balanced relation of lines and forms. The results are sufficiently like the lily to demand a consistent adherence to nature's laws of growth; but to judge the beauty of the results we must revert to the idea which they express, not to the motif from which they were derived.

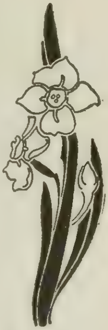


FIGURE FIFTY-THREE.

In Fig. 55 is a line drawing of a single flower, with two symmetrical renderings of that flower, one in curved lines, the other in straight lines. In the two latter cases an effort was made to relate the petals to the center and to give some element of variety in shapes and measures to the areas into which the flower was divided. Beyond this, these conventions have no particular merit or distinction; in fact, we may well prefer the first sketch to either of the others. They should be produced by any one who has an understanding of the simplest of the elementary principles noted in the first number of

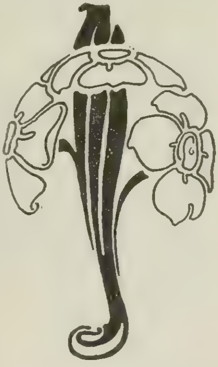


FIGURE FIFTY-FOUR.

this series. But these two conventions were made with a definite purpose in mind,—an application to a repeated design. In the completion of the idea involved in these repeated designs may be found a justification for the treatment accorded the flower.

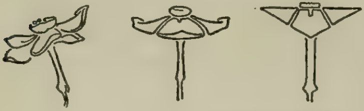


FIGURE FIFTY-FIVE.

In the first result, Plate 36, the unit shown in Fig. 54 is repeated at regular intervals, with a rhythmic, graceful movement from unit to unit. The design furnishes a pattern that is pleasing in character; it is an obvious and simple treatment of a surface pattern in which nature is subordinated to a definite idea. It demanded a comparatively small amount of skill, however. The importance of a design increases in ratio to the number and variety of elements that have been disciplined into a unity of effect. In Plates 37-38 are designs that demanded more skill and a greater concentration of thought. In the latter the background has been accepted as an element in the design; an effort has been made to adjust three tones, black, white and gray, into a unity to which each shall contribute. The achievement, or rather, the effort, is to this extent more important than in Plate 36. In the last plate one would probably never suspect the motif from which the pattern started.

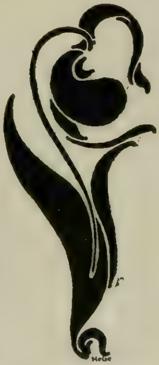


FIGURE FIFTY-SIX.

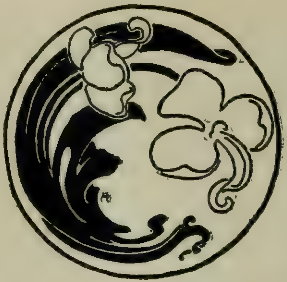


FIGURE FIFTY-SEVEN.

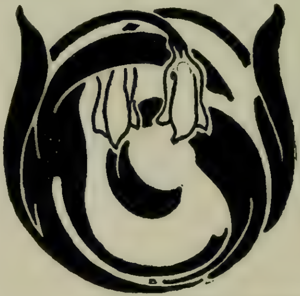
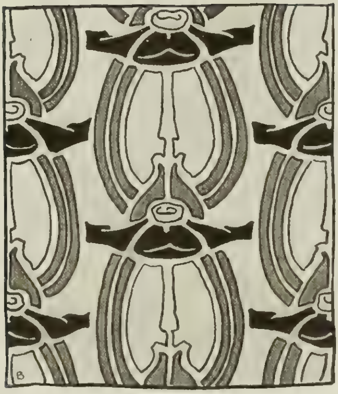
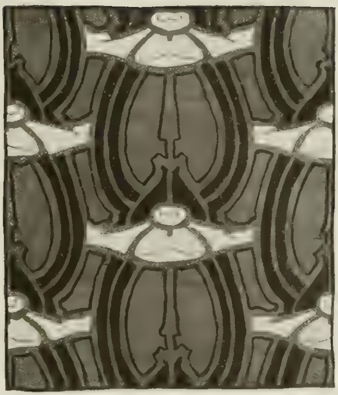
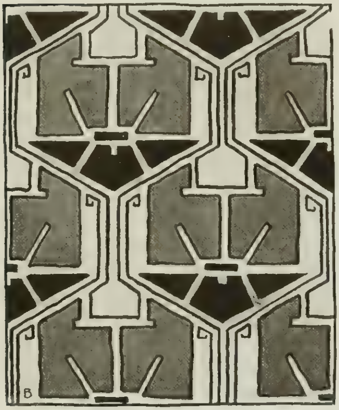


FIGURE FIFTY-EIGHT.

So we find that we may accept the growth and character of nature almost literally, as in Fig. 52, or may seek in nature suggestions which, when adapted to our ideas, leave merely an incidental trace of the motif in the result. It matters not from what source the motif is derived, so long as the result is consistent throughout in its adherence to or departure from the specific character of the motif; and least of all is an identity of the motif essential in a discussion of the merit of the design. If the treatment has







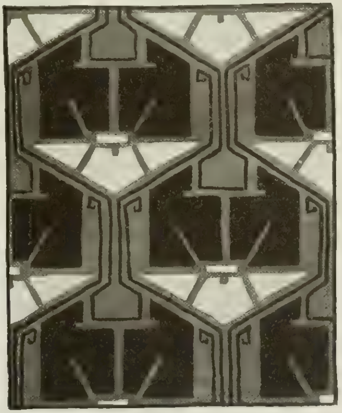
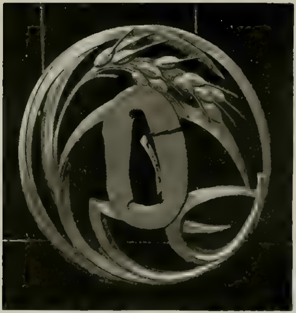
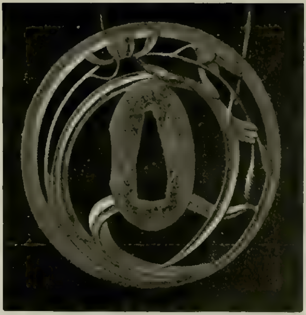
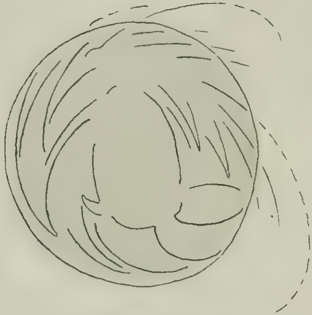


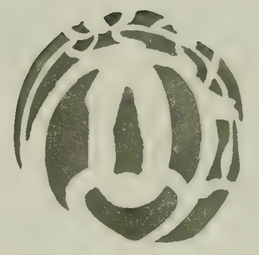
PLATE THIRTY-SEVEN

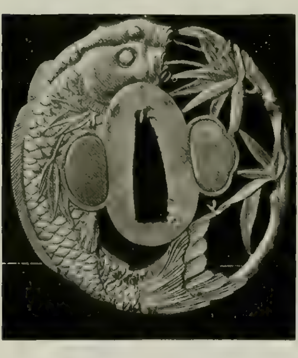
PLATE THIRTY-EIGHT.











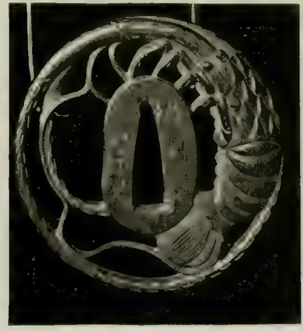
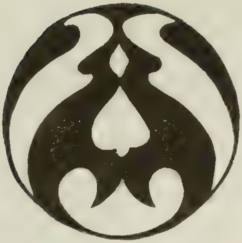
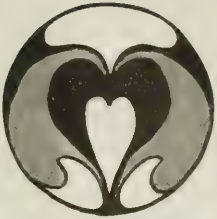
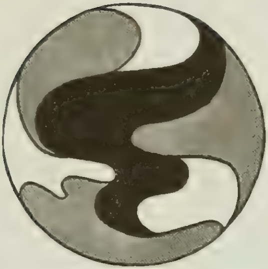
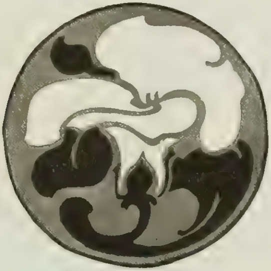


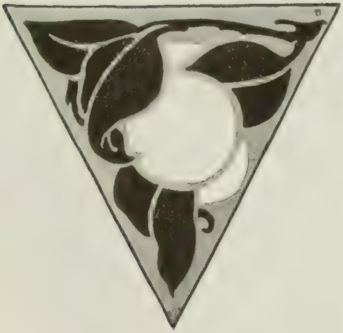
PLATE FORTY.
PLATE FORTY-ONE.











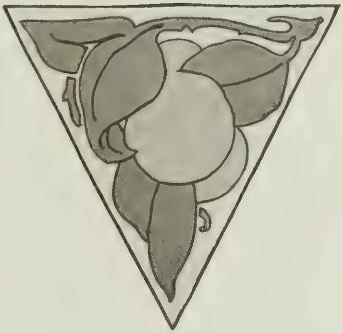


PLATE THIRTY NINE

PLATE FORTY FOUR

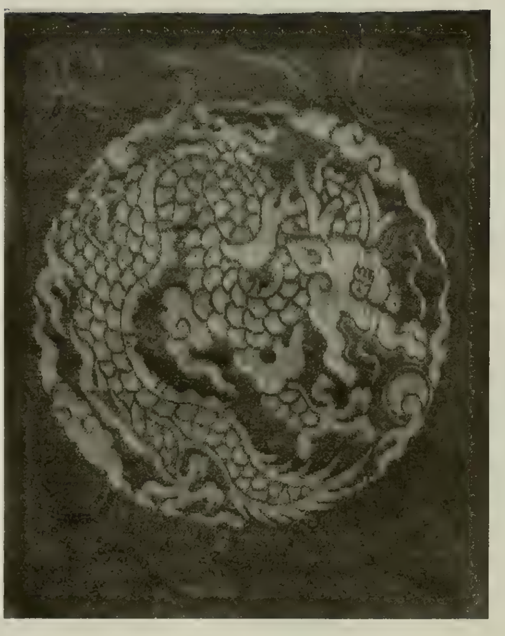


PLATE FORTY-TWO.

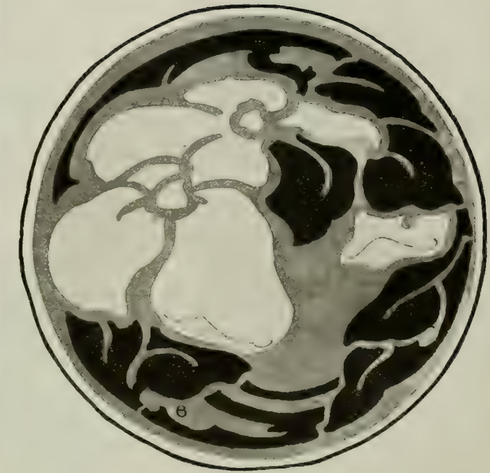


PLATE FORTY THREE.

any claim to be called decorative it must be based on an interpretation of the elementary principles of line, form and tone composition.

Problem.—It is not proposed, in this series of articles at any rate, to develop the idea of decorative composition along the line indicated in Fig. 52. Rather, let us continue from the treatment of abstract forms suggesting nature in terms of rhythm and balance, as outlined last month, to a direct interpretation of nature in the same terms, gradually working our way back to the geometric basis from which we started. As a first step to this end let us apply the ideas defined by the abstract flower forms to particular specimens from nature, as in Fig. 53 and Fig. 56, the latter from the moccasin flower. In this translation of natural growth into a flat treatment, dependent for interest on the relation and character of the various elements of black and white, will be found a test of the feeling that is within us for rhythm and balance. It will be necessary to watch carefully each line and form; each form must possess some interest on its own account and must be related to the other shapes and measures in a common movement. Moreover, this movement should have a definite beginning, an unfolding and a conclusion. Illustrations of this problem might be multiplied, showing a similar treatment of various specimens from nature; these two, though, will be sufficient to indicate the point of the problem.

Now let us continue the idea to the application of the same principles to a natural growth within an enclosing figure. A simple, abstract problem will serve to define the intent of this treatment. (Plate 39.) Within a circle of about three inches diameter see if you can swing a series of live curves, breaking the circle into space divisions, in which each line is rhythmically related to the circumference of the circle. If you will follow with a pencil the lines in any of the figures of this plate you will have the essential point of the problem. There is a natural and easy flow of lines from the circumference of the circle, back to the circumference. As these lines are made it will be found that areas are formed. Each area must be interesting in its contour and related in measure to the other areas. It will be found, almost invariably, that one area persists in remaining as a mere accidental hole in the result, refusing to come into the same plane with the others. To subdue this obstinate area and keep all of the spots in a single flat plane demands more skill than a mere statement of the difficulty may imply.

Now let us choose some specimen from nature and apply this idea to its arrangement within an enclosing form. Plates 40-41-42 serve to illustrate the intent of the problem and an application of the idea in the work of designers who were masters of their materials. In Plate 40 are two sketches showing in one a related movement of lines, in the other the space and mass arrangements. Note in both the way in which variety with unity has been achieved. Of special interest is the grouping of the kernels of grain in the first. Here alone there is evidence of a master's touch, of a refined feeling that does not stop short of the last minute detail in the finished product. In Plate 42 the dragon, a creature of the imagination, has been chosen as a basis for the arbitrary breaking of a circle into space and mass relations of dark and light.

Fig. 57 represents the simplest version of the problem we are now to solve. Here the lines and forms of natural growth have been fitted to the demands of a rhythmic composition

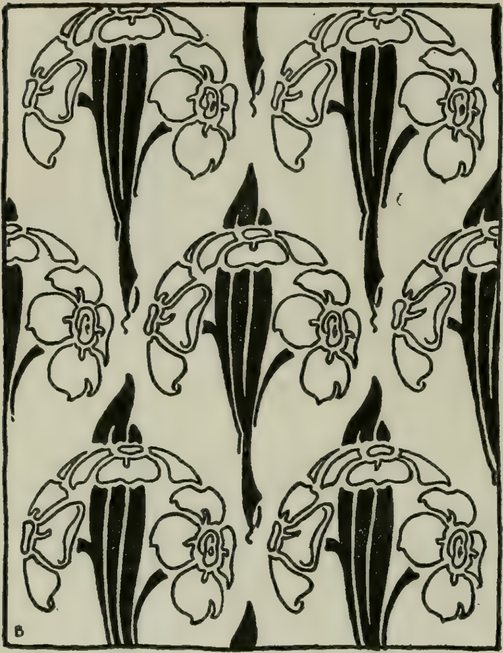


PLATE THIRTY-SIX

within a circle. The problem will be found sufficiently difficult if we eliminate details and treat the growth in one simple flat plane. In Fig. 58, from the yellow adder's tongue, is a more difficult expression of the idea. In the opposition of two specimens there is always serious trouble involved at the growing points. The trouble was averted by approaching the problem from the point of view of a black and white composition, subordinating nature to the principles governing such a composition of lines and forms. In Plate 43 another difficulty is added to the problem by attempting to secure a balance of three values in the result. In this acceptance of another element the importance of the effort increases. In Fig. 59 the orange has been adapted to the form of a triangle. The idea involved in the problem remains unchanged. If you will refer to Fig. 27 in the February CRAFTSMAN you will find the same problem expressed in simpler terms. If the simple, geometric statement of the idea was understood it will be seen that the present problem merely multiplies the difficulties by removing the props furnished by the squared paper and a limitation to straight lines. The design must proceed from the whole to the parts, from a tentative blocking out of the lines and forms to the final touches of refinement of execution. It is unnecessary to enslave oneself to a "leading line." There may be many shifts and changes of the first tentative lines as a solution develops; but not for a moment must one lose sight of the necessity of relating all of the lines and forms to a common purpose. In Plate 44 are two renderings of the result. In one is a balance of three values; in the other a dominant contrast has been given to the leaf forms.

Incidentally it may be asked: Why should one commend the treatment accorded nature in Plates 40-41 and condemn the naturalistic character of the iron work shown in Fig. 46 last month? Here in one of these plates, the scales of a fish and the leaves of the bamboo are detailed with painstaking exactness. But if we give more careful thought to a consideration of the motives underlying the work of the Japanese artisan and the rococo blacksmith we shall find a fundamental difference in the aims and results. To suspend a naturalistic iron festoon of beribboned flowers from a bracket is quite feasible if the worker has sufficient technical skill to imitate with more or less exactness or through technical mannerisms a carefully arranged model placed before him. There is no great amount of mental exertion evident in such a piece of work. The French potter, Bernard Palissy, in his fervent plea that the beauty of nature alone was sufficient excuse for its unrestrained application to design, went so far as to make casts from frogs, shells and fishes for use in his work, giving to these casts all the realistic character that his glazes permitted. And the closer he came to nature the less interesting his product became. He expected nature to do his designing for him. In his work, beyond the admittable technique involved in the execution, there was no evidence of system or orderly thought; an idea was lacking. While a motif from nature may be beautiful on its own account, any effort to beat that beauty into iron, weave it into cloth, chisel it in marble or model it in clay can end in nothing short of disaster. In the work of the Japanese artisans each detail is made to conform to the idea that the worker had in mind to express. These examples serve, as well as any that might be found, to illustrate the truth that not in the demands of utility alone, nor in tools, materials or logical construction, much less in nature, can be found the key to a beautiful and distinctive product. A designer's work will inevitably form an index to the soundness of his judgment, the strength of his imagination, the depth of his feeling. From within him must proceed the idea that stamps his work as beautiful or ugly, distinctive or commonplace, worthy or unworthy. Nature stubbornly refuses to do his thinking for him.

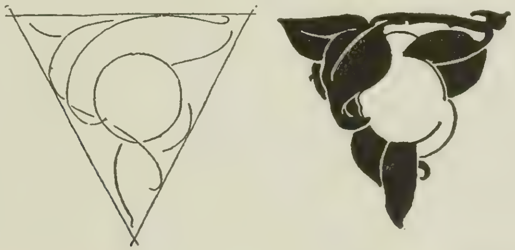


FIGURE FIFTY-NINE.

ARTISTIC VALUE GAINED BY THE RIGHT USE OF LARGE OBJECTS IN ROOM ARRANGEMENT: BY MARY LINTON BOOKWALTER

HOW many houses are there which give you the impression that they are built and furnished after a design that was thought out as a whole? Can you think of a single room that will bring the exclamation: "How satisfying!" Why is it that composition in line, form and color seems to be so lacking in assembling the possessions which fill the average room or the average house? When a table is needed, how much thought is given to its size, color and relation to the other objects in the room? When a chair is added, is there any consideration of the question of its height in relation to the objects near which it will be placed? If a wall space is bare, a picture or several pictures are bought, but does the purchaser give the keynote to a beautiful effect to be produced in the room, or have so many spots been added to the mass of unrelated objects? If an ornament is required for the mantelshelf or top of the table, it will probably be bought to fill the space,—and it will look as if it were there to perform its mission.

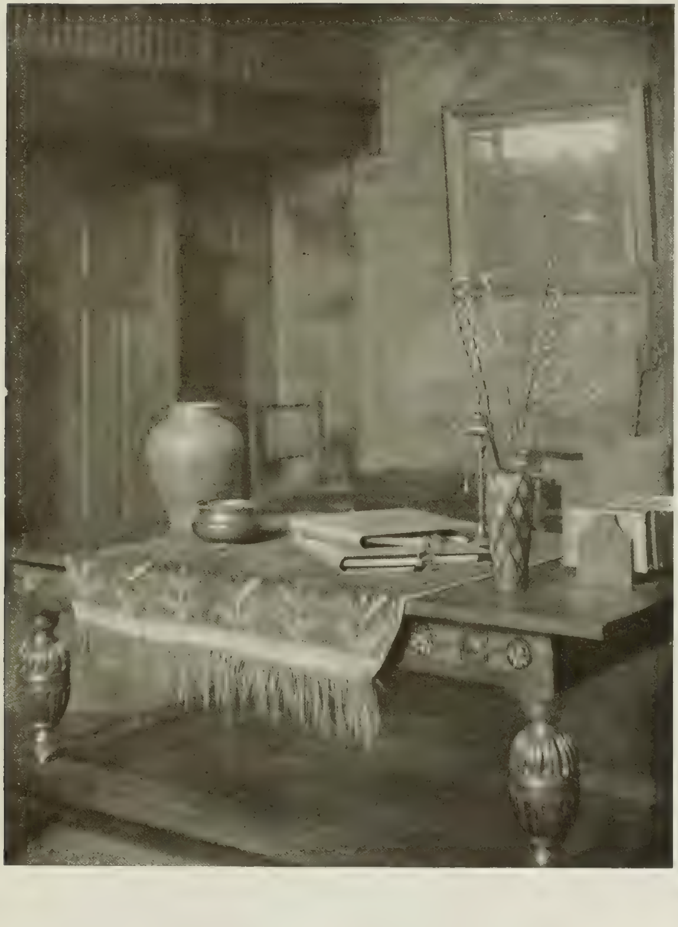
The problem this month is to consider the value of large objects in room arrangement.

The tendency shown in all houses is to buy too many things. The drawing room or living room in a city house has become a museum of purchases. What the walls cannot hold are placed in cabinets and on the tables. The floor is crowded with furniture of all kinds,—some of it perfectly useless.

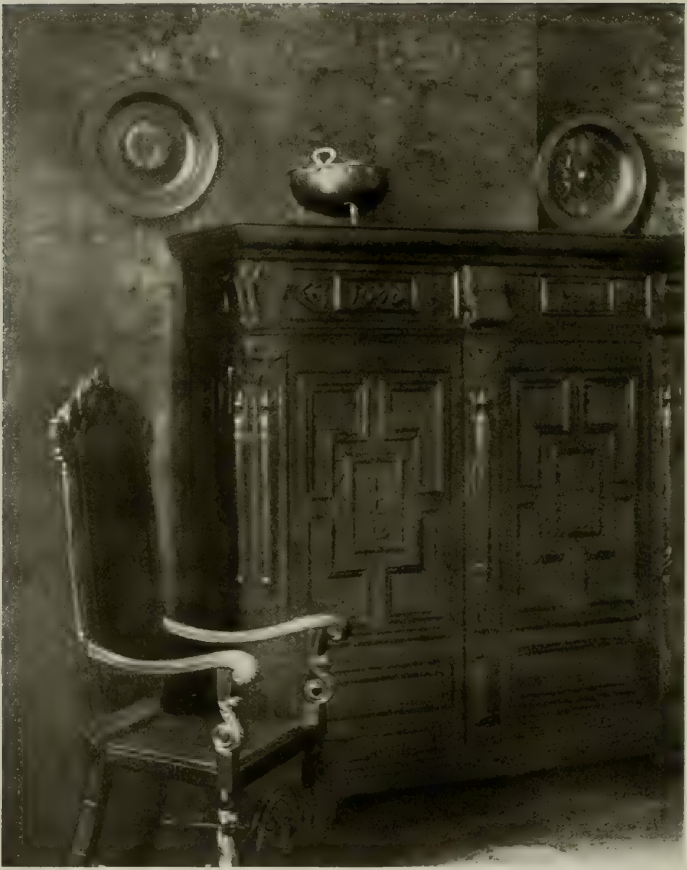
Have you watched an artist arrange his pictures? An important canvas will be placed to its best advantage—then a note of color in the room disturbs the harmony in his canvas, and a fabric of neutral tone is hung back of the canvas. If two or more pictures are hung with this one which is to be the keynote of the group, they will be in color and size a foil to the beauty of the central canvas. What does this teach? First, that if you were to hang six canvases of equal size, side by side, you would have a repetition in size and form which would produce monotony, and each picture would lose a certain value which could be instantly felt if it were hung to advantage. Second, that in the grouping of three pictures on a wall, the arrangement of ornaments on a shelf, or of furniture in a room, you have a distinct lesson in composition which requires thought in color, line and spacing. You need the large object which gives the keynote of your composition.

If you wish the picture to be the point around which your entire room scheme is built, instead of the center of interest in a single wall space, let that one canvas be as fine in color and line as you can purchase, and, as you add an ornament, a chair, a table, let each object have in itself the same quality in thought and color as that given by the keynote of the room. Study carefully the color of your picture—then, whatever you do for the walls, pillows, table cover and ornaments, relate in quantity and quality of tone to this central point in your scheme.

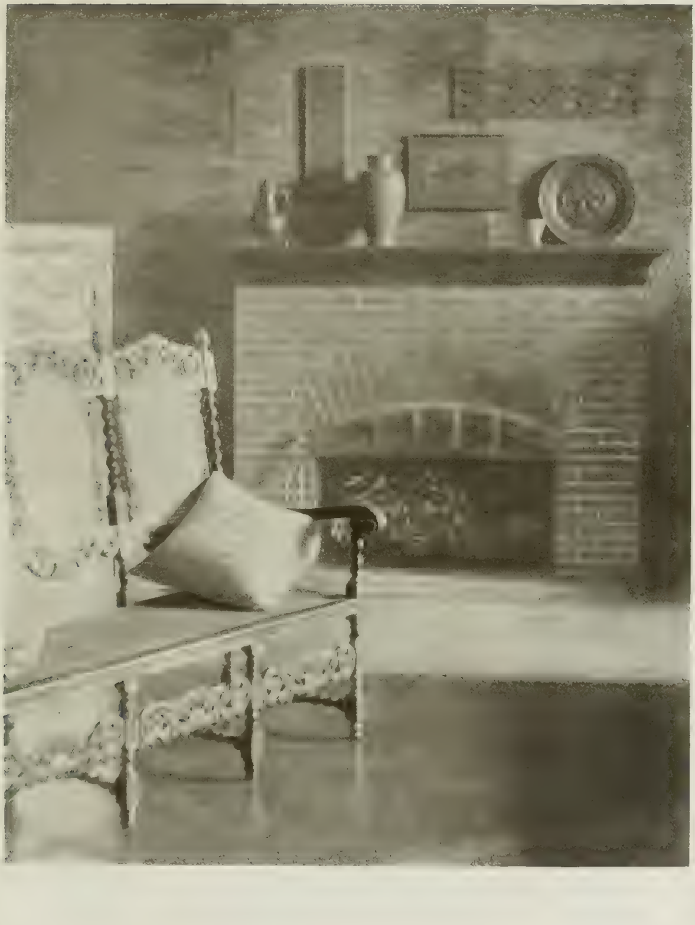
The four illustrations given here represent what has been done in one room carrying out this thought. In the first illustration is a glimpse of one side of the room, including the table, its ornaments, and the wall beyond. The thought underlying this scheme was to assemble in a room to be used for work the necessary furniture and the objects which would give beauty to the room.



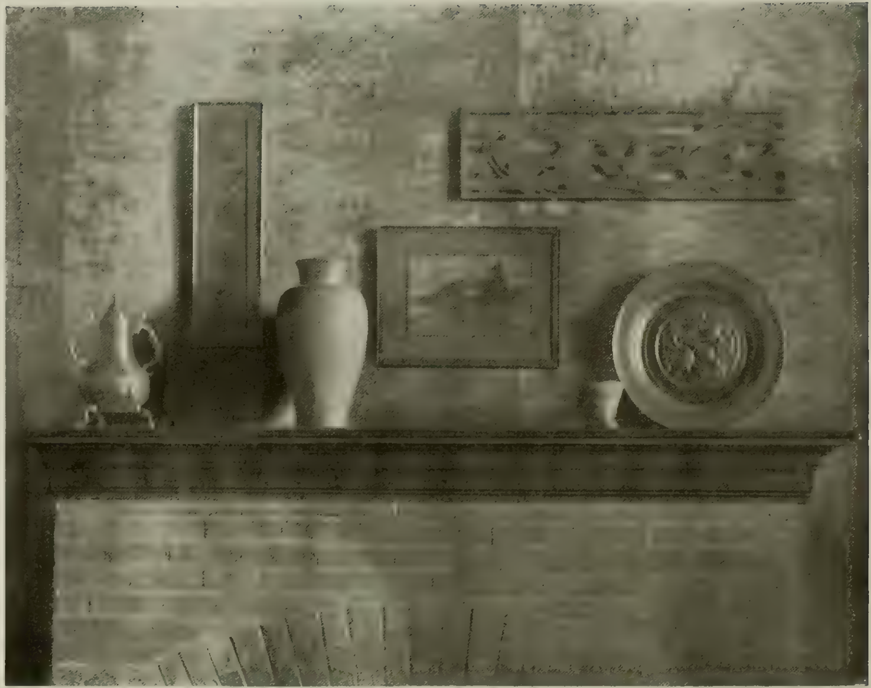
"THE EFFECT WHICH WAS SOUGHT FOR IN FURNISHING THIS ROOM WAS DIGNITY AND REPOSE, QUALITIES WHICH CANNOT BE GAINED BY THE USE OF MANY LITTLE THINGS."



WHERE ONLY A FEW CHOICE OBJECTS ARE WELL RELATED IN A ROOM AN IMPRESSION OF BEAUTY IS QUICKLY RECEIVED.



IN THIS CORNER OF THE ROOM THE SETTEE, SCREEN AND FIREPLACE MAKE AN EFFECTIVE ARRANGEMENT IN COMPOSITION AND COLOR.



THE ORNAMENTS ON MANTEL REPRESENT SIX NATIONALITIES, YET AS A WHOLE PRESENT AN INTERESTING AND HARMONIOUS COLOR SCHEME.

The effect which was sought was that of dignity and repose, qualities which can never be gained by the use of many little things. The expression must be brought to the eye by big simple lines and the repose of large plain spaces. If richness is also desired, then the judicious use of ornament in carving may be added, but the strong constructive lines must always be the dominant idea.

When the balance in form is obtained, the next important step will be the relation of the color masses. If this is not balanced in the same big way as the contrasting forms, the simplicity of the scheme will be marred. In the illustration already described the color combination of the painting is the tan and brown of a frosty November day when the trees and shrubs are nearly bare, with a green-blue touch in the sky and its reflection in the frozen stream. The cloth for the wall covering is a gray with only a hint of green in it. Below the painting is a large, plain tan-gold screen with a gray-green border around the panels. On the settee are two pillows, one in gray-green, the other in gold. The tall vase on the table takes the peculiar gray-green tone and the rug shows the tans and browns, while the antique brasses are of the gold tone and the large jar is a piece of old Japanese Iga pottery,—a vase of rare beauty in size and color. The dignity and repose of such an arrangement, with only a few choice objects well related, is quickly felt.

In the second illustration is shown the cupboard, which was built to hold large portfolios and working drawings. Two or three cases might have been built, but one large piece, fine in construction, and a balance for the massive table, was thought to be a finer scheme. The cupboard has above it a piece of tapestry in quiet colors, with two cathedral plaques on either side and a copper ornament the only object on top. A tall, slender chair of fine lines is placed near the cupboard. As you study these illustrations the consistency in the assembling of the furniture will be seen, as well as the adaptation to the present requirements of the room.

As you look into the room in the third illustration the furniture grouped near the painting and the fireplace with its ornaments make a composition in line and color. The unattractive feature in this grouping is the brickwork of the fireplace, which is not in keeping with the better details of the room. The owner of the room has the furniture arranged at the right of the fireplace in such a manner that a shadow falls across this facing, and the eye follows from the color of the pillows on the seat across the screen and up to the ornaments on the shelf and the wall above.

In the fourth illustration is a detailed study of the mantelshelf. The group of ornaments and prints represent six totally different types of craftsmanship and as many nationalities, but each piece, because of its color and form and its relation to the entire scheme, helps to make an arrangement of great interest. The large gray-green jar, in certain lights, loses its contour against the background. This same tone is taken up by the Hiroshige landscape, which also carries the warm tans and coppers of the other ornaments.

This problem teaches the value of owning a few fine, large objects and only a sufficient number of smaller ones well related to the general scheme. We need to take a lesson from the household practice in Japan of showing on certain festival days a single print or painting with the right environment, and learn not to litter our rooms with meaningless collections of inartistic, insignificant objects.

SOME DECORATIVE DESIGNS FOR FURNITURE; OIL LAMPS AND LANTERNS FOR COUNTRY USE; EFFECTIVE NEEDLEWORK FOR SASH CURTAINS

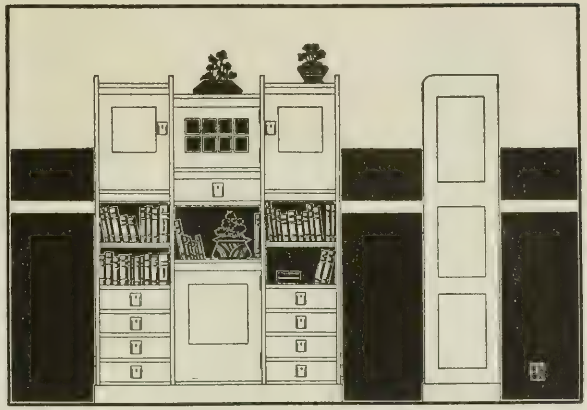
THE designs for cabinet work given this month in THE CRAFTSMAN show a slight departure from the severity of the strictly Craftsman style, illustrating instead certain modifications now much in vogue in Holland, Germany and Austria. These designs were drawn by an artist of this new school, and have in them a decorative quality which we think will prove of interest to many of our amateur cabinetmakers.

In plan, proportion and in the decorative use of structural features there is a certain intentional effect of quaintness which is very interesting. For example, in the bookcase shown in the first illustration the arrangement of the open bookshelves with relation to the cupboards above and the drawers below gives to the piece a marked individuality which would make it an interesting piece of furniture in any room. The door and drawer pulls and escutcheons are also definitely decorative in character, and the placing of the square panels in the cupboard doors, as well as the use of the small leaded panes of glass in the door of the upper central compartment, all combine to carry out consistently the quaint effect that is desired. This piece, and those that follow, are close enough to the Craftsman models to combine with them very well in a general scheme of furnishing, and in many instances would add much to the decorative effect of a room.

The combination bookcase and secretary shown in the second illustration carries out the same idea; the open compartments which serve as bookshelves being placed with an eye to the decorative effect of the whole. The square central cupboard is divided into a set of rather intricate pigeonholes for use as a secretary, and the long cupboards at the sides, as well as those at the top, give additional room for filing away manuscripts. In this piece there is a touch of applied ornament in the small geometrical design which is inlaid in black wood in the upper part of each long panel.

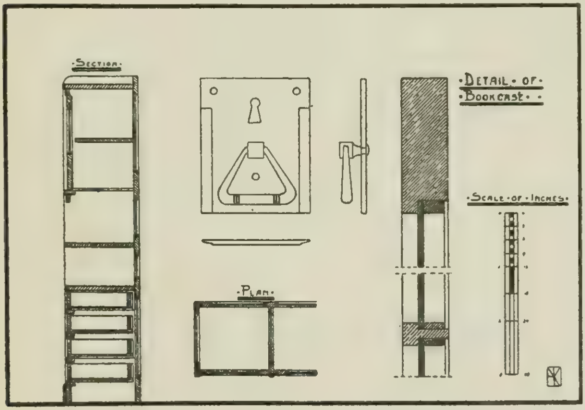
The third model shown is a combination bookcase and desk. More open shelf-room for books is provided in this piece, though there is also ample provision for the filing away of papers and manuscripts in the cupboards and drawers. In this case the inlay takes the form of one tiny square in the center of each of the small panels in the upper cupboard doors, and of four squares in each of the lower panels.

The fourth piece shows more intentional ornamentation than the others of the group. In addition to the leaded panes at the top and the inlaid design on the panels of the three lower doors, the escutcheons and hinges are definitely decorative in character, and the corner posts depart from the usual severity of line in being chamfered at the top and bottom and in showing a beading, which also appears below the doors. If the plainer effect is preferred, all these touches of decoration may, of course, be omitted, as the use of them is entirely a matter of personal preference.

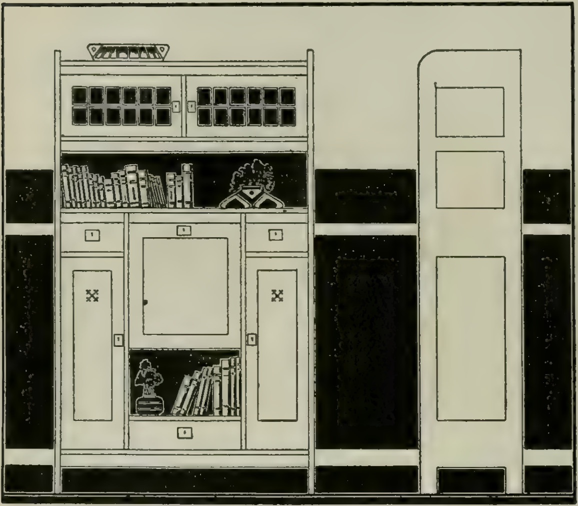


A CUPBOARD WITH OPEN BOOKSHELVES.

THIS month we are giving designs in oil lamps expressly adapted for use in camps or country houses. The hanging lamp first illustrated may be made of iron, copper or brass, although either copper or brass is preferable, as mica is used for the shades of these lamps, and the contrast between the white mica and iron seems too great. A fount about eight or ten inches in diameter may be purchased, and then a cylinder with a closed bottom may be made to hold the fount. The use of the cylinder is to catch any oil that might run over the burner. At the top of the cylinder a ring about 1½

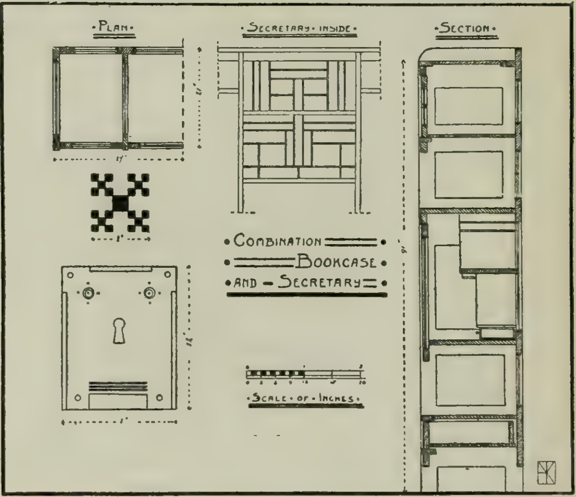


DETAIL DRAWING OF CUPBOARD.

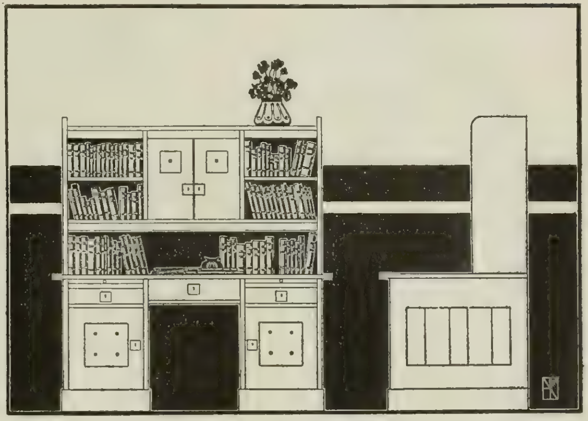


inches wide should be secured with rivets, both to reinforce the cylinder and to give a sufficient thickness for fastening the hanger that is bent in the form of a scroll at this point. We described in the December issue of THE CRAFTSMAN the method of making founts and cylinders for oil lamps. If the fount is eight inches in diameter, the shade should measure about twenty inches across. A small fount of five inches would require a shade of sixteen or eighteen inches in diameter. The same method of constructing the shade that we have already carefully described in the November issue may be carried out here. Heretofore we have used glass and silk in most cases, but we prefer mica for these shades because of its lightness and durability.

The surface of the mica may be given a texture by etching it with emery or sandpaper on both sides, allowing the scratches to run perpendicular with the



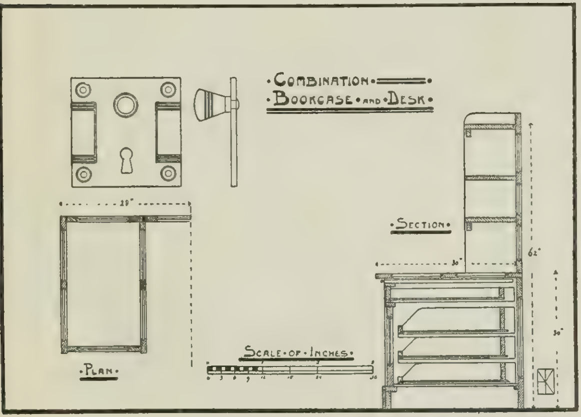
COMBINATION BOOKCASE AND SECRETARY WITH WORKING PLAN.



COMBINATION BOOKCASE AND DESK.

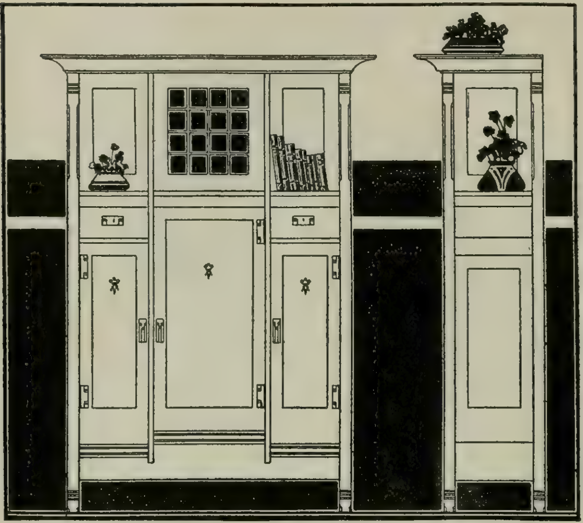
shade. As is seen in the illustration, a number of pieces of mica are riveted together. This is done by lapping one piece over the other enough to allow a rivet to be hammered without fraying the edge of the mica. Small lugs should be riveted to the inside of the shade in the manner already described in the directions for making fastenings for shades that require glass. A good, substantial burner should be used, so that a support or standard might be applied or set into the small ring that is constructed for this purpose on all ordinary burners. The wire standards that generally are furnished with burners would be too weak to support a shade of this sort.

The screws or rivets that secure the fount cylinder to the hanger should be made sufficiently tight, so that the lamp will not turn in the hanger, as this would cause disaster in case of any strong breeze.



WORKING PLAN OF COMBINATION BOOKCASE AND DESK.

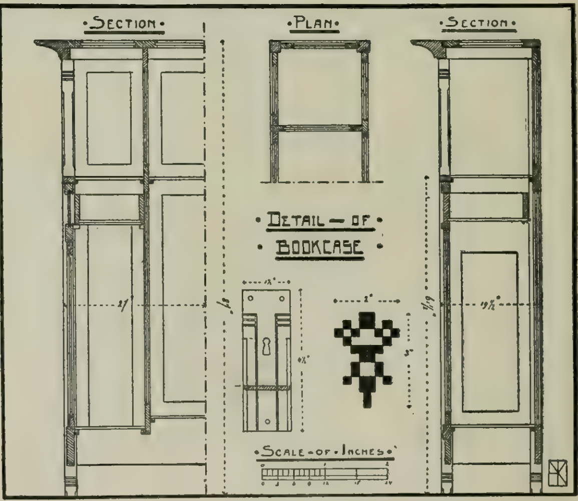
The hanger is made of 1¼ by ⅛ inch metal, bent as shown in the design. We would suggest that the hanger might be made of iron, as combinations of iron and copper are in some instances very satisfactory. The two links of the chain may also be of iron, and the canopy of copper or brass. The canopy should be



about 5 or 6 inches in diameter, the size to be determined by the place where the lamp will be hung. If the lamp is to hang in a hallway or vestibule, it would be advisable to allow the hanger to connect directly to the canopy, leaving out the two links of chain, so that it will not swing so easily. The same method of finishing the metal may be applied as we have already described a number of times in previous issues.

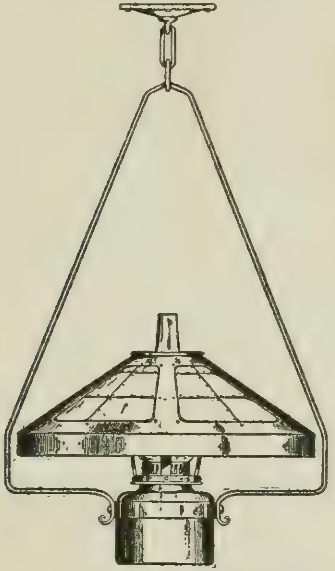
The second hanging lamp is similar to the lamp first described. Instead of a bar for the hanger, chains are used in this lamp. These chains may be made very decorative by making the links long, with round rings between. The shade is made as already described, except that six pieces of mica instead of four may be used.

The fount is supported by a crossbar that extends from each hook in the band of the shade, so that the chain is connected with the ring that surrounds the fount cylinder.



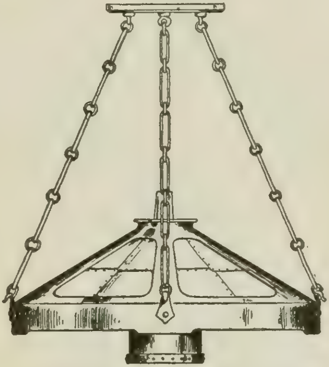
BOOKCASE WITH INTERESTING ORNAMENTATION: WORKING PLAN OF SAME.

The fount and cylinder both should slip inside this ring, so the fount can be removed and filled. Also, if any oil has accumulated in the bottom of the cylinder, it may be poured out without turning the shade. Hooks may be forged or hammered from heavy sheet metal. The same rivets that attach the hooks to the shade should connect the cross-arms that support the fount. These cross-arms may be about ¾ by ⅛ of an inch.



HANGING LAMP FOR OIL.

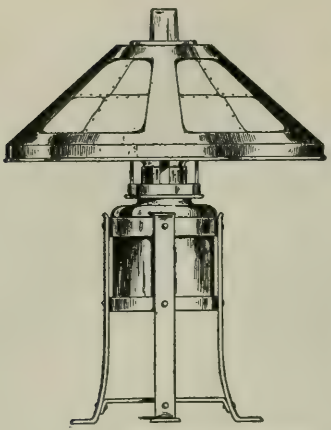
In making the shades care should be taken to finish the inside well, as they are open at the bottom and hung overhead, so that the inner part of the shade is as much in view as the outside. The canopy may be made of a round block of wood, preferably oak, beveled and finished with sandpaper, then stained, rubbed down and waxed. This canopy is secured to the ceiling with screws, and a flat metal plate, to catch the smoke, is tacked or screwed on the wood canopy directly inside the couplings.



METAL HANGING LAMP WITH CHAINS.

The shade on the table lamp is made like the others, only smaller, with four pieces of mica in each panel. Both edges of the shade may be turned over a wire, in the case of a table lamp, as it is to be handled often, and any sharp edges of the metal should be avoided. The wire not only gives thickness to the edge of the shade, but supports it. The mica in all cases should be scratched with emery paper, as without this treatment it is too transparent.

A support for the shade may be made in the same manner as for the first hanging lamp. A fount and cylinder should be set in a frame made of four supports connected by two rings. The supports should be made of metal about 1¼ or 1½ inches wide by ⅛ of an inch thick. The top ring measures the same, but the bottom ring should be only ¾

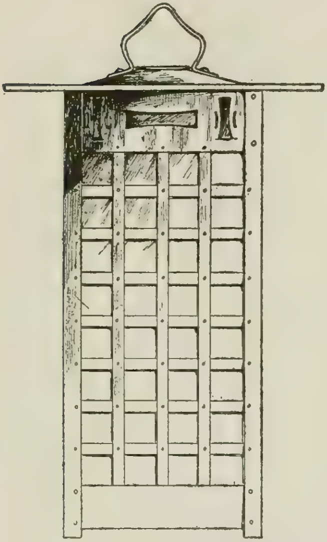


METAL TABLE LAMP FOR OIL.

of an inch wide, to give a needed contrast. The supports should be flared slightly at the bottom and the feet turned out, with cross braces of the same width and thickness riveted just above the turn.

The lantern shown here is designed to hang in a hall or vestibule. It has the appearance of an electric lantern, the fount being fastened inside, as shown in the working detail. This lantern should measure about 8 by 17½ inches, and the roof projects over the frame about 2½ inches. A hole is left in the top of the roof to allow the smoke to escape. The frame is constructed of a thin piece of sheet metal, about No. 18 or 20 gauge, making four strips 2 inches wide by the desired length. These are bent in the center at right angles, so that 1 inch is given at each angle. These strips form the corners for the lantern. A crosspiece directly under the roof should be made of one piece of metal four times the width of the lantern, bent into a square forming four sides, with the ends brought together at the corners. The openings indicated in the design should be cut out with a jeweler's saw or chisel. A flange measuring about ⅜ of an inch is allowed to bend up under the roof, and this flange is to be riveted to the roof. The four corner pieces are riveted to the square flange directly under the roof. Another frame of the same size is bent at the bottom of the lantern, only this is plain. The strips should be cut about ⅜ of an inch wide, and the lantern frame should be divided in squares, with the strips running lengthwise riveted over those running across. The long strips should then be bent under each frame at the top. We would suggest that glass be used in this lantern instead of mica, in order to give it sufficient weight to keep it from swinging in a draught. A flange should be bent under at the bottom frame to support the glass, and a lug should be riveted in each corner for additional support. The glass should not extend past the openings at the upper portion of the lantern, as these are intended for draught outlets. The smoke should go through the top opening in the roof and the draught through the sides. As is shown in the working detail, a ring is attached to the fount with four hooks bending down. These are fastened to the ring. A lug is secured to each corner with an eyelet large enough to allow the hook to slip easily. To remove the lamp it may be lifted up, allowing the hooks to pass out of the eyelet, then turned slightly one way or the other and lowered.

To make the hooks, the rings should be drilled with holes large enough to slip a ¼-inch wire. The holes should be countersunk on the inside of the ring. A piece of ¼-inch wire should be rounded off at one end and bent to form a hook; this is to be slipped in the ring, clamping the hook part in the

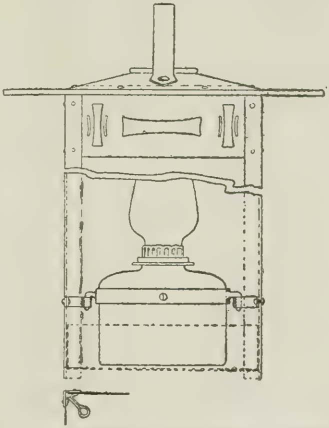


OIL LANTERN FOR HALL.

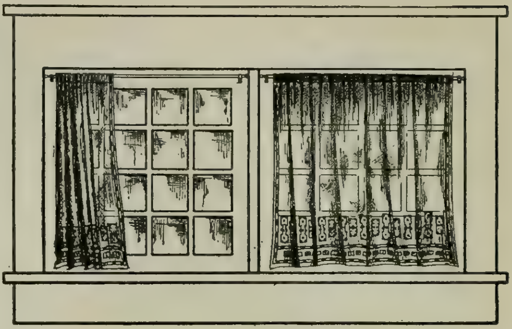
vise tightly and using the ball-pein of the hammer to rivet the other end of the hook into the countersunk hole until it is perfectly tight. After these are fastened the ring may be secured to the fount with screws. A loop is formed at the top of the lantern, that the chain may be connected either with the ring or a large hook. The edge of the loop should be turned up slightly in order to give it thickness, not showing the edge of the metal. In all of these lamps the metal should be carefully hammered with the flat of the hammer instead of the pein. The rivets should be riveted with the pein of the hammer instead of being set with a set punch, as is usually done in most workshops. All the edges should be smoothed well with emery cloth.

The Craftsman will be glad to furnish the mica for any of these lamps in case it is not to be easily obtained. Mica measuring 5 by 5 inches costs about $3.00 a pound. A pound of mica will probably make at least ten shades. Mica should not be split too thin, as it should have sufficient thickness to allow the rivets to be well hammered. The Craftsman will be glad to aid any worker who may find it difficult to construct the shades, or to understand the proper angles in making the patterns.

We give here some designs in darned work done on net with a square open mesh, which appeals to us as a most desirable form of decoration for window or sash curtains. We have found in our own experimenting with this form of needlework that the best effects are produced by the use of pure white silk or linen floss upon a net of deep écru or tea color, as this color tempers the light coming into the room to a delightful mellow tone,



WORKING PLAN FOR HALL LANTERN.



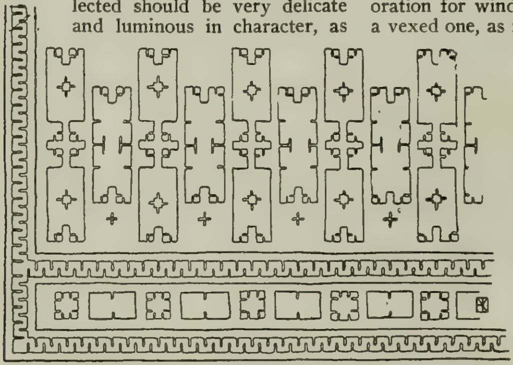
SASH CURTAINS OF DARNED NET.

and the white silk lends a silvery glint to the band of darned work.

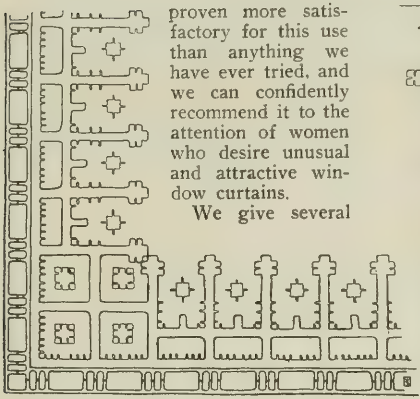
The work itself is simple to a degree, and any one of these designs may be carried out easily by studying the design with care, and calculating the number of meshes to be included in each line. Like cross-stitch, it is entirely a matter of counting the meshes and using only straight lines to produce the effects desired. We have found that the best net for the purpose has a very firm weave and a square mesh about 1/16 of an inch in size. The coarse silk or linen floss fills this mesh without crowding it, allowing the light to penetrate around the thread in such a way as to give it the peculiar silvery glint that forms the chief charm of the work. It may, of course, be done in colors, if required, but to give good results the tints selected should be very delicate and luminous in character, as otherwise they look like dark streaks when held up against the light.

In the illustration of a sash curtain given here we show the effect of this form of decoration as applied to a short curtain. It is equally good for long draperies that are meant to hang close to the glass and admit the light, and a very little study will adapt any one of these designs to a curtain of almost any size.

The question of the right sort of decoration for window draperies is always a vexed one, as it is so difficult to get a design that will be bold enough to convey the desired effect and yet translucent enough not to look like a series of blots against the light. We have gained some admirable effects with stenciling, but have not been especially successful with the more elaborate forms of needlework. The kind of work just described and the designs given here have



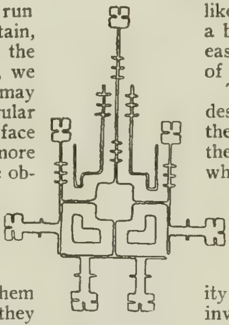
DESIGN FOR DARNED NET CURTAINS.



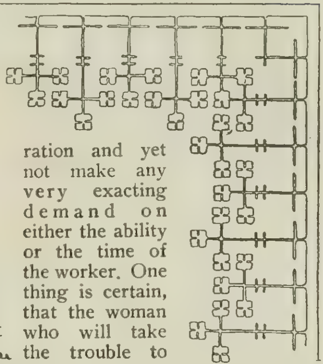
proven more satisfactory for this use than anything we have ever tried, and we can confidently recommend it to the attention of women who desire unusual and attractive window curtains.

We give several designs for borders to run across the foot of the curtain, or across the foot and up the side. In addition to these, we give a spot design which may be placed at regular or irregular intervals over the whole surface of the curtain, giving a more unstudied effect than can be obtained by the use of the border.

These designs are, of course, largely suggestive, and any one who takes the trouble to work them out will find not only that they are easily done, but that each one suggests a number of other figures and combinations to suit the weave of the net or the character and size of the finished curtain. The idea should be well carried out in an allover design as well as in the border and spot designs. In fact, its possibilities are limited only by the inventiveness of the needleworker. The work is swiftly and easily done, so that the design may have the seeming of considerable elaboration and yet not make any very exacting demand on either the ability or the time of the worker. One thing is certain, that the woman who will take the trouble to embroider a set of window or sash curtains like these will have in her house a bit of furnishing that cannot easily be duplicated from any of the shops.



SEPARATE FIGURE FOR DARNING DESIGN.



TWO SIMPLE DESIGNS FOR DARNING NET.

The chief charm of all these designs lies in the fact that they are so exactly adapted to the weave of the goods upon which they are worked, as the thread follows the line of the mesh in both directions. This characteristic bears a large part in determining the purity of primitive designs, as these invariably conformed to the limitations of the background. This is especially noticeable in Indian rugs and baskets, where the symbolical forms used for decoration are always geometrical in character, conforming exactly to the weave of the article to be decorated. With all appreciation for the beauty of curves, we find that the most satisfying decoration for textiles comes back to the primitive character of form based upon the requirements of the material.

ALS IK KAN

BY THE EDITOR

THE LESSON OF THE BEEF FAMINE

WITHIN the past two months we have been brought face to face with the actual realization of conditions that have long been threatened as an inevitable result of the upheavals brought about by the investigation and attempted correction of abuses in our industrial, commercial and financial system. The army of the unemployed parades our streets and holds mass meetings in our public squares, where the spirit of bitter protest against injustice and suffering finds expression in speeches advocating wholesale revolt and destruction,—from which it is but a step to the torch and the bomb. Dynamite is hardly a reasonable or a logical argument for reform, but when men are hungry and desperate they are not apt to be moved by considerations of reason or logic. And these men are both hungry and desperate, for hard upon the heels of the depression that has closed factories and arrested enterprises of all kinds has come the beef famine, which has put the already high prices of meats of all kinds up to a figure that is practically prohibitive, and, moreover, threatens to advance still more the prices of all other provisions and of farm produce.

Although the recent financial flurry has been called "the rich man's panic," and all statistics show that the general prosperity of the country is upon so sound a basis, and its resources so varied and so enormous, that the resulting industrial depression is likely to be of short duration, the condition of the working people thrown temporarily out of employment is much more serious than it was during the far worse depression that followed the sharp financial panic of 1893. Money was scarce and the price of labor low fifteen years ago, but the cost of living was correspondingly low, for provisions were cheap and plentiful. Now the high prices that have been established,—partly because of the period of phenomenal prosperity, but more because our boasted industrial system has brought all sources of supply under the control of a few great corporations,—are going even higher, while the general retrenchment is depriving thousands of work, and therefore of means to buy the food necessary to sustain life. All the social and economic theories that may be advanced toward the permanent bettering of the condition of the poor cannot overthrow this fact, and while this fact exists the country will never be free from the reproach and the menace of the unemployed,—because to be unemployed means such suffering as ought not to exist in this country of all others, and would not exist if it were not for our mistaken pride in the system which has grown up out of our passion for industrial and commercial organization on a colossal scale.

Proof more conclusive could hardly

be asked than that which is now given us to point out the danger of allowing a great commercial combination to acquire such control of a staple food supply that the whole country is dependent upon it for provisions. We have seen many evidences of such danger in the monopoly of one commodity after another, but the argument that the whole community could not fail to be benefited by a system of organization founded on military precision in discipline and attaining the utmost economy and efficiency in the manufacturing and marketing of products of all kinds, has always been sufficient to overcome any serious objection. The revelation of abuses has brought popular excitement and condemnation, but the fact that the real danger lay in the system itself and not in the abuse of its power has never, until now, been actually brought home to us. We pride ourselves above all things upon being a free and independent people, but we are just beginning to realize that practically all the supplies, utilities and industries of the country have become dependent upon a few great corporations so interrelated by combination that they all form parts of this great and well-nigh perfectly organized system, and that when the system fails in the face of a serious financial crisis the people are as helpless as the poor who have been pauperized by the charity of some large and well-administered philanthropic organization upon which they have learned to depend for food and shelter.

For example, the meat famine which now confronts us could never have come upon us if the whole country had not become dependent upon the beef trust for its supply of meat. In the days when every town and village had its local butcher-shop and abattoir, carried on as an independent individual enterprise and looking for supplies to the farmers who raised stock for the local market, there was no more question of the supply failing than there was of the price being put up to an exorbitant figure. If one butcher charged too much, the people bought of his rival, and if the farmer found no sale for his cattle, sheep and hogs in the town nearest to him, he was reasonably sure of a market in the next.

But with the organization of the beef trust and its chain of subsidiary industries for the utilization of by-products the whole condition was changed. Three large concerns practically monopolized the meat trade of the whole country, and the small butcher-shops faced the alternative of conforming to the system, buying meat only from the combine and selling at the prices fixed by the organization,—or going out of business. They generally conformed, for the methods of the trust were admirable and its machinery ran like clockwork. Large stock farms were carried on and did a flourishing business, for although there was only one market for their stock, it was a sure one and paid well. With every modern appliance to make as easy as possible the unpleasant business of slaughtering animals, and to utilize every smallest scrap of waste and offal, the machinery of the slaughter-houses was a triumph of despatch, convenience and economy. The stockholders were satisfied, for the dividends ran up into millions; the local butchers were satisfied, for they received their regular consignments of meat, dressed and ready for sale at good prices; and the people were satisfied, because a singularly unsavory business was carried on so skilfully that no one was annoyed or revolted as in the old days when butchers did their own killing in local slaughter-houses that were often a pest to the neighborhood. Keepers of large hotels and restaurants were more than satisfied, because the supply of meat they required was absolutely sure and dependable, and was placed in their storerooms without trouble or delay, and the ranchmen who raised the stock for such an immense and stable market felt that their present and future prosperity was assured. Now and then there was a protest from the public about prices, and an unpleasant scandal concerning the quality of certain preserved meats, but the effect of such disturbances was transient, and the meat-supply of the country seemed, on the whole, to be on a most satisfactory and permanently profitable basis.

Then a young man who had done some personal investigating wrote a novel which revealed certain unsavory conditions that hitherto had been successfully hidden. The novel itself was very unsavory, but everybody read and was horrified. The practice of economy in the utilization of things not usually considered desirable for incorporation into the human system had been carried a bit too far, and when people realized what they had been eating they mostly stopped buying meat. Investigation followed, and the passing of inspection laws. Some meat was sold, of course, but most people have ever since been rather wary of canned meats, and dividends have fallen off considerably, while prices have gone up and up until the better cuts of meat are decidedly a luxury, even for people of moderate means. Also, the trust stopped buying cattle, except in limited quantities. Stock farmers, whose whole source of revenue lay in beef cattle, found it impossible to sell them at a profit, and equally impossible to keep and feed them, so they disposed of what they had at any price they could get, and sold the calves for veal. The consequence is obvious; the supply of beef has become so short that it practically amounts to a famine, and famine prices rule. The trust has been made to smart, and the people are paying for it because there is no other market and no other source of supply.

This is merely a case in point. It touches the life of the people more closely than the same condition would if some commodity other than the food supply were concerned, but the same condition exists everywhere,—in the oil and gas that light our houses and streets, in the coal upon which we depend for warmth in our severe winter weather, in the lumber we need for building, in the materials we use for our clothing, and, above all, in the employment upon which we depend for money to keep a roof over our heads and to supply our children with food. So long as the system runs along smoothly and prosperously all goes fairly well, but we must admit the fallacy of the argument that the admirably economical methods of our great corporations make for economy in the long run, or for better conditions in the life of the people. The more perfect the system and the more centralized the power, the greater is the dependence upon it and the more marked is the decadence of self-reliance and initiative in our national life. Our very prosperity but left us the more unprepared to meet any reverse, and so, hard as it is, the present crisis was badly needed as a factor in the permanent prosperity of the nation. As a thing in itself, our industrial system has been an economic triumph, but it is only a step toward the solution of the great industrial problem. If the country is to be solidly and permanently prosperous and the people economically free, there must be a division of responsibility, so that no great number will be dependent for supplies or for employment upon the success of one enterprise.

As a lesson in efficiency and economy the methods of our big corporations are unrivaled, but these methods must be applied to smaller independent industries and so used for the common good. This is possible only by intelligent coöperation which would utilize all the means of production, of manufacture and of marketing that depend upon things being done on a larger scale, but would do it on the basis of coöperation and not of monopoly. For instance, a number of individual enterprises could carry on the meat business just as efficiently and economically as the trust has done, by forming themselves into groups or associations for the purpose of obtaining and handling the meat supply, and yet retain their independence, so that the failure of one would not affect the others or the consumers. Farmers and fruit-growers are familiar with the advantages of just such associations, and it is going only a step farther to apply the principle to every branch of industry, and so reap the benefit of every improved method that has been discovered, perfected, and then used as a means of oppression by the trusts. We most emphatically advocate a return to independent industries and fair competition, but not to primitive methods of working or carrying on business. There is nothing to be gained by giving up what we have won through our national genius for organization, but it must be used in such a way that supplies are no longer controlled or the people exploited for private gain.

NOTES

IT is unfortunate that there has been no new word invented by which to call the product of the cameras of such men as Eduard Steichen. The word "photograph," with its mental image of mechanical processes, pictures to the mind something entirely foreign to his work as was shown in his recent exhibition at the Photo-Secession Gallery. With just the same command over the camera as a painter has over his brush or a sculptor over his chisel, Mr. Steichen produces work of real and lasting artistic value, and the results are as truly his own as in his paintings. It was a remarkable exhibition, not only as showing the possibilities of the camera, but as an evidence of the range and power of Mr. Steichen's art. Along one wall was a row of portraits —each one not only photographic likenesses, but remarkably strong as character studies,—there was the real Bernard Shaw, witty, whimsical, fantastic, strong; there just as clearly shown was the calm, majestic master artist, George Frederick Watts, and entirely different from either was Rodin, humanist, mystic, thinker. Quite as powerful and wide in range is the outdoor work of Steichen—he shows us Venice, bathed with sunlight and quivering with heat, or, as in another picture, with cool, deep waters in the shadow of an old crumbling wall; there, too, was the great canyon of a New York street in bright light and deep shadow as clear cut as an etching, while in another misty print was all the weird grandeur of the Colorado Garden of the Gods.

Mr. Steichen has also brought with him from Paris a collection of colored photographs which he took by the Lumière process. As yet there has been devised no method of printing these colors upon paper; however, the plates when held up to the light are remarkable in their promise for an art that is as yet in its infancy. The quality of the color is most interesting —one would call it "painty," if that were not a reversal of the proper order. For since this process is a direct and mechanical copying of the colors of nature, paintings should be compared for their accuracy and truth to these plates rather than the other way about. And it will be a satisfaction to many a painter to see there proved to a skeptical public the actual existence of purple and blue shadows, green flesh tints, and the impossibility of an absolutely solid color in materials.

A most important and complete exhibition of Ukiyoye paintings and prints was shown in the month of March at the Yamanaka Galleries in New York. Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa, who prepared the catalogue for this exhibition and arranged the work in chronological order, speaks of it as follows: "Messrs. Yamanaka & Company selected from their extensive collection for this display examples of the best periods and masters in an almost uniformly remarkable state of preservation. Many of the impressions have the sharpness of proofs. Paintings by several of the artists are so added to the prints as to make possible a direct comparison between these two lines of work." Probably nothing more complete in the way of a catalogue for an especial exhibition of Japanese prints has been prepared than the one put together by Professor Fenollosa. It was not merely a list of artists and their dates and their schools, but in the description of each print or painting there is introduced something of Japanese history, the relation of the arts of different periods, a point or two is made about the costume and the colors and the technique, so that a careful going over of the catalogue leaves one with a sense of intimate knowledge and personal interest in Japanese art as presented in this collection.

OF the many musical triumphs which Mr. Walter Damrosch has achieved since he began his campaign of awakening musical understanding and appreciation in America, none is reckoned as more important and significant than the Beethoven Cycle presented at Carnegie Hall on six successive Sundays, beginning March first. The importance of presenting the work of the musician in chronological order, as was done in this Cycle, showing the musician's development from year to year, with all the changes of ideals and the fulfilment of purposes, makes it possible to understand the music of the composer as one could not in any other way. And not only was the music presented so that one could comprehend the growth of the man as an artist, but a brief history of the music of each concert was prepared and issued in the Bulletin of the Symphony Society presented with the programme at the door, thus enabling the serious student to study the music in relation to the musician. From the beginning of his work in New York, Walter Damrosch has insisted that the music that was worth hearing was worth *understanding*, and he has in every possible way not only presented the best music of every country, but striven to awake in the American mind the understanding that will develop to the fullest musical appreciation. Mr. Damrosch has in many ways helped to make the American public a friend of music.

FOR six weeks, beginning early in March, there was held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art a memorial exhibition of the works of the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Under the direction of a committee of well-known artists and architects all of the finest work of Saint-Gaudens was gathered together, and where necessary to obtain them reproductions in plaster were made of his public statues. The main hall of statuary at the Museum was used to show the collection, and in setting and arrangement nothing was spared to make this exhibition one of the finest New York has ever seen.

Yet, after looking at all the work there displayed, the person who came seeking some new knowledge of Saint-Gaudens and his art went away with a sense of disappointment. It was not that the great works that have become so familiar to all the American public were not there—there was the statue of Farragut, standing out strong and fine without the setting that so weakens it in Madison Square; the great standing figure of Lincoln, noble, thoughtful, plain and calm; the equestrian Sherman assuming a certain dignity in the plaster that the gilded group in the Plaza lacks; the Adams Memorial figure in its monumental stillness; the strong aggressive, almost flamboyant, Puritan, Deacon Chapin. The Shaw Memorial was represented by an excellent photograph, and the Stevenson bas-relief was shown in both its forms—all of the work by which we know Saint-Gaudens was there. We turned from these to the rest of the exhibition to gain some new understanding of the man who made them—and therein lay the disappointment.

THE exhibition of the work of Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb at the studios of J. & R. Lamb in late February showed the extraordinary range of ability of a woman who can equally well paint a miniature or design an enormous stained glass window, paint a portrait or a landscape, and who finds interest and pleasure in using for models tree branches outlined against the sky or little wild field flowers. All of Mrs. Lamb's work shows a happy viewpoint toward life — her outdoor studies are full of fresh air and sunlight, and her portraiture shows a sympathetic femininity of touch which adds a delicacy and finish to faultless drawing. Mrs. Lamb works in various mediums, water color, oil, crayon, pastel, with apparently no preference for any one. Some recent work in pastel shows an excellent handling of color, but the most charming sketches in the whole exhibition were some tiny water color landscapes.

THE most sympathetic and complete presentation in a single concert of the music of the late Edward MacDowell was given at Carnegie Hall, New York, the evening of March 31, by the Philharmonic Society,—Safonoff conducting—the great Russian showing a more intimate sympathy with the exquisite, elusive quality of MacDowell's genius than any conductor who has yet handled this music. The programme was one of infinite variety—tender lyric songs; profound heart-searching, melancholy in the Tragic Sonata; the soul of the woods, elfin and wild, in the Woodland Suite; and moonlight music, clear, fine and faint, a wonderful arrangement of Clair de la Lune for the harp and strings. The concert was given to help carry out MacDowell's cherished plan of a home in which all the arts could meet and become of mutual benefit, a plan which, if developed in spirit as well as letter, would render the MacDowell Club the most important association in America for the true development of art, music and literature.

LATE in March five of the younger sculptors, Brooks, Deming, Flanagan, Evans and Fraser held a most interesting exhibit at the Bauer-Folsom Galleries. All of the work, except one or two portrait-busts, was small in size, yet it was so full of life and vigor, so fresh and unhampered by convention that the exhibition as a whole was one of the most enjoyable of the winter. Mr. Richard E. Brooks exhibited a number of his delightful portrait bas-reliefs, which are full of delicacy and strength. James E. Fraser is a man whose work is distinguished for its nobility, and besides this, for a remarkably quick sympathy and understanding—there never was a pudgy baby modeled as he has shown Jack Deming, nor was ever the poetry of childhood more sympathetically expressed than in his head of the son of Harry Payne Whitney. Mr. Rudulph Evans contributed a notable piece of work in his marble bust of Maude Adams. In his medal work, Mr. John Flanagan excels, and the greater part of his contributions were portrait bas-reliefs of real force and interest. Edwin Deming's delightfully humorous glimpses of animal life are always distinguished for their action and good modeling, but it is seldom that Mr. Deming shows a study of a human. So his weird, dreamy figure of an old bent Indian woman, "The Toiler of the Plains," was a delight not only for its own artistic value but as showing another phase of Mr. Deming's art.

SOME recent portraits by Maurice Fromkes were recently exhibited at Knoedler's, New York. Mr. Fromkes' easy, dashing style is undoubtedly well suited to the tastes of the well-groomed people he paints, yet one cannot help feeling that a man of mediocre talent makes a bad mistake in doing what only a painter with Wilhelm Funk's ability can afford to do with impunity—follow a fashion in portrait painting. And Mr. Fromkes' work lacks the convincing strength to redeem it from its sensational tendencies.

AN excellent collection of crayon and pastel portrait sketches by William Carey Brazington was exhibited at Knoedler's in March. They were not only interesting in their technique but showed also the quick, clean stroke of the good draughtsman. Although monotones, the values were managed with that appreciation of color that belongs to the painter, and the work was full of the feeling for character and likeness essential to good portraiture. One feels that when Mr. Brazington's work fails to impress it is never through faulty craftsmanship, but rather through a lack of understanding of his sitter—when he appreciates he succeeds, and the finest of the collection was his study of a friend, Signor Bernal-Resky.

IT is seldom that an artist can master more than one medium, yet those who saw the etchings of Daubigny recently on view at Keppel's went away convinced that this master of *plein-air* in oils worked equally well with the needle. His etchings, like his paintings, are full of the spirit of the countryside. Keppel shows also a collection of drawing and sketches by Daubigny.

LATE this season D. W. Tryon and T. W. Dewing combined in an exhibition at the Montross Gallery. Mr. Dewing showed only three of his paintings, which were, however, characteristic of his poetic indoor studies of dull, dreamy lights and soft colors. Sixteen of Mr. Tryon's outdoor canvases in both oil and pastels made up the greater part of the exhibition, full of the big interpretation of nature in her every mood that is typical of this man's vital, poetical work.

AFTER Mr. Fromkes' exhibition at Knoedler's in March a collection of neatly painted portraits by F. Percy Wild were exhibited in the main gallery. With the exception of a pleasing portrait of Miss Frances Nott Parsons, and a well-painted gentleman in a hunting coat that was rather too red, they were hard, photographic and unnatural in color, verging unpleasantly on the chromo-lithographic style. It is time that men should stop making the mistake of painting outdoor backgrounds behind people evidently in a studio light, and thinking that by capturing, like an instantaneous photograph, a single motion of a vivacious child they are showing action. In the same room were exhibited some miniatures by Mme. Renée de Mirmont.

THE Rhode Island School of Design was fortunate in being able to show in March a collection of water colors by M. Boutet de Monvel—an artist the charm of whose work is too little known in America. This exhibition was made up of a series which illustrates scenes in the life of Jeanne d'Arc.

REVIEWS

IT is now nearer fifteen than ten years since Max Nordau thundered forth to a public somewhat stunned by the suddenness of his attack his denunciation of the modern era in "Degeneration." How the first meek acquiescence to his views was later replaced by disgust and repudiation when the fallacies in his arguments and apparently correct scientific statements were pointed out, is probably forgotten. Perhaps that is why Dr. Nordau now ventures to put a new book before the public, expressing more explicitly his ideas on the degeneration of art.

Whether the republication in book form of Bernard Shaw's little essay, "The Sanity of Art," which is, as some will remember, a review and a refutation of Nordau's art ideas as expressed in "Degeneration," had any purpose in appearing at the time of the issue of "On Art and Artists," makes little difference in its usefulness in recalling the former wild vagaries of the would-be scientific critic. The same delightfully witty arguments with which Shaw defends Wagner, Ibsen, Ruskin and the others from the attacks of "Degeneration" serve equally well to deny the defamation of the artists taken up in this new book of Nordau's.

Yet the manifold absurdity of most of the fanatical statements seem hardly to need a reply—what about the degeneration of a man who speaks of Whistler's women as "perverted, whimsical beauties" who "wear remarkable and personal toilettes, which, except the face and often the hands, reveal not a finger's breadth of skin, yet, in spite of the interposition of silk and lace, cry out for the fig leaf. They are bundles of sick nerves that, from the crown of their heads to the tips of their fingers, seem to thrill with Sadic excitement." Rodin he attacks equally hysterically—speaks of his "impressionism and sexual psychopathy in the choice of themes," and calls him a "spurious celebrity."

It is a critic of the Bernard Shaw type, sure in his own opinions and beliefs, fighting on ground with which he is much more familiar than is a discredited scientist like Nordau and using the most telling forces of wit and irony as his weapons who can, as he has already done in his review of "Degeneration," refute the ideas of "On Art and Artists" and make the refutation a delightful essay besides. ("On Art and Artists." By Max Nordau. 351 pages. Price, $2.00 net. Published by Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. "The Sanity of Art." By Bernard Shaw. Price, 75 cents. Published by Benj. R. Tucker, New York.)

DR. Denman W. Ross, the well-known Harvard authority upon the theory of design, has rendered students of the subject a very considerable service by the publication of his book, "A Theory of Pure Design." The purpose of the book is to elucidate the principles which underlie the practice of drawing and painting as a fine art. It is an attempt to explain the form of the language of Art. In reality, as the author makes plain, it is a contribution to science rather than to art. Dr. Ross uses his knowledge and experience as a painter to explain the terms and principles of art in terms of science. It is by no means an easy or entertaining book, but requires close and keen study. The text is enforced by means of numerous diagrams. ("A Theory of Pure Design." By Denman W. Ross, Ph.D. 201 pages. Price, $2.00 net. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston.)

"PICTURES and Their Painters, the History of Painting," is a rather ambitious title for a volume of less than four hundred and fifty pages which contains over three hundred illustrations. Lorinda Munson Bryant has performed the task indicated by the title with as much success as could be reasonably expected. There is, of course, little critical value in such a work, but it has some merit as a biographical encyclopædia, a carefully prepared index adding to its usefulness. ("Pictures and Their Painters, the History of Painting." By Lorinda Munson Bryant. 440 pages. Price, $3.50 net. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

THE exhaustive work on ceramics which was published by the late Mr. W. Chaffers nearly thirty-six years ago has been revised and republished in a one-volume edition with new illustrations and colored plates. It is in reality a pictorial supplement to Mr. Chaffers' more detailed work called "Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain," but "The Keramic Gallery" in itself gives a general view both historical and descriptive of European and Oriental pottery. It is a careful, scholarly work, and in its present revised form will serve as an authority on ceramics. ("The Keramic Gallery." By William Chaffers. Edited by H. M. Cundall. Illustrated. 465 pages. Published by Gibbing & Co., London; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

"SIENA and Her Artists" is a book that would serve as an admirable companion for any visitor to that quaint Tuscan town. It suggests the most important places to visit from the point of view of a cultivated person. ("Siena and Her Artists." By Frederick Seymour. Illustrated. 214 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.)

PARIS of the old days, quaint Paris, the city that old kings and queens knew, full of the memories of great men and great deeds—this is the city shown in the book written by Mr. Georges Cain, artist, Curator of the Camavalet Museum, Parisian of the old school, and, as this book proves, writer of great ease and charm. It is time that such a memorial of old Paris appeared, for, since the reign of Louis Philippe, more changes have occurred than during centuries preceding, and a new twentieth-century Paris is rapidly crowding out the old city, with all its quaintness, its memories, and its charm. The book is full of historical interest—it is written by a man who loved the old days, and illustrated by delightful etchings and drawings of his fellow-artists of half a century ago. ("Nooks and Corners of Old Paris." By Georges Cain. Illustrated. 326 pages. Price, $3.50 net. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

"CANAL AT LISIEUX": E.
LAMBERT COOPER, PAINTER.

THE CRAFTSMAN
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IS THERE A SEX DISTINCTION IN ART? THE ATTITUDE OF THE CRITIC TOWARD WOMEN'S EXHIBITS: BY GILES EDGERTON

AN EXHIBITION of paintings at the Knoedler Galleries, New York, during the month of April, brought forth many extended press notices and a good deal of argument of a kind; not because the paintings heralded a new school of development in American art, or even advancement along established lines (if we except a most unusual and distinguished portrait called "The Miniature Painter," by Ella Condie Lamb), but frankly because it was a women's exhibit. The reviewers apparently entered the galleries with a point of view at once tolerant and sentimental; as if to say, "The poor dears; why shouldn't they play around with their little feminine art? Who are we, the great of the world, to discourage or criticise their harmless amusement?" and then they went away and wrote long foolish notices, praising some work that was distinctly poor and dipping their pens in treacle where criticism was inevitable. After a careful summing up of the different reviews, I cannot see that any man approached the subject with the honest frankness, the open mind, alert brain, the willingness to see in a dignified way the unpleasant thing, if necessary, which he would have taken to an exhibit such as the National Academy, or the Ten American Painters, or any individual studio showing of work, where men and women face the public definitely seeking honest opinion.

This Exhibition of Paintings by Women Artists was presented to the public with a sentimental plea, and the critic, the usual arbiter of the destiny of American art, took a fair new pad and a soft pencil and went forth to it as a knight-errant, with powers of analysis laved in chivalry. The gentler sex should receive no blow at his hands; not if real courtesy knew its place. Now this Chesterfield-Bayard-Raleigh attitude toward accomplishment in art is honestly about the last thing in the world that the genuine hard-working women artists—who are striving just as men are for the best that they can express about the truth of things—want. On the contrary, they are humiliated by it. They resent a sex distinction in art (not in the variation of art, but in the quality) and they honestly prefer just discriminating criticism to this attitude of tender-hearted masculine protection.

Such painters among the exhibitors as Charlotte Coman, Alice Schille, Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, Ellen and Lydia Field Emmet, are accustomed to face the juries of the Pennsylvania Academy, Pittsburgh, and the National Academy with no more heart palpitation than any good artist must experience. Their work is judged side by side with Sargent's, Chase's, Wiles's and Lathrop's, and they expect and are entitled to the same dignity of criticism. They belong to the art world of America. They are not afraid of a trial by jury, and they are accepted and hung or rejected, as the case may be, without sentiment or chivalry. And this leads us back to exactly the point we wish to make in this article: that a "women's exhibit" is something out of the past. It is Eighteen-Thirty in expression and belongs to the helpless days of crinoline when ladies fainted if they were spoken to with undue harshness; when a sampler, at least in America, was the only field for feminine artistic endeavor.

IT STANDS to reason, if one thinks at all about these things, that there must forever be a wide differentiation between the painting that men do and that women do, because in all the civilized world there is such a tremendous variation in the outlook on life of men and women. As long as society decrees this radical sex difference in the attitude of men and women toward the world and of the world to them, there must follow along the same lines exactly a corresponding difference in the art expression of men and women. Composition, technique, color may be taught by the same master in the same studio to a group of boys and girls, but when these boys and girls have grown up and have gone through the essential experiences of life, they will inevitably paint the same subjects differently, the work of women being so classified by the woman's outlook that inevitably there would ensue comparison, an interesting appreciation of certain qualities that women have expressed and a different sort of enjoyment for the feeling that men have painted into their canvases. Each may be progressive and each great in achievement, but under present social conditions there must be the fundamental difference.

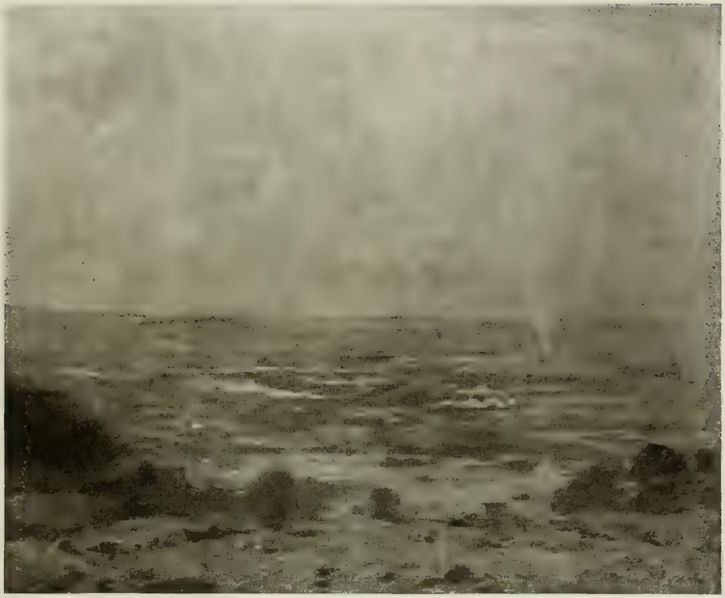
It is not once in a generation that a woman so subverts her essentially characteristic outlook on life to her work that her art impulse becomes universal, as that of the greatest men often is. One feels that Cecilia Beaux has done this in her portrait work, as George Eliot did in her stories. One feels, too, something of the universal quality in the work of Charlotte Coman, but one is not quite sure whether it is the result of achievement greater than personality or whether it is born from a certain attitude of delicate reserve toward Nature, a certain tender courtesy toward all the illusions that cover the land for every season of the year. One cannot tell quite whether it is the universal quality of genius or whether it is just a fine sort of reticence that will not obtrude one's own personality upon Nature.

One of the most impersonal of the women sculptors is Miss Abastenia St. Leger Eberle. Her work does not suggest an effort to overcome a feminine point of view or to ape the masculine ways of achievement. She just seems to present people, little children, old beggar women, Indians, more absolutely than individually. Especially is this true of children. It is not just that she makes you feel that she loves children; it is rather the way she presents her babies, chubby, grubby little girls especially, that awakens in you the sensation that you love them, without any regard to her sentiment. However, Cecilia Beaux and Abastenia Eberle are not in the women's exhibit, and so we are wandering far afield.

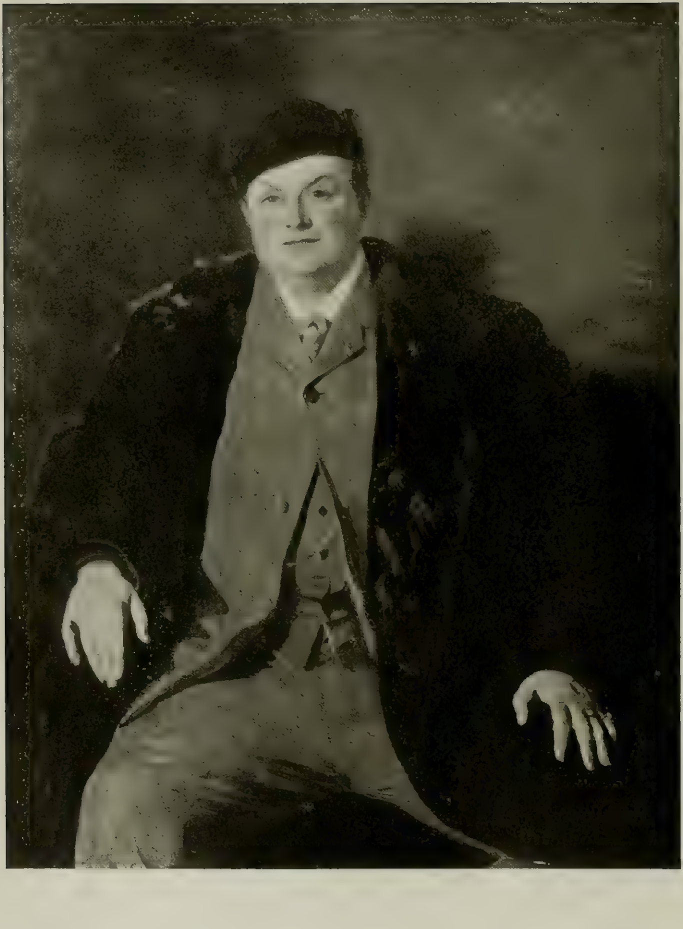
But grant, as a rule, a compulsory sex difference in art. Look for it; admire it; classify all art by it; all this is just, but it is equally just to go a step farther and rank both the expressions as of equal interest; demanding equal technical excellence, equal standards of perfection in composition, color values and sympathetic understanding of life, and the same courage in facing the attitude of a usually unsympathetic, unappreciative public. No one has a right to ride a steeplechase who cannot keep a quiet saddle for the hurdles. It is fatal that women should accept rejection at the hands of big exhibits with a feeling of hurt vanity, turn about and decide "to have an exhibit of their own anyway, and just hang any picture they want to." Not that Academy decisions are final toward art, for the juries often reject very important and significant work and hang very dull and inadequate pictures. Indeed, at times this threatens to become the rule, and men have this matter to face as well as women. All that is necessary to point out in this connection is that women should never for one moment admit that the rejection is made because it is *women's* work. The somewhat revolutionary young American artists called "The Eight," by chance all men, did not go away from the Academy last fall pouting and fretting. They gathered up their rejected pictures with apparently a light heart, expressed a few pointed opinions as to the stupidity of the jury that *could* reject them; were promptly invited by a very understanding and sympathetic art dealer to hold a little academy of their own, which turned out the most successful art exhibit of the year.

NOW in spite of some very excellent work at the Knoedler Galleries, and a few paintings of exceptional value, the exhibition as a whole would not have secured half a column press notice if it had been a mixed exhibit. It would then have been taken seriously, praised highly in some instances, moderately in others, and vigorously condemned where the work deserved it. And the women who were poor craftsmen would have learned some valuable truths, and would not have been permitted the poor satisfaction of thinking that "a woman's *feeling* in art is so interesting that it does not matter whether she understands drawing, or perspective, or composition, or technique." Fancy an intelligent art critic feeling justified in saying as praise of an exhibit that there was "a soprano note in the work," and that the pictures were "evidently painted for women, with that straight march to the central sentiment which characterizes the 'intuitional' artist."

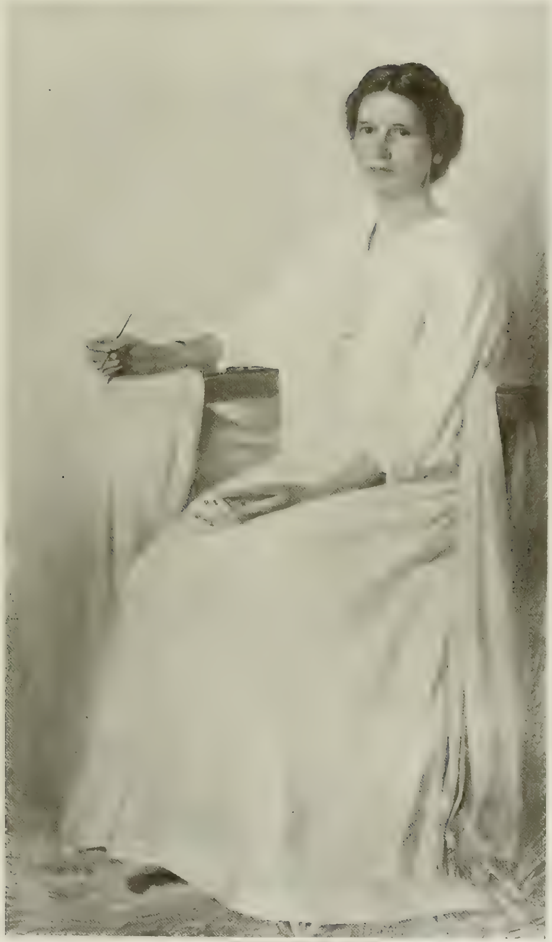
What utter rubbish that is! In the first place, women do not paint for women, any more than they dress for women or do anything else for women. The genuine woman works for her own self-esteem, or to win out with the world, or, as a by-product of her own effort, to win praise and appreciation from men. And why in the world should not painting "which has tenderness, grace and appeal" (to quote the same authority), interest men as well as women, or men even more than women? But here is the difficulty. The minute that you label any sort of exhibit as exclusively "women's" you have let loose the flood gates of masculine sentimentality, and an honest point of view apparently cannot obtain. As for instance the phrase "intuitional art!" What could have a more sentimental ring to it? and what possible meaning can it have as applied to women's work? Does it suggest that women are not expected "to mark, learn, and inwardly digest" their craft, that they can *guess* at success, that they may jumble in a heap oxen and a woodpile so that the whole suggests "After an Earthquake" (and this done by a woman who *can* paint), that they may draw a face so impressionistically that it looks as if the model had been interrupted in an operation for the sitting; that an Art Nouveau-Burne-Jones girl can be drawn with a neck a quarter as long as her body and then be exhibited as a siren? If



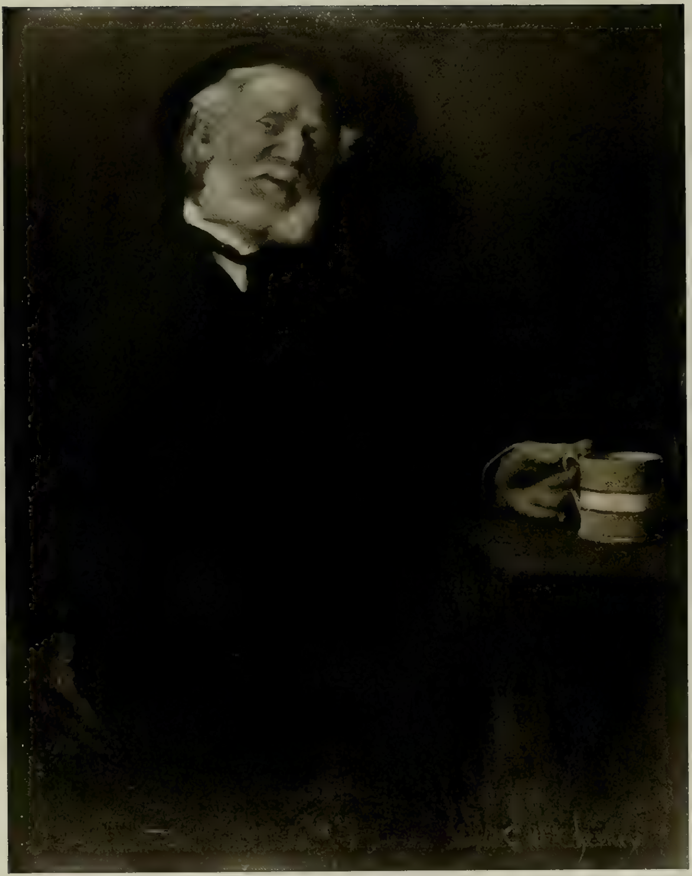
"LATE AFTERNOON—QUAKER HILL":
CHARLOTTE COMAN, PAINTER.



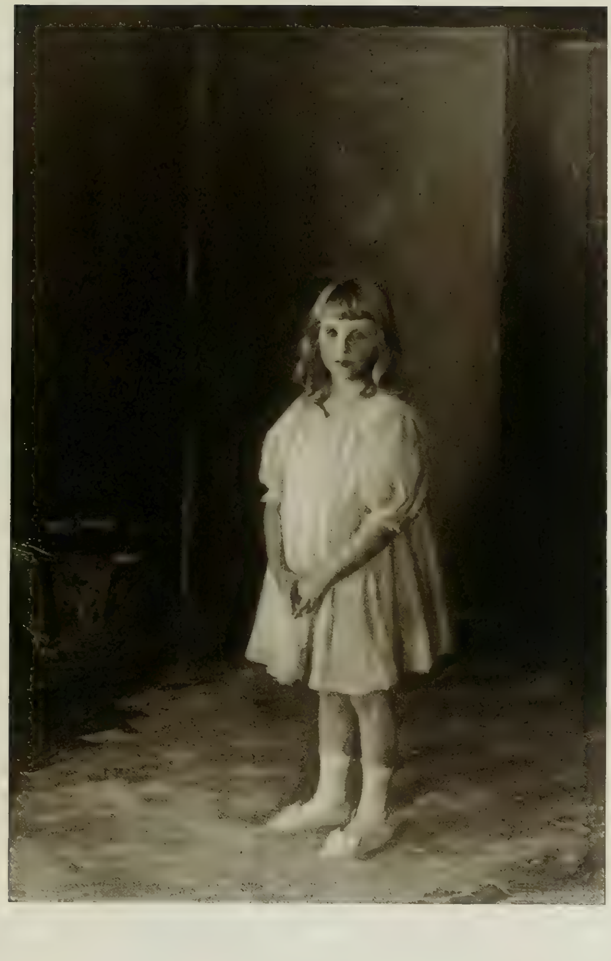
"THE RUBICUND," PORTRAIT OF C. GILIBERT: ELLEN EMMET, PAINTER.



"THE MINIATURE PAINTER." PORTRAIT
STUDY: ELLA CONDIE LAMB, PAINTER.



"THE GOOD STORY," PORTRAIT STUDY:
CLARA MAC CHESNEY, PAINTER.



"A PORTRAIT": LYDIA FIELD EMMET, PAINTER.

"GAMINS," VENICE: RHODA HOLMES NICHOLLS, PAINTER.

this is "intuitional art," then there was some of it at the women's exhibit, the "art" that moves without care or study or logical preparation to its work. It is hard to know whether this phrase is silly or wise, kind or cruel, or just intended to be pleasantly mysterious, because truth is not usual in such criticism. But it seems to me that this sort of talk, and much besides that was published immediately after the press day of this exhibit, is far more seriously a handicap to any real progress of women in art than the most unjust or prejudiced point of view that an Academy jury could possibly show. We have already granted a difference in art expression for men and women, but these expressions can never move along in parallel lines without identical standards of self-esteem, of willingness to work for success, equal desire for honest and dignified criticism, and the courage to benefit by it.

I think not all but many of the greatest men and women artists agree with this point of view. That a number of significant women did not exhibit at Knoedler's would confirm this impression. For there are some women who neither care to be segregated in an exhibition or to contribute to the rather popular impression that this segregation in art is essential or even reasonable.

Not a universal point of view, however, this, for there was work at the women's exhibit of rare attainment which had been hung in the past at some of the most judicial homes of art, which had won honors at Philadelphia, Paris and New York, and other work which undoubtedly could have won honors had it courageously faced the jury. Two of the best of Mrs. Coman's landscapes were shown, wonderful misty blue hillsides, views of the Harlem Valley seen from Quaker Hill. They are a curiously poignant presentation of July hills, miles of beauty spread out before you and all wrapped in a delicate poetical haze that somehow shut you away, and yet stirred your imagination toward their beauty. A woman's feeling about nature, but of equal appeal to all sympathetic men and women, and presented with a technique sure and subtle. In most of the press notices Mrs. Coman's work did not appear.

ONE of the first paintings to hold one's attention (for Mrs. Coman's paintings you did not always see first) was a delightful portrait of an old artist called "The Good Story," by Clara MacChesney. It is admirably painted, full of life and good cheer; a happy old man with a radiant spirit, no nerves, a keen zest for life, regarding a glass of beer still a pleasant adventure. This work of

Miss MacChesney's is done inevitably, no tricks of technique, no personal whim about it, but vigorous, direct work and a most interesting management of black surfaces. Just near this friendly old artist a dear little girl is walking out of a frame. She looks a bit surprised, but rather pleased on the whole and very much alive, as Lydia Emmet's children's portraits always do. The background for the little girl is very simple, as backgrounds should be in the portraits of children, and there is no effort for pose, as one so often sees in the imitation "royal children" in our National Academy.

Two canvases of Alice Schille were hung at this exhibit, both of children, and one, "The Study Hour," full of charm in composition and done with the most interesting loose brush work. Wherever I have seen this artist's work I have been impressed with its beauty; a delightful sympathy with life expressed through trained eye and hand.

The most inescapable portrait shown was a life-size painting called, "The Miniature Painter," which was managed so simply, so directly, the delicate creams of the dress, the pale yellow of the scarf and the rich, sensible brunette head so admirably handled and contrasted that it was a pleasant refreshing experience to turn to it again and again. It was made beautiful by the management of lights and shadows and the great simplicity of treatment. And one felt grateful that it evidently did not intend to symbolize "Youth," or "Work," or even "Youth at Work;" it was just a serenely painted portrait of a very wholesome, capable, charming young woman, who looked as though, having decided to paint miniatures, she would do them extremely well and with a great deal of pleasure to herself. One man who is much interested in painting was overheard to say, "That white study is done so honestly and naïvely, it seems almost like a new school of portrait painting." And it is needless to say that the result is beautiful enough to encourage Mrs. Lamb to hold to this standard in all her portrait work, no matter what the medium.

The name of Rhoda Holmes Nicholls almost inevitably suggests the shore of some bit of ocean, yellow sand dunes or blue harbors and fishing smacks idling about in sunlight or mist, the home edge of the sea, full of color, of dreams and contentment. But at this exhibit her two canvases were quite different in subject. One was a slender girl holding a bowl of roses, the roses and the girl's hands charmingly painted, but the figure uninteresting in line and color. Far more sympathetic was a Venetian water color sketch; "Gamins," it was called. A group of gay, picturesque little Italian boys lounging about and laughing in the sunlight; very lightly and delicately painted, yet full of expression and vivid the effect of tones.

The "Canal at Lisieux," by Emma L. Cooper, one remembers to have seen at the Pennsylvania Academy this past winter. It is a pleasant rendering of a picturesque scene, sluggish water reflecting mossy old houses, which simple architecture, time and nature have made so alluring to the artist. The study lacks poetry or any faint touch of the wild strange mystery which Turner portrayed on his Venetian canvases, yet in color and texture, as it were, it is a pleasant scene.

THERE were a number of portraits besides those already mentioned, a delightfully frank vigorous study of C. Gilibert by Ellen Emmet, done with an easy pose and a cheerful expression which somehow does not antagonize, which you feel that the great French baritone would not resent. Still other portraits less significant but not without quality, were by May Lewis Close, Janet Wheeler, Mrs. Charles Melville Dewey, Adèle Winckler, and Marion Swinton. Two seashore sketches by Lucy Scott Bower, without being wholly satisfactory in technique, nevertheless held the attention because of a certain breadth of treatment and appeal to the imagination, as though the artist had seen things in a big way and caught what was possible of space and strange barrenness and even night on her canvases.

And besides these pictures were sixty or more canvases, some with very distinct merit of one kind or another, but few with any effect of complete mastery of craft—as if a woman with an interesting sense of color values must deem drawing unessential, or, knowing how to draw well, what matter if the color goes muddy and suggests damp pools instead of objects of art, or, the idea being good, why pay the least attention to detail; and over and over again appeared the strange delusion that vagueness or dullness of color was atmosphere, that the uncertain stroke was impressionism; and, worst of all, that the eccentric was creative, and the startling, brilliant.

In spite of the good work which has been noted, there remained, after a sixth inspection, the impression that the exclusive women's exhibit is out of harmony with present-day growth and development, that women need with men but one standard of art progress, though there may be a thousand expressions of it; that an exhibit cannot be representative of good work without a committee of examination, whether of men or women. Better an unfair jury than none, and that the press will cease to be amusing, supercilious, patronizing toward women in art when these matters are adjusted, and will extend to them the dignity and seriousness in criticism which the right progressive situation would demand.

THE TRIBUTE SILVER: A STORY: BY ELIZABETH CARR McMAKIN

AROUND about the lonely cottage that stood in an expanse of cultivated farmland, Nature revealed herself in plain and stern aspect: hedging in the clean utility of the fields, the pine trees rose in uncompromising uprightness, and the gray stone boulder that stood in solitary relief against them, on the east, suggested a calm strength impervious to destructive forces. The one tender touch in the picture lay in the distance—beyond the fields and woods and house tops of the adjacent town—in the slender church spire pointing upward against the western sky.

On the piazza of the cottage two women were waiting for the car. Their conversation, as they whiled away the time, had suddenly taken the personal turn which the guest had for the past hour been vainly striving to give it. She realized, still, the precariousness of the situation, and at the more critical junctures, where angularities in her hostess obtruded more acutely, she digressed judiciously, yet not so far as not to be able to steer naturally, if not comfortably, back to the main question. At the present uneasy period she withdrew her veiled scrutiny of the coarse garb of her companion, and looked off over the cotton fields, still patched with white, with a puzzled air. It was not wanton curiosity that was goading her to ascertain the truth concerning her young friend's estrangement from Herbert Long, nor was it officious interest that was prompting her to make a plea for their reconciliation: so fundamentally, to her thought, did this woman's character stand for the ethical in life, that, —this single flaw threatening the security of the whole,—she felt unable to go on her way harmoniously, until the just cause of the weakness was known.

"I know," she presently suggested, "that you have inherited your father's judicial mind, without the saving impracticality of your mother's, but the inheritance shouldn't have enslaved you; and the fact that Herbert does nothing to disabuse the world of its belief that you treated him inconsiderately is not reconcilable with your character. I am hurt; your friends are hurt; and you yourself are injured."

Instantly the girl drew within herself, then, as by a decisive stroke of will, yielded. She opened her lips to speak, but the older woman interrupted her, impatiently. "I'm not going over all that," she continued, "those worn causes: your lack of health, his lack of money; your plan of taking advantage of his slavery in order to fit him, through hardship, for the finer success; I know the whole stoic perpetration, but what I do not know is, when he had met your every exaction, how you could have the heart to destroy him like this."

The younger woman turned her head and looked into her guest's face, an expression of concern in her eyes: "Like this? Like what?"

"The only reason I can conceive of," the guest continued, not heeding the question, "is that you had ceased to love him, which reason, forsooth, is inconceivable."

The young woman leaned over and gave the cat that was purring at her feet one light, gentle stroke with her roughened hand. "What is love?" she queried.

"I do not know, I'm sure," the other replied, with a vexed laugh, "but one ventures to suppose it is a compound of which mercy is one of the elements."

The girl stood up and let her eyes wander dispassionately over the fields. Her poise was irritating. Her friend, watching her, hesitated a moment, then said: "I want the truth."

The continued silence of the young hostess was evidence of her unwillingness to enter a situation that had been made too intimately personal. But presently, deliberately, as one hard disciplined to meet the day's work without evasion or slight, she said, simply: "I will tell you."

But she did not continue at once, and appeared as mentally casting about for the least self-inflicting form of verbal expression, breaking with difficulty through her reserve. "Perhaps you do not know," she finally began, in halting progress, "that I have seen Herbert Long only twice since father died—three years ago?"

The elder woman uttered some inarticulate murmur of surprise, but did not otherwise comment, and the girl slowly continued: "It was the year father left us that the temptation to marry him was so strong, my loss so emphasized my loneliness and my poverty, but,—well, we talked it over, and, as you know, it ended with his going abroad for three years, primarily in the interest of a friend's business, and my coming here, to seek for health. My whole thought after that was ordered, I may as well admit, with one end in view,—to hold his love. I was fearful at first, for he was having great opportunity, while my life here was the narrowing existence of any common farmer. However, I seemed to have small difficulty in holding him; he was æsthetic; he is still," smiling; "an excess of the quality is one of the flaws of his work, and I, in my own weakness, responded to his clamors for the letters 'that held beauty,—that held joy.'

"The farce of my attitude and treatment presently came home to me when my struggle for a bare living opened my mind to the side of life that smiles at unapplied theories. The keen barter with rude men for a cow, or a mule; the haggling with the rich over the price of a dozen eggs; the setting aright the misplaced generosity of the impulsive; one's stand toward the thoughtless, the indifferent, the dishonest,—from all these dealings it was something to come out with clean hands and a fair mind, and to know one had done nothing to keep one's neighbor from standing in like way beside one. This close, hard intercourse with practical men and women tended to relegate the merely beautiful to its proper relation to other things, and when I saw that Herbert Long was gleaning the refinement of the old world and getting little else, I gave to him the worth of my experience; it furnished a rough stuff needful to the healthy body of his work, and, apparently, my reward came. You can imagine with what interest I watched every step of his advancement during those years, for he wrote freely, and the delight with which I noted what seemed to me to be a development,—which I bent every energy to foster.

"I was very nearly happy, for the secret spring from which I drew the strength that kept me up through all was the belief that his love for me was deepening, gradually losing its whimsical, passionate nature, and settling into the strong and even lines that stand the test of time and change. Out of all this"—she gave a slight, abrupt wave of her hand toward the open,—"together with the knowledge I had reaped from the other sources, I gleaned spiritual truth, and this I used, to hold him. In the generously sweet and lovable way that had always characterized him and rooted him ineradicably in my heart, where he filled my need, he made his quick, glad response: his work was richer in meaning because of me, and I was necessary to it; I was his soul's complement; only together did we form a complete whole; and through me the real life was opening before him. He said much, in fact, that he was doubtless sorry for afterward, and yet, he told the truth: I was his soul's complement, for I possessed the things he lacked, and in that he had the one thing I had not, and needed,—the softness that relieved and redeemed the hardness of my nature."

Far down the track the car rushed into sight; its whirr sounded across the cotton field as it neared and sped by unheeded.

"When the time for the home-coming drew near," the young woman continued, "it was a joyous cry that came across to me,—the gladness of looking into my eyes, of hearing my voice, of touching my hands, of claiming me! How my body must have grown in rare beauty with my soul!" Half unconsciously she raised one toil-worn hand and scrutinized it, and glanced down at her coarse garments and roughly shod feet. "He harped on that so, and when I sought to open his eyes to the truth, he would not believe me,—and dwelt on my modesty. Then it was that the fear came home to me that it was not my happiness, but my tragedy, that was at my door. My fight for a living in the open had brought hardiness, but in my fervent quest for what I deemed to be better things, I neglected,—even sacrificed,—that which had first won his fancy. All the time he was advancing in exquisite polish, I was paying for my gain in knotted hands and awkwardness. I didn't think he could stand the shock of seeing me here, in this way—" again she gave a downward glance at herself, "and I didn't believe I had the strength to give him up. But there was only one way open, and those last few months were the fire from which I came out tempered for action." She moved a few paces away from her guest, changing her position so that the sun fell less directly on her face. But its soft rays still covered her, accentuating and hallowing the stern lines of her figure.

"He came home presently,—to some fame, to much praise, to old interests, and to new ones. It was his wish, he said his *prayer*, that I should be the first to welcome him, and I did not gainsay him; he came straight to me." She was silent for a thoughtful moment. From the rear of the cottage a pony grazed leisurely into view, and, seeing his mistress, lifted his head with a glad whinny and came to the side of the railing to rub his nose against her sleeve. Her hand sought his mane with a clinging, loving touch before she gave the gentle push that sent him away to his grazing again.

"You understand the artistic temperament as well as I do," she concluded, "its needs, its exactions; and I think," it was a ghost of a smile that wavered on her lips, "that the story really ends here."

The older woman looked bewildered: "Do you mean to say——" she began; the face of the other suddenly hardened. "Yes," sharply, "I mean to say just that; in fact I rejected him; in truth he rejected me. Oh, it was not all done in a moment," she cried, the lines of her face obediently relaxing at the command of her will, "and his conduct was irreproachable; the surface of things was preserved in a flawless beauty and harmony; he asked me how soon he might take me away from—*this*" her glance swept the open, "and try to nurse me back to my old self. I put him off from month to month, hoping in fasting and prayer—I had fallen so low—that there was some spark of the former feeling left in him, but his old passion seemed as dead as was my old self; we couldn't go back; we tried. Finally, in apparently outworn patience, he wrote the letter in which he asked me if I would either marry him or free him from the bondage of his hope, —from—the—bondage—of—his—hope; you see, he was graceful to the last. I gave him his freedom."

The story was in truth ended, but the woman who had been listening was irritated beyond endurance.

"But what is the meaning of it all?" she cried, with pain in her voice, "I see only purposelessness, emptiness."

Her companion was silent. The guest regarded her uncertainly for a moment, then said: "I can't understand, surely he was not blind——"

"Not to the outside of things," the other answered, smiling.

"You have no word of blame for him?"

"He was only true to himself,—as he has thus far found himself."

"Well, tell me this:" the unpacified guest urged, in sheer exasperation, "according to your theory that you furnished the energy for his success, that you are practically the whole thing thus far anyway, will his future work be lacking, now that he is only a fraction of a soul, for you needn't dream that this woman he is to marry is your moral twin?"

Her companion was silent,—silent for a long while.

"There will be a lull in his work now, for a time," she said, finally, in a dulled tone, "after that, I cannot tell. If he is to be married, as you say, much will depend for him on her influence." She raised deliberate eyes to her friend's face. "You say you know her?"

"Yes," adding, with malicious sarcasm, "she hath a beautiful body."

"What kind of wife will she make him? Will his pleasure last?"

"That is what hurts me so," urged the older woman; "To think of your turning him over to a woman like that! No, she'll make him wretched, in the end!" A sudden, grateful light shone in the other's face.

"Oh, well then," she cried, in a tone of relief, "his continued success is probably assured." Her friend stared for a moment in a surprise she made no effort to conceal, then gave a helpless smile.

A faint flush tinged the younger woman's face, which was gone ere it appeared, but which for the moment so transfigured her as to quicken the light in her friend's eyes.

"I mean," she quietly sought to explain, "that he must go from energy to energy, getting his inspiration outside of himself, and, always, his most useful means of advancement must be unsatisfied sense; happiness would mean death to his work."

The guest smiled unbelievingly. "Do you think he is capable of—fixed fancy, we will call it?" she asked.

"According to your standard he is," was the reply.

"Then, according to the same standard, you have never loved him," she announced. Her companion looked startled for a moment, then said, quietly, "Probably so."

"Certainly so," the older woman continued, calmly, her mind falling at last into its habitual logical action. "You have exaggerated every condition, from his moral to your physical weakness. You've starved and abused yourself and him until he is a cripple and you are deformed. You haven't been unselfish; you've been only cruel; you haven't been strong and heroic; it's you that have been the weakling,—a slave to fear, afraid to share the common joys and common sorrows that are the healthful, ennobling portion of man and woman. Your influence has reached beyond the seas to be choked back at last to a one-horse farm, where the dogs and the chickens get the wealth of your heart. And now, to cap it all, you say you are giving this man his freedom, when you are only sealing his sentence of life imprisonment. And you call this love? My dear, he has much to forgive you!" Her eyes dwelt searchingly on the dumb face before her, then her tone, as she continued, grew softer:

"Far be it from me to disparage the things of the spirit, but one can't ignore the rightful use of the senses—and live. The things of this world that you are dependent on, bear their tax—and you admit you are dependent on affection, whether it be of your fellow-kind, or," bitterly, her tone dropping its gentle note, "of your petted animals. You pay it, forsooth, to the cats and the horses, yet deny it to a hungry soul. 'In this way,' " she swept the coarse raiment of the woman opposite with a scathing glance, "why should it have been 'in this way?' What moral right had you, on your lover's homecoming, to make God's gift of beauty to you, that he loved, unsightly? By what theory or course of reasoning do you make homespun more spiritual than broadcloth? No, you leaped the bounds of time and place and tried to force Herbert Long's soul with you. In all your ascetic extravagance why did it not seem worth while to you to descend to him and lead him through his love of beauty to a discernment of the truth? Couldn't you afford a few concessions, realizing, as you say, that his very weakness is needful to the perfection of your united souls? Instead of that strenuous, harrowing fight you made to hold him, your aim could have been so easily and completely carried by a mildest of human methods, at no cost of dignity or self-esteem." She paused a moment, then took a step nearer the still figure and spoke with earnest appeal: "Even now you might reclaim him, for, beneath that hideous mask you wear, you are beautiful still. Relax, I beg of you!" She hesitated, then said, quietly, "I am asking you to save him."

The woman opposite made no response. She absently picked away some burrs clinging to the hem of her frock and gently dropped them to the floor. When she finally raised herself erect, her face looked pinched and sick.

"It is little, after all, that I ask you to concede," the older woman urged, gently.

"Little?" the other echoed, "you ask me to compromise with my soul." Her friend made a gesture of patient intolerance.

"I ask only that you do not permit the stronger laws to crush the weaker ones—just because they are stronger," she said. Then she added, "if you believe, as I do not, that with Herbert Long sense is final, I have no further word to say." The younger woman smiled: "Would you have more to say in any case?" she asked, bitterly. The other nodded: "Perhaps," she replied.

"Well, don't!" the girl said. "You are asking me to act as the greatest minds have acted, and I can't do it. I don't know what's latent in Herbert Long; there may be depths hard to sound, but the line in my hand is fallen useless. I can do nothing now; any advance on my part would only cheapen all to a semblance of caricature. No, I must follow my light, dim or dimmed as that light may be, and at worst I'll be my own punishment."

"That is just it," her friend reminded her, "it is more than your own tragedy that you have to account for. Don't you know that when the brief glamour of the honeymoon is over he will see things in their true light, and his soul will be filled with pessimism, and, malleable as he is, he'll put it into his work and you'll be responsible?"

Even beyond the church spire the listening woman's eyes seemed to pierce, and in them there was a deep glow.

"'In their true light,'" she quoted softly. Then she looked gratefully at her companion. "I hadn't hoped for that," she said.

"And then," the guest cried, mockingly, "he will love you—according to your own standard?" The lips of the other suddenly tightened; then her whole being relaxed wearily. The guest dared not trespass further, and a few minutes later in unhappy mood she went across the cotton field and signaled for the car to stop.

As she sank into the seat, she looked out of the window toward the cottage. She saw an old-young figure plodding with uneven step through the crispened stalks of cotton. A few paces behind, a calf followed docilely; a few feet in front a dog bounded joyously. The three were clearly outlined against the sunset sky.

IN SEASON

I LIKE daffodils in April,
And strawberries in June;
When they make them come in winter
It seems to spoil the seasons—
Maybe these aren't good reasons.
But I like things in tune
And not to change the moon.

I like to wait for flowers
In the old way, as one should,
They need the outdoor showers;
Hothouses are for roses
And such things. One supposes
God knows how to make ripe and sweet
Better than we the fruit we eat.

Half the spring's charm is first to see
The jonquils waving in the light,
It's worth the waiting for. If we
Choose to live where winter's cold,
Do not let us be too bold
To change what God has started right,
But let things sleep while the ground is white!

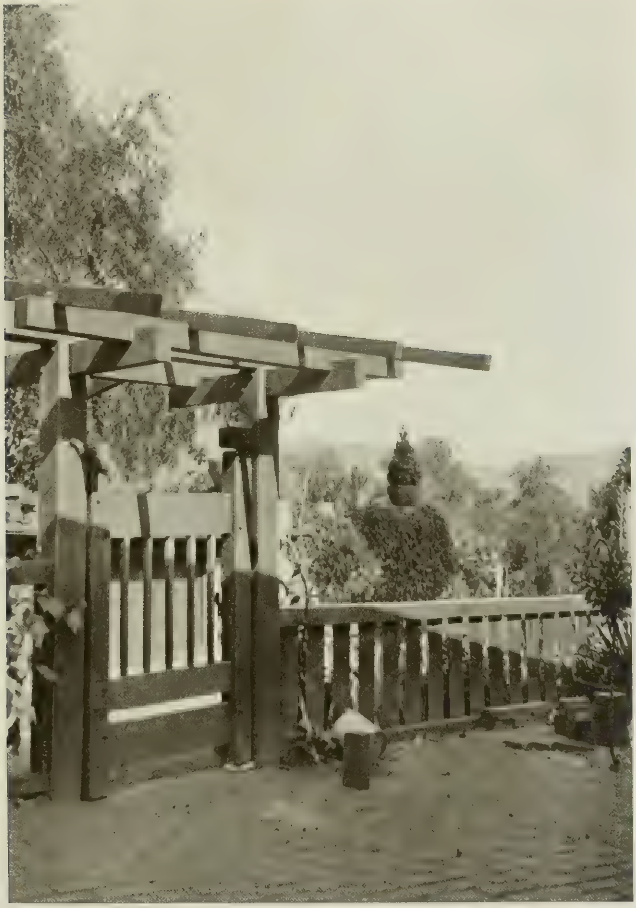
—Isabella Howe Fiske.

GATEWAYS OLD AND NEW: SOME EXAMPLES OF THE CHARM OF AN INTERESTING ENTRANCE TO A GARDEN

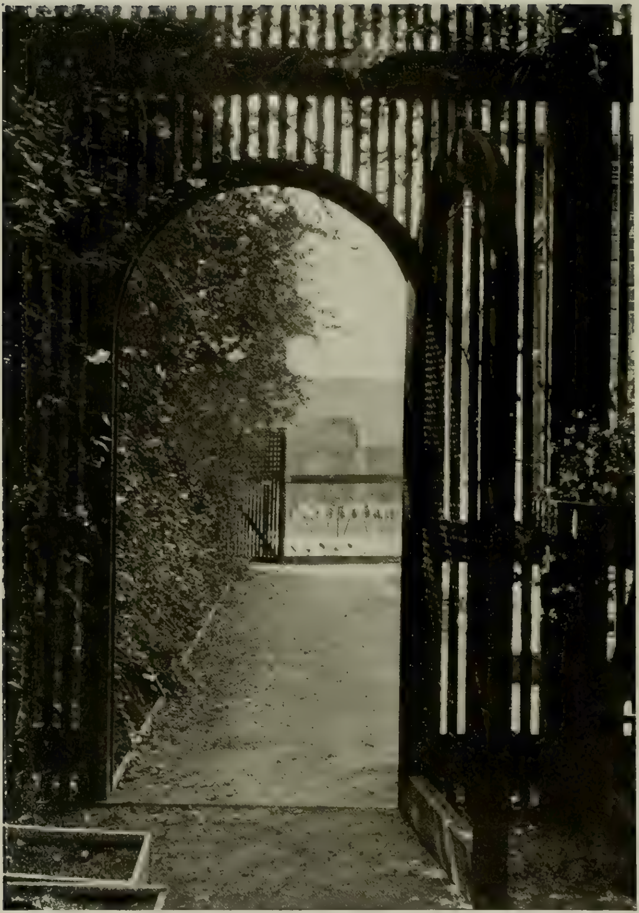
IF THE country holds any little part of simple romance for you, if you have ever dreamed under green apple boughs, if moonlight has ever lured you down shaded lanes, through vine-covered gateways to fragrant orchards; then garden gates must forever stir your imagination and bring back to you pleasant or sad memories of youthful days and sweethearts and high thoughts.

If you were happily ever a child in country pastures and lanes, a garden gate is a very lamp to your memory. The first gate of all that you remember led back from the rough village world with all its wounds and bruises and complexities to mother's arms; later this same gateway beckoned you away out to the schoolhouse where you could get knowledge and feel the stir of that mysterious great world beyond the hilltops, and still a little later there was a garden gate which smelled of roses and honeysuckles and opened upon a summer evening into Paradise. It is the memory of this scented gateway that makes you sigh when the perfume of June twilight comes through your windows in countless after years. And last of all, you remember the garden gate where you took leave of the old home and made silent promises to the dear mother who had grown to tremble very easily at the words "Good-bye."

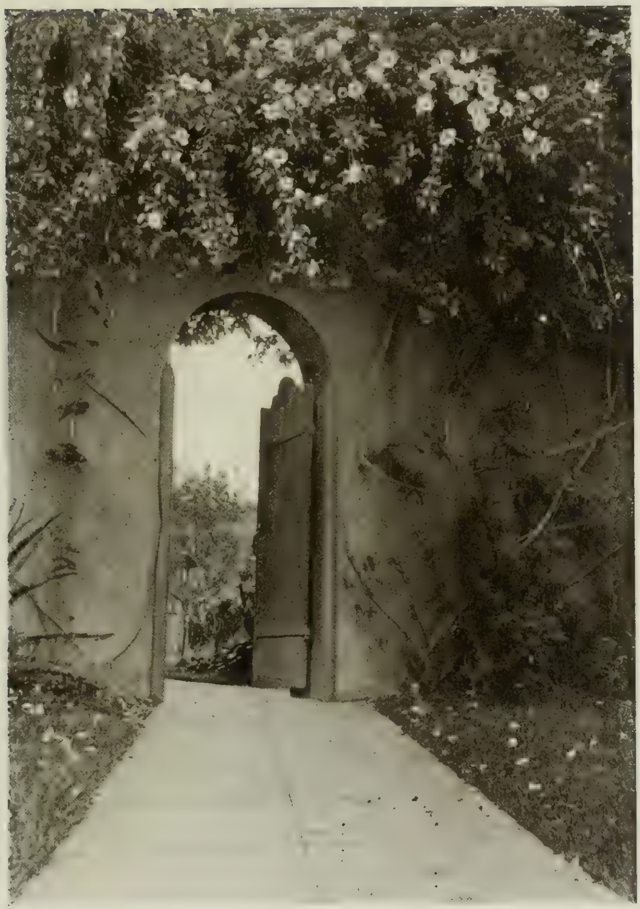
And so, if your memory is of the kind that hoards incidents of romance, the garden gate holds for you a sentiment and a poetry that could never be evoked by the pleasantest fence or the most gracious summerhouse or the prettiest porch. And to most of us, too, it is something of a symbol; it leads out to greater spaces or on to more perfect beauty. It always has for us something of a promise. Thus it seems very right that a garden gate should hold in itself a special beauty and allurement; that it should have grace of proportion and charm of color and fragrance in season and the inviting suggestion of pleasure beyond. It is because to the idealist and naturalist alike that the garden gate is so much of a symbol that one instinctively demands that somewhat of mystery should be expressed in them, whether it is in the trailing flaunting vines or in the dignified strength of line, beauty of proportion, or in the flowers that blossom about the lath or beam overhead; so every garden gate should at least pretend to lead to fairyland. And one should always permit oneself a faint responsive beating of the heart as the gate swings back in pleasant welcome.



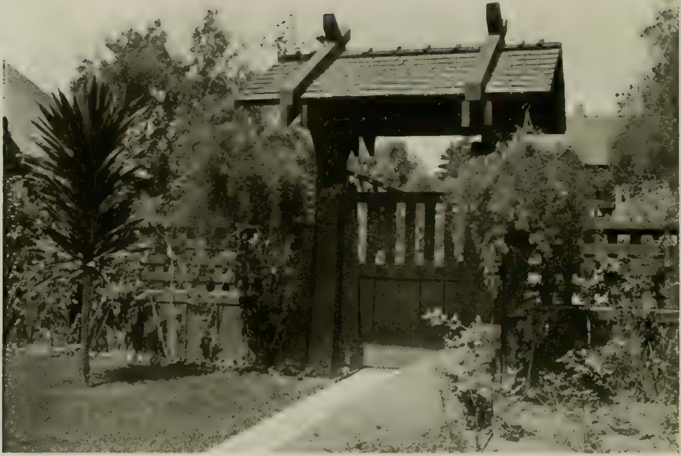
"THE PERGOLA GATE WOULD BE A CHARMING FOUNDATION FOR WISTARIA, WOODBINE OR GRAPEVINES."

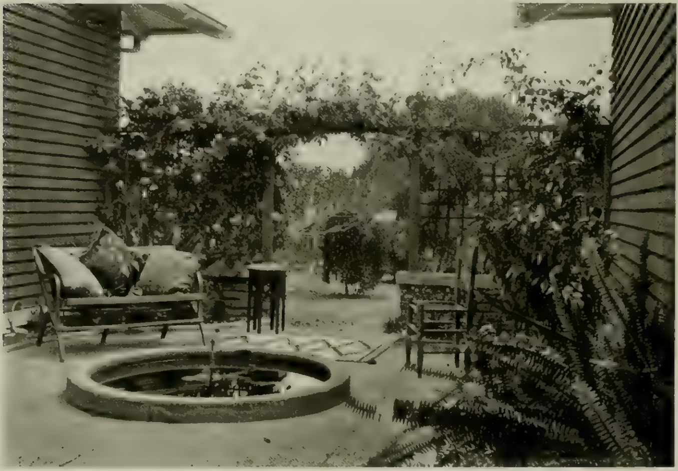


"THE OPEN LATH FENCE AND GATE HALF HIDES AND HALF REVEALS THE GARDEN TO THE PASSERBY, WITH VINES ADDED FOR BEAUTY AND MYSTERY."



"THIS CEMENT WALL WAS BUILT AFTER THE FASHION OF THE OLD MISSION WALLS: THE GATE IS WOOD BOUND WITH IRON BANDS, AND THERE IS A SPACE OF BLUE BETWEEN DOOR AND CEMENT ARCH."





A HOODED GATEWAY BETWEEN TWO GARDENS.

A TRELLIS SCREEN, WITH SUGGESTION FOR A PORTIÈRE OF VINES.

The door to one's home once expressed much of this interesting symbolism, and the latchstring hanging out meant that "free for all" hospitality which welcomed every stranger as guest. But this is of the past. Civilization and its excrescence, the tramp, have converted the house door into a barrier; the latchstring has evolved into a latchkey, and the door opens to you only on invitation.

But the garden gate is not to shut you away. It is to invite you cordially and graciously to enter, and if it has been well built and well ornamented, it gives to you a sense of beauty and sweetness as your hand rests upon it in passing.

THE illustrations given with this article are all of very simple gateways made attractive by the method of construction, by the placing of vines and flowers, or by some graceful conceit in outline and relation to the surroundings. The first might almost be called a pergola gate. It is shown without vines or "trimming," though it would make a charming foundation for wistaria, woodbine, or grape vines if it were a country gateway between two gardens. The finely balanced proportions of the heavy timber and the straight unornamented lines suggest an inspiration from Japan. If the wood were native, unpainted, and bunches of violet wistaria drooped from the beams, it would be very genuinely reminiscent of Japanese feeling. It is pleasant to see how carefully this gate has been made to harmonize with the simple construction of the wooden fence, and how thoroughly durable and yet picturesque both are in effect. Another picturesque showing of fence and gate is seen in the second illustration. The fence was constructed to separate a back garden from the street, and what could be more charming in expression than the open lath fence that half hides the garden and half reveals it to the passerby, with vines added for beauty and mystery—a courteous desire to give to the traveler what beauty the garden holds and yet withal a desire for some of that seclusion which makes a garden dear to those who rest there in summer time. This high fence is of the simplest and most inexpensive construction. With the exception of the frame, only the cheapest laths were used, put together with hammer and saw in a manner possible to any amateur.

A cement wall has ever carried with it a message of pleasant seclusion. In old Bavarian towns these walls surround many of the small gardens which make the summer living place for German families, where coffee is served at three o'clock and beer through the long cool evenings. If there are gateways in these old walls they are usually small and low and painted blue, and on the top of the wall is a crest of green vines, or fruit trees are flattened back against the warm cement, and later in the early fall there are splashes of color when the fruit ripens.

The English old cement garden walls are nearly always the background for apricot or peach trees, with vining roses clambering through odd spaces and flaunting out a pleasant color early in the season. The cement wall shown in one of the illustrations in this article was built after the fashion of the old Mission walls in California, and surrounds a garden in which the house is of the old Mission architecture. The garden gate in the wall is of wood and shaped after the "fire walls" of the old missions, and space enough was left between the top of the gate and the arch in the wall for a glimpse of sky between, half shut away by drooping vines and tassels of bloom. The heavy boards of which the gate is made are held together top and bottom by iron bands studded with large ornamental iron nails. Above the arch on the top of the high wall a friendly gardener has twined luxurious branches of the beautiful Cherokee rose.

A hooded gateway is a charming link from garden to garden. One may rest a moment within its shade, and it seems to bind together the two plots of green which the fence has divided. In the illustration given the hood of the gate is shingled and a brace of heavy timbers surmounts and binds the shingles together. There are vines and flowers creeping up to the gateway, and from the eaves of the hood are hung huge baskets of flowers and drooping plants.

The fifth illustration is scarcely more than a screen between a patio or outdoor living room and the garden beyond. It gives, however, a charming sense of cool green seclusion and a suggestion of a gateway could be introduced by letting the vines from the trellis work droop from the top of the arch to the ground in the opening. The arch would easily in a very short time fill with vines, which could be brushed aside gently as one passed in and out, and the effect would add much beauty and an impression of seclusion to this outdoor living room.

After all, an article on garden gates is not intended so much to show you how other people have constructed them, or how useful they are in gardens, or to suggest novelties in their structure, or special kinds of beauty that may be achieved in their decoration, but rather to remind you of their place in poetry and to hold them to the romance of living. We may even be making a plea for their survival in the pleasant gardens of kind people for all time to come.

GETTING BACK TO OUR BASE OF SUPPLIES: WHAT THE REVIVAL OF SMALL FARMING WOULD MEAN TO THIS COUNTRY: BY EDGAR J. HOLLISTER

Editorial Note.—This is the first of a series of articles relating to practical methods of fertilizing and cultivating different varieties of soil, planting and harvesting crops and eliminating the element of waste that now cuts off so much of the profit from farming, the object being to give as definite an idea of modern methods of farming on a small scale as we purpose to do of the various forms of handicraft which would be desirable to carry on in connection with intensive agriculture. Mr. Edgar J. Hollister, the writer of this series of agricultural articles, has been made a member of The Craftsman staff for the reason that he is to an unusual degree qualified to supplement the efforts of the editor to create a general movement in the direction of a return to small farming allied with handicrafts. Mr. Hollister has devoted many years to acquiring a comprehensive knowledge of the science of plant physiology and soil physics with a view to determining the effect of environment on different crops. He has tested by actual practice under widely varying conditions every theory which he advances, and in connection with this work he has devoted much time to the reclamation of waste land and to colonization where it has been found practicable. He has carried on this reclamation work in Florida, Ohio, Colorado and Canada, where he has achieved remarkable results in draining, fertilizing and reducing to cultivation lands generally supposed to be worthless and in placing upon them people willing and anxious to undertake farming according to modern methods. Mr. Hollister organized the Winona Agricultural Institute at Winona Lake, Indiana, of which he was dean until he abandoned this form of educational work for the larger enterprise of reclamation and colonizing, with which work he is still engaged. He has approached every problem from the practical side, and his instructions in farming are clear, practical and easily put into effect by any one who is willing to take a fairly intelligent interest in the work of bringing forth what the soil has to produce.

ONE of the questions most under discussion today is the necessity of taking some measure to restore agriculture to its former position as the most important industry of this country. Our ambition is boundless and our commercial and industrial expansion has been phenomenal, but nevertheless we find ourselves at the present time in the situation of an army which has allowed itself to be cut off from its base of supplies. We have been so intent upon conquest that we have failed to keep open our line of retreat,—a fatal oversight in commercial, as it is in military advance. Thus far, backed by widely varied and generally favorable climates, the best soils in the world, and abundant production of all the natural food supplies, we have never had to consider the question of scarcity. On the contrary, we have not only had enough and to spare for ourselves, but have always been able and ready to go to the relief of other nations suffering from famine. But now we are confronting the fact that we shall soon have ninety millions of people to support and that the price of foodstuffs of all kinds is almost prohibitive,—not because the market is cornered by trusts or by stock gamblers in Wall Street or the Pit, but because the sources of supply are too far removed from the commercial centers and production is insufficient for the needs of the population.

Such a state of affairs seems absurd in a country of such vast extent, where the natural resources are almost boundless, but nevertheless it exists, and it has been brought about largely by our own neglect and wastefulness. We have formed our population into a huge army which exists solely for commercial and industrial conquest, and each individual is so bent upon immediate gain that the larger necessity of providing sufficient supplies has been lost sight of. We have allowed ourselves to drift away from our base of supplies, a lack of forethought for which the individual citizen is no less responsible than the leaders of the great organizations who have made possible our commercial prestige.

IN THE beginning the government owned the land, which was granted or sold to the settler. In assuming the ownership and undertaking the cultivation of the land, the settler naturally assumed also the charge of a portion of the source of supplies upon which the whole country depended. Yet, not realizing the larger responsibility he had taken upon himself, the farmer considered only the needs of himself and his family, regardless of the future or of the general welfare. The magnificent trees were felled, and what could not be used for buildings, fences or fuel, was cleared away by fire. The soils were cropped until exhausted, and then, with no thought of care or restoration, were abandoned for other and more fertile tracts which in turn received the same treatment, and so were introduced the wasteful and destructive methods which, carried on by successive generations and practised by a rapidly increasing population, have resulted now in an imminent timber famine, an approaching coal famine, the threatened destruction of our inland water supply and the present scarcity of all food supplies.

In the early days, when population was scanty and the natural resources almost untouched, no amount of waste seemed to make much difference. Farming, except to supply local needs, was hardly necessary, as game and fish abounded and it was easy to keep the larder well stocked with very little labor. Later, however, as the land became more thickly settled and the supply of game and fish decreased, more land was put under cultivation, more domestic animals were raised for food, bountiful harvests were reaped for the market as well as for home use and trade at home and abroad grew swiftly and steadily. Conditions were healthy and prosperous and there was plenty for everyone. The first great change came with the discovery of gold in California in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, when so many of the eastern and middle western farms were abandoned in the rush to the mines. Then the get-rich-quick spirit took possession of the land, and ever since there has been the tendency on the part of young men to leave the farms whenever an opportunity offered to obtain work in a town or city. This movement was accelerated by the Civil War, which drew so heavily on the farming population, and by the rapid development along all lines which came almost immediately after the close of the war. There was a temporary revival of interest in farming just after the war, for the high prices to be obtained for all products encouraged investment in land, but the movement was toward the west, where immense tracts of land could be cultivated on a large scale, and the small eastern farms were either abandoned or left to the older and less enterprising farmers.

LED by the prevailing spirit of ambition to do things in a big way that would show quick and brilliant results, the press, the pulpit and the schools joined in urging the farmers' sons and daughters to strive for a higher education, holding up as a standard the brilliant successes made by many young people who had left the farms to enter the professions or the race for commercial or political supremacy. This movement, of course, was natural and necessary in the development of a vigorous young nation, but the inevitable result was that the farms were continually robbed of the strength and ability of the younger generation, and that farming gradually fell into disrepute as an occupation fit only for those who were unable to do anything else. The place of our young men was taken by foreigners who came to the farms of this country as to a promised land, but the children of these foreigners also joined in the rush to the cities, for, as they became Americanized, they also became educated away from work and imbued with the desire to get rich as quickly and with as little work as possible.

Also, there entered into the situation the element of exploitation of the land for the greatest immediate gain. Labor-saving machinery was introduced into farming as well as into manufacturing, so that agriculture was generally carried on with the aid of inexperienced foreign laborers who were taught to run the gang plows and the reaping, heading and threshing machines, and had no knowledge or interest beyond doing as they were told and drawing their monthly wage. The methods of farming by machinery were expensive and wasteful, and the farmer,—or rancher, as he might more properly be called,—too often staked his all and all he could borrow upon the production of some huge crop which would be blighted by flood or drought, or harvested only to be marketed at a loss because of the price of transportation or a deal in stocks. In the west it has not been uncommon for ranchers to pay twelve or fifteen per cent. on loans that were absolutely necessary to provide means for planting or harvesting the crops, and so heavily were their lands mortgaged that often a single failure meant ruin and foreclosure. Yet so possessed was the whole country with the idea that everything must be done on a large scale and with the aid of labor-saving machinery, that men took these tremendous risks and assumed these burdens in the hope of ultimately making a fortune, while the home farms in the east were left uncultivated and in many cases absolutely abandoned, so that thousands of them may now be bought for less than the cost of the buildings.

UNDER this system of farming real thrift has been impossible. In the early and-more primitive days the general abundance made it seem unnecessary, and on the big ranches the methods of agriculture have never taken into account the details of saving and preserving. In nearly all cases most of the elements which make for continued productiveness were, for lack of proper drainage, washed by spring and fall rains down into the streams and lost forever. If the money value of this steady loss could be estimated, the figures would seem almost incredible. Moreover, by persistent neglect on the part of the farmer, this same process of washing away causes an annual loss of millions of dollars in the matter of farmyard manure, so necessary to the productive life of the soil. The amount of annual loss from this item alone is placed by Dr. Wiley of the Department of Agriculture at fifteen dollars for each full grown animal. Conservative farmers who are now beginning to pay some attention to the methods of intensive agriculture estimate the annual loss from this one detail of the general waste at over two hundred thousand dollars for each county in the average farming district.

Again, in the usual method of preparing the soil for crops, the surface is not made fine enough to produce the best results in the germination of seeds, and so much is lost through an unnecessarily insufficient yield. To this may be added the losses that come from the failure to exercise care and judgment in the selection of good seed and of the proper varieties to produce the best results in a given soil and climate, the indifferent cultivation and care of the crops up to the time of harvesting, the wasteful methods employed for the harvesting itself, and, finally, the neglect shown in the proper care and breeding of animals. All these elements of waste are apart from the external accidents of drought, disease and parasites, so it is not at all remarkable that the average annual yield of wheat has fallen below twelve bushels to the acre,—a yield that would be still further reduced were it not for the work of the two thousand experts that the government employs to look up new varieties of grain that will better resist drought and disease, to find the most effective methods of fighting insect pests, and to teach the farmer how to bring up the fertility of the land by better drainage, by careful cultivation, by wise selection of seeds and by the rotation of crops that will preserve the productive qualities of the soil.

But the question now is how long these two thousand experts are going to be able to meet the exigencies of the situation unless they are given not only the coöperation of the farmer but of the whole country. We are at present unquestionably passing through an agricultural phase similar to those which have already taken place in England, France and Germany, where between fifteen and twenty years ago the yield had reached a general average of fifteen bushels to the acre. Expert investigation with a view to remedying this condition was at once set on foot. The farmers lent prompt and intelligent coöperation and the work of the experts received the cordial support of the whole people of each nation. The physical and chemical conditions of the soil, which had been exhausted by indiscreet cropping, had to be built up; a slow process that has taken fifteen years to accomplish. But the result is that now the annual yield in France has increased to twenty-seven bushels per acre and in England and Germany to thirty bushels. The good effects in all three countries are beyond question; especially in France, where the average health of the people has attained a much higher grade, showing the effects not only of better nourishment, but of greater wholesomeness in environment.

The same thing is now being done in this country, which, in spite of its immense wealth and commercial prosperity, is not producing enough to enable its people to obtain sufficient food at prices the working man can afford to pay. During the panic of last October we exulted because, whatever the crisis among the Wall Street magnates, the huge crops of the west were a solid asset that insured the country against any long-continued hard times. It is true that our agricultural products last year amounted to more than seven billions of dollars; but it is also true that this enormous yield means only eighty dollars' worth of these products per capita, and that the food supplies for the most thickly settled districts have to be brought from a distance, with all the added cost of transportation and handling, while the lands around our large cities lie idle, a prey to the greed of the speculator in real estate. Even where farms still exist in the neighborhood of the great commercial centers, they are for the most part cultivated only in a half-hearted way pending a rise in land values which may enable the farmer to sell out. The trees remain untrimmed and the fields untilled, while the city markets are supplied with fruits and vegetables brought from a distance in refrigerator cars. Small wonder that the prices of all our food supplies are high and show every indication of going higher.

THE need for economy that confronts us now is not theoretical, but a stubborn fact. We have wasted our resources until the end of our boasted abundance is in sight,—unless measures are taken not only to conserve what we have left, but to produce according to our steadily-increasing need. And the minute we begin to do this in earnest, we begin to get back to the soil,—to the natural base of supplies. The great need today is for more and cheaper farm produce, and there is already setting in a strong movement toward making it possible to obtain it. The great difficulty is that men have largely lost their power to wrest a living from the soil, let alone farming for profit. They have been too long in the factories to be able to cut loose from the pay-roll and go out and set themselves to work as their forefathers did. This lack of resource and initiative, as well as of training, is one of the chief stumbling-blocks in the way of any effective effort to encourage small farming. The other is the lack of capital and the high prices put upon vacant land that is anywhere near the big commercial centers. The moment there is any hint of a demand the speculator in real estate steps in and buys up large tracts which are held for a rise in value. In older countries where the land has long been in possession of the few, it has been thought wise to pass laws whereby the government has been empowered to purchase large tracts from individual owners and resell or lease the land in small parcels to the people who wanted farms. In other instances the people have organized themselves into societies for the purpose of purchasing land to be divided into small farms where they could make homes and so gain a fresh start. Even in this country, in spite of speculators and syndicates, there is still a large area of unsettled lands in the west and northwest, belonging to the government, which may be purchased for settlement on very reasonable terms, and we have also much land owned by individuals in the southern, north Atlantic and central states which should be purchasable at a figure based on the producing power of the land. But with the lack of concerted action, and with the general desire of working people to remain near the cities, nothing so far has been done toward any adequate solution of the problem.

At present it is almost impossible to purchase a few acres of land within easy reach of any one of the large markets, both because of the element of speculation that is sure to crop up as soon as such a move is made, and also because owners of property would rather dispose of a whole farm of a hundred acres or more than to sell it off in small portions such as a poor man would be able to pay for and to cultivate when he had bought it. So, unless some measures can be taken to open up these lands to occupation, it is necessary to look farther afield to the less thickly settled parts of the country and to turn our attention to making it possible to establish there farms and settlements where people could not only settle in homes and make a living, but also do their part toward reëstablishing the national bases of supply.

YET even to do this would not solve the most serious part of the problem,—the training and equipment of the individual who has long been alienated from the land so that he can produce not only his own food supply but much more by practising agriculture according to modern scientific and economic methods,—an industry which demands resource, intelligence, and, above all, great and constant interest in the work. Under present conditions this might be done in isolated and exceptional cases, but after all it would only be the same thing over again,—the boys and girls would be brought up and educated along lines that would induce them to get away from the farm at the earliest opportunity for what they would regard as a wider and more promising field of endeavor. Then when hard times came they would be just where they are today,—out of employment and separated from the base of supplies. So it has been clear to all who are thinking and planning along these lines that something must be done other than merely putting people back on the land to practice farming as they would any other industry.

It was with this problem in mind that my attention was first attracted to the solution urged by the editor of THE CRAFTSMAN, in his article on "Small Farming and Profitable Handicrafts," published in the April number of this magazine. Enthusiasts for the revival of agriculture have been forced to acknowledge that a great obstacle in the way of it was the fact that all other sources of income would probably be cut off while the land was being brought into bearing, and that, at best, the man or woman used to earning a regular wage would for this reason find farming hard and discouraging at first. Besides, there would also be the lack of diversity of employment, and the enforced partial idleness during the times of the year when the labors of the small farmer are necessarily light. Unless each farm were equipped with greenhouses, cold frames or hotbeds, there must be months when the farmer would be prevented from pursuing his occupation, and to most of them this would mean simply time lost and surplus cash used up for the purchase of necessaries during a time of non-production. The suggestion that some form of profitable handicrafts, in which all the family might share, be introduced in connection with the cultivation of small farms, seems to me to supply the bridge needed to make it possible for the workman to cross the gap between the factory and the farm. More than this, it would mean the interest in varied forms of work that would tend to keep the young people at home, because at home they would find sufficient interest and chance for individual development along any chosen line of industry. In short, the formative years of the boy or girl would be passed under natural and healthy conditions, as free from monotonous drudgery as from unwholesome excitement, in an environment that would tend not only to give each individual a thorough knowledge of how to supply the necessaries of life, but also the qualities of self-reliance and the power of adaptability to any condition in future life, from successful farming up to the highest position within the gift of the people. It would mean that the rising generation would have no reason or inclination to separate itself from the base of supplies, because, in case of failure in other ventures along industrial, commercial or professional lines, the line of retreat would always be kept open by the fundamental knowledge of just how to wrest a living from the soil and also skill in the doing of some form of profitable creative work.

This brief analysis of conditions with regard to the present state of agriculture in this country is intended to be supplementary to the analysis of industrial conditions already made by the editor of THE CRAFTSMAN, and also introductory to a series of articles on intensive agriculture and practicable methods of reviving interest in small farming.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT IN AMERICA: PRIZE ESSAY: BY CHARLES F. BINNS

IN THE year eighteen hundred and seventy-six was held the first International Exhibition in America. It was a bold step to invite the artists and artisans of Europe to enter the lists against those of the United States. Behind them lay centuries of training. The traditions of Cellini, of Sheraton, of Wedgwood and a host of others were theirs. We had nothing but abundant natural resources and an unfailing courage. The exhibition was educational almost to a fault. America was hopelessly beaten. There was nothing to do but to rear the rampart of a prohibitive tariff around her infant industries and to trust to luck.

A few minds, however, were set to thinking. Of course they were feminine minds. It always needs a feminine mind to do an original thing. Questions were asked. Study was begun, though in a very feeble and indefinite way, and it was presently found that not only was there no industrial art in the country, but that there was no chance of learning. "No light, but rather darkness visible" literally expressed the outlook.

The first attempt at craft work may be traced to this condition. Little as it deserves the name when viewed by recent standards it was the humble art of china-painting that broke out the drifts of apathy and uncertainty which choked the highway. Just why this art was selected cannot now be certainly told. Perhaps it fulfilled some conditions and satisfied some aspirations. It was art with an object. It enabled one, with comparatively small trouble and cost to place one's own art on the table rather than against the wall. It was easy to do if one were easily satisfied; it was difficult enough to excite emulation.

But serious workers soon became dissatisfied with the triviality of china-painting. Some attempted to make pottery and met with fair success; some began to experiment in metal work. A few enthusiasts—mostly women—went to Europe and studied book-binding, jewelry, weaving, block printing and the like; the movement all the while quietly gathering strength and fitting its followers for service. When the World's Fair opened in eighteen hundred and ninety-three, at Chicago, there was found in the Woman's Building a notable collection of works in industrial art which afforded indisputable evidence that the lessons of eighteen hundred and seventy-six had not been wasted. College boys say that a freshman "knows not and knows not that he knows not, but a sophomore knows not and knows that he knows not." The former state was ours in eighteen hundred and seventy-six; we had reached the latter in eighteen hundred and ninety-three. Enough had been learned to show what craft work ought to be. The spirit of the critic had begun to arrive. Much dissatisfaction was felt but there was no discouragement.

And now opened the era of teachers. Europe poured out upon us those whom she did not need. Frenchmen and Germans, long of hair and keen after money, opened studios in every large city. There was a feverish activity but very little serious work. As Lawson would say, a take-six-lessons-go-west-and-teach-a-class spirit was in the air. This state of things was but evidence of the exuberance of callow youth. In time a saner idea prevailed and the crafts began to assume an orderly array. Many dilettante workers there were, but, in the main, the belief that there was a bright future in store for arts and crafts prevailed, and so the twentieth century was ushered in to be the heir of all the ages.

LET us now inquire into the status of the crafts at the present moment. First: In many cities are clubs and societies the members of which are more or less interested in all work to which the word "art" may be attached. These societies are maintained by subscriptions and, frequently, a common studio or club room is rented. There may be a teacher, but usually not more than one, who is supposed to understand the technic of several crafts, but who, as a matter of fact, has rarely received any thorough training. Most of the active members have spent two, three or four years in an art school and have acquired the craft notion, not to say habit. These constitute the working force of the club and they plunge into the making of baskets, rugs, metal work and even pottery with an enviable enthusiasm. It is to be feared, however, that these light-hearted schoolgirls wholly fail to grasp the significance of craft work. Their idea is to make salable articles at the least possible expenditure of time and labor. Their hands are wholly untrained and if they can unearth a design from some journal published in the interests of art and reproduce the same, they are satisfied. But on account of their inexperience they must spend an extravagant amount of time upon any object, and for this they expect to receive remuneration in proportion to the hours they, as beginners, have consumed rather than upon a scale with which a skilled workman would be satisfied. Work made in this way is, therefore, both bad and expensive and its existence under the circumstances related constitutes a serious obstacle to the profitable pursuit of craftsmanship by trained workers. Two things are herein made evident: that the training of an art school is quite inadequate for the pursuit of the crafts, and that, in order to become an expert in any line of work, a thorough drill under a competent instructor is imperative.

Second: There are certain "Arts and Crafts" societies the principal function of which is to afford to individual workers an opportunity of placing their product before the purchasing public. These societies have organized salesrooms which are intended to be self-supporting. That is, the commissions on sales are, for the most part, sufficient to pay rent and the cost of selling and packing. Each of these societies has a membership roll and members are entitled to a reduction in the commission paid for the sale of their work. A standard is set and supervision is exercised in order that the quality of the work may be maintained. The membership dues are used partly in the provision of lectures and partly in the missionary effort which every active organization must put forth. In some cases schools or classes are organized which are supposed to be self-supporting. These societies fill a position of distinct value to the movement. They are a great help to the handicraftsman in providing him with a means for reaching his public. The stores will not handle craft-made wares because the margin of profit is not large enough, and, indeed, from another point of view, it is not desirable that they should. To place hand work in a store, side by side with machine-made wares, is to invite a comparison which, to the superficial shopper, must result in the conclusion that commercial wares are both cheaper and more showy. Let us be thankful that this is so! The craftsman does not wish to compete with the machine, but neither does he desire to emphasize an unfair rivalry. Furthermore, the crafts salesroom helps the worker by placing the seal of its approval upon genuine work. Many purchasers are short-sighted, not to say blind, even yet. When the salesroom says an article is good the word is believed, whereas the worker cannot take such a position when offering his own production. Artists are, usually, poor salesmen and, moreover, they are often suspected of undue preference. It follows then that serious workers should support the salesrooms in every possible way and should select those which conform to the conditions named even though a higher percentage be charged.

Third: In certain places village industries have sprung up and are being successfully maintained. The motive power has been found, either in the remnants of an ancient craft or in the divine afflatus of some unselfish enthusiast. The places where this work is being done are well known and in this discussion we will not particularize. The field of village industries offers the most promising outlook for the crafts for several reasons. The expense of living in the country is very much lower than in the city; hence the work can be produced upon a less expensive scale. Country life offers an alternative of industries which provide a partial support. Fruit growing, gardening, berry picking and floriculture are among the most obvious. The country is more conducive to the quiet thought and persistent effort upon which craft work must be founded and, finally, there is the possibility of a small guild or community of workers which is in every way stimulative and helpful. In many parts of the country there are looms and the knowledge of their use still lingers among the people. This will not be the case for long, however. The older generation is fast disappearing and with it will vanish the remnants of the craft. The younger people, divorced from the farm, have lost the resource of the crafts and the work of training must be undertaken anew.

An appreciation of these conditions is one of the first necessities. In many cases the occupants of the villages are as sheep without a shepherd. They think themselves at a disadvantage because they cannot live in the city and they have not the knowledge wherewith to revive the life of the village and the farm.

Let us now, for the sake of clearness, divide the problem of the crafts into two parts; the worker in the city and the worker in the country. There are certain crafts which seem to belong to the city—the making of silver work, jewelry, book-binding and wrought metal. This is not an arbitrary choice. There are reasons. The question of raw material is important. For these crafts this can be more readily secured in the city than in the country. The work can best be done in proximity to libraries and museums. Large space is not needed and there is a fair margin of profit.

The principal obstacle to the proper development of these crafts is the fact that many have attempted them and failed. The work is not undertaken seriously enough. It is expected that any one who appears to have the least capacity can take a summer school course and at once proceed to make a living. This is found to be impossible and the result is a general discouragement. The would-be craftsman does not begin to learn early enough in life, consequently, does not acquire the necessary skill. There are thousands of students issuing from the art schools; they need money, or they think they do, and expect to earn it by hammering copper into impracticable shapes or by applying hot points to wood or leather.

The matter has been put into a sentence by Professor Halsey C. Ives, of St. Louis, who says that schools "have trained a multitude of eager students to only paint pictures that few men want and fewer buy. What is needed is not so much more art schools as more art in our common schools. One of the faults in our art educational work is in not beginning its influence early enough in the training of our people."

If the manipulative processes of the crafts were thus early taught in the schools the time would come when the acquired power would blossom and bear fruit as the reality and power of craft work laid hold upon the worker. The poet does not begin his career by writing verse. He must first learn language, form and rhythm. Thus equipped he can clothe his thoughts in an acceptable manner.

The problems which confront the worker in the country are somewhat different. Here, too, there are appropriate crafts. The raw materials for weaving, dyeing, spinning, potting, basketry and cabinet making are close at hand. There is plenty of room and a larger supply of leisure. The inspiration consists, not in books and museums nor in an admiring crowd of connoisseurs, but in the murmur of the brook and in the breath of the hills at sunrise. Come forth, ye leaders of men! You desire a mission, a vocation. Set up your loom or your wheel in the quiet valley. Gather around you the earnest, simple souls whom the cityward tide has left stranded. Reveal to them the secret chemistry of the woods or the subtle graces of the clay. Bring to bear the arduous training of the schools and the critical atmosphere of the studios. Organize a guild of linen weavers or establish a community of clay workers and of you it shall be said "blessed is the man who has found his work." Fear not failure, for honest labor does not fail. The words of Emerson are as true now as they ever were: "If a man preach a better sermon, write a better book or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

(NOTE.—For announcement of other prize winners see page 338)

THE ENVIRONMENT OF A COUNTRY HOME: BY E. DRUSILLE FORD

THE quality of beauty is increasing rapidly from being the luxury of the few to being the necessity of the many. We find the need manifesting itself in all the large and small things of life; in the apparel we wear; the books we read; the utensils of our common use; in the laboratory of the scientist; in the office of the busy broker; in the carefully kept flower beds that skirt the bare walls of a factory and the luxuriant vines that are striving to hide its bareness; in the decoration which has become an essential part of public buildings and grounds. It is not the desire for mere display which has been a long time with us, but that yearning sense of the harmonious, reaching out for satisfaction; and nowhere is the unceasing endeavor to attain artistic appeal so evident as in the evolution of the home.

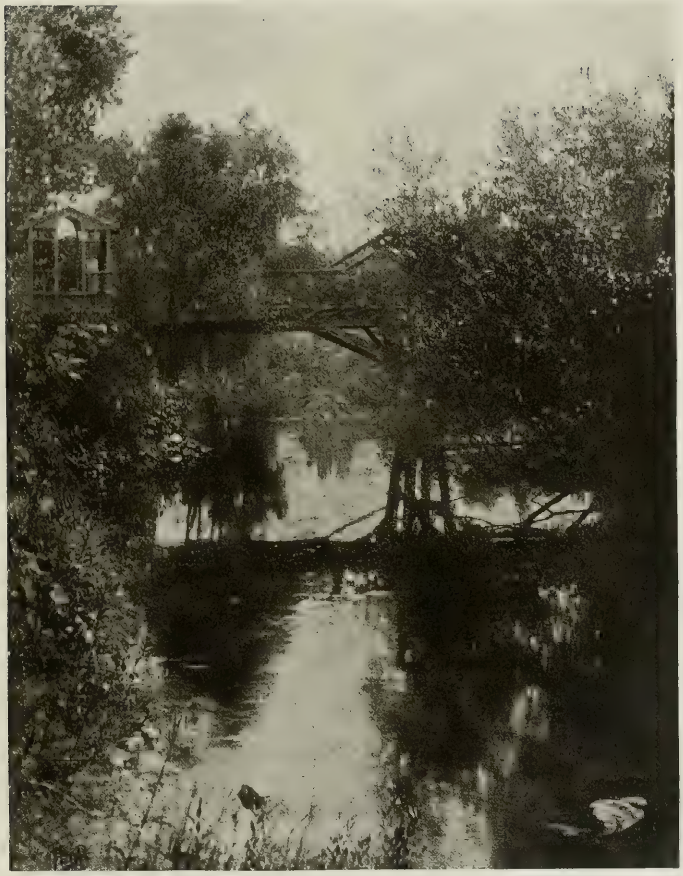
So strong is the subconscious, æsthetic sentiment within us, that the words "country home" at once suggest a picture of all-pervading sylvan charm, and this innate expectation is the fruitful source of many disappointments when actual visits dispel the ideal. To say that one has a town house in the country would be, too often, a more truthful expression and leave less room for disenchantment.

Considering the frequency of its occurrence, it seems almost a fatality that the things we wish to escape cling to us, follow us and insist upon being reproduced in our surroundings. Is it because we do not accord to our inclinations the courtesy of being understood, or does their satisfaction seem to involve the impossible? In most instances, the latter reason is doubtless responsible, but so much has been accomplished with most unpromising materials, that there is little reason for discouragement. And, when the advantage of selection is ours, we have only to concern ourselves with the choice of a location which possesses the accessories most difficult of acquirement. A house will grow steadily day by day under the hand of a solitary builder, but a beautiful tree requires a lifetime for the building, adding each year a ring to its girth and a little more strength, length and grace to its branches.

IF YOU love the country for the trees, the grass, the shrubs and vines and the numberless little wild things that spring up everywhere and lift their blooms to you for recognition, you would not, of your own volition, become possessed of a *well-cleared* farm on which stood a house covered with siding and painted white like those

"YOU APPROACH THE HOUSE BY A FLIGHT OF WINDING STEPS, CUT IN A STEEP DECLIVITY, AND A RUSTIC RAIL AT THE SIDE IS DRAPED WITH LUXURIANT VINES."

"NESTLING IN A SMALL GROVE OF MAPLES, NEAR A RUNNING STREAM, STANDS THE OLD HOUSE."



"THE LITTLE SCREENED SUMMER HOUSE IS
PERCHED ABOVE A BEND IN THE CREEK. * * *
A STEP FARTHER IS THE LATTICE BRIDGE"

"WOODBINE CREPT UP AND HUNG FROM THE GABLES OF THE WOOD HOUSE."

"LATTICE SHUTTERS WERE ADDED TO THE OLD WINDOWS."

you have known in town, with perhaps a red barn and other equally hideous outbuildings. Such a property is not hopeless if you are young and very patient, but to most of us the period of waiting involved would be an obstacle. And you would not acquire it, for, having seen it, you would have no desire to see it again. A prosperous farm is sometimes a most unpromising home.

Here, now, is a neglected door-yard, a small cottage some distance from the road, in a tangle of leafage which the farmer has been too busy to disturb. Once, some one planted a climbing rose, for it is all over the porch now, and a woodbine has laid hold of the roof. There are great trees too, permitted to add vigor and beauty each year, because in cutting his winter's wood, the farmer preferred to add fresh territory to the potato patch. Long may the potato crop flourish, and may its planting, cultivating, harvesting and marketing so fully occupy the good man's time that he will find no leisure to clear his door-yard! Perhaps, some day, his spiritual self will recognize among his best friends these great trees that have faithfully shielded his roof from the vertical sun rays and rendered the long, warm days of summer endurable to wife and little ones. So often a man makes preparation for home-building by cutting away every tree and shrub, destroying for one generation at least the atmosphere of home; for what the faces of loved ones are to the inner sanctuary, the trees are to the outer walls, the softening of hard lines, the mystery of tenderness, the appeal of silent service.

Without doubt, the most pleasing element in the surroundings of a country house is restfulness, and its attainment lies along the line of harmonious merging of form and color rather than in striking innovations however attractive in themselves. The contact with city life fills us with weariness of sharp contrasts. We would have the spiritual sight and sense carried forward on the gently varying tones of grass and shrub and gray tree trunks, with an entrancing variation of delicate willows finding their images in a little patch of brook, or the quiet emerging of a building so truly a habitant of the region that the consciousness of harmony almosts anticipates its presence. Could we build the home while this recognition of our needs is dominant and our minds open to Nature's infinite suggestions of form and color, no structure of alien ambitions would, years hence, obtrude itself upon our remorseful sight. Let us then carefully garner all these impressions and use them as the motive and the restraining power in our work of construction and development of environment.

ENVIRONMENT OF A COUNTRY HOME

ONCE, a man found, near a running stream, nestling in a small grove of maple trees, an old house, the beauty of whose outline and weathered gray coloring so filled him with delight that all his nature clamored for it. Time passed and he became its possessor. He believed that, with much remodeling, its attractions could be greatly enhanced. However, as he waited, reflecting upon the changes necessary, he found his desire for radical alteration lessening, until finally his early enthusiasm crystallized into an abiding approval of its simplicity, and the extensive remodeling dwindled to the addition of such accessories as, without departing from the general tone and style, accentuated the best features. Porches of strong constructive lines grew out where utility demanded, but in such proportion as symmetry warranted. The old windows evolved lattice shutters, not intended to close over them, but merely for emphasis and as a support for the vines which have taken possession of them. The walls of upright boards and battens were beautiful in natural grays and browns, and all new work was brought into harmony. The householder, meekly taking his lesson from Nature and working with her hand in hand, achieved realization instead of the disillusionment which often follows the changing of a thing we love.

As the months and years slipped by, the immediate surroundings began to feel the sureness of the touch acquired from experience with the old house. The woodbine, many of whose family adorned the gray walls with deep, glossy green, crept up to and hung from the gable of the woodhouse, and a luxuriant elder found its weathered wall an admirable background for drifts of bloom. A screen of old boards conceals the unattractive woodpile now and becomes the foil of the various flowering plants that live close to this sunny south end, while the dog-fennel, made bold by encouragement, riots through the grass. Just beyond, half hidden by shrubbery, is a small granary, with projecting eaves and lattice paneled door. Does someone say, "Unnecessary?" But, with the vine-covered arbor and the old apple trees, it makes a picture of what are usually the unsightly necessities of a country house.

Beyond the apple trees is the poultry house, with indescribable roof, whose quaint gable, quite surrounded by leafage, is visible from a distant approach. Let no amount of good-natured raillery deter you from building a picturesque house for your hens. This man's table is as abundantly supplied as though his hens had been housed in the ugliest shelter possible to the merely practical builder. Some even assert that the fruit from this poultry-house excels in flavor. Be that as it may, to the owner of the building, the joy of its fitness is better than food.

Again amid the greenery we find this touch of wood tones in a wind break, flanking on the west a flower bed where poppies are allowed to grow at will. It is a simple fence of upright boards with square openings below the caprail, but when the afternoon sun falls over it and through the openings and the poppies float in the amber light, the charm of its unstudied effect is a delight to the beholder.

THE out-of-doors never belongs wholly to the owner of the land. It is the possession of all who pass by and find something in its expression that appeals to the inner sense. In greater degree is this true of scenes along country roads, meeting the view of the traveler in possibly his only leisure, whether he be dweller on a city lot or a tiller of the land. Here, as we leave the wind break and pass through a vine-arched opening in a hedge of wild shrubs, we find ourselves upon the traveled road. But we must cross the road in order to sit in the little, screened summer-house, perched above a bend of the creek and commanding the sunset stretch of light and shade. Built principally of old greenhouse sash from which the glass had been removed, it is, nevertheless, another inviting gable in the midst of the varying green of sumac and willows. A step farther is the lattice bridge, resting upon high stone butments, and sending ragged reflections far below the bed of the shallow stream. Wonderfully charming is this touch of weathered gray, dappled with silver where the sunlight, eluding the outstretched arms of the trees, plays caressingly over it. It scarcely parts the willows, so skilfully has it found its way between them, and it leads to a pasture where a spring brook winds between willow-clad banks and great elms, buttonwoods and pines loom above it and the undulating green of the meadow. More than one cottage turns its pleasure-seeking eyes toward this pasture, and here and there well-worn paths lead from the natural terraces above down to the flower-clothed banks of the stream, and no more enchanting approach is found than the winding flight of steps cut into a steep declivity, of whose rustic rail wild vines have taken a loving possession. It is the work of an amateur craftsman in stair building, but so adapted to its setting that it seems to have just grown that way. And the country people say, as they ride slowly by this pasture behind their work teams, "It is like a park." But it is better than a park, as much better as the real thing is better than the imitation.

Wherever Nature is allowed her will, she gives us the keynote of the composition. We may mar, with aggressive additions, with the introduction of alien elements, what she has made beautiful, but, left to herself, in time she will again harmonize the whole. She will soften our crude colorings and cover unpleasing shapes with lovely growths, but we may not be there to see it. To be her contemporary we must be satisfied to assist, to take the suggestion and follow through faith to understanding. So, with much love and some labor, the country home comes to mean, not merely a place where we breathe the fresh air and are served with sweet cream and fresh vegetables, but a refuge for the sensitive mind, from which the unsightly and disturbing is banished; where the lover of life in its simple and universal manifestations grows acquainted with its varied moods, and the lover of art finds, framed by his casement, a landscape whose charm only the greatest artist can suggest. Here, the inborn craving for freedom is lost in its realization and the growth of the intellectual man becomes as spontaneous as the growth of the tree.

THE IDEALIST

THINK you that I am blind because I see
Beauty and truth in souls where your keen eyes
Discover only blemishes and lies?
Nay, dear, not blind am I, but verily
Aflame with the true vision. What to me
Is the dark thunder-cloud that terrifies
The hearts of children, when the open skies
The other side are lighted gloriously?

Today a friend betrayed me, O refined
Last gift of pain! You know the words she said,
You cannot know the mystery behind.
You do not see her poor soul, passion-led,—
Blindfolded by the dark veil of her mind,—
That weeps and never may be comforted.

—Elsa Barker.

THE WEDDING GIFT: A STORY: BY EMERY POTTLE

THE wedding was over and Mary Penfield was, for better or for worse, married to Paul Archer. It would have been difficult enough even for the grayest analyst of the making of marriages to dwell convincingly on the reverse of the freshly minted coin, on the "for worse" side, as one saw her this immemorial afternoon standing beside her husband in the bow window of her father's drawing room. She was very pretty in a simple, light-hearted fashion, and with her veil put back, her shining eyes and flushed cheeks in their setting of white tulle seemed those of a girl scarcely out of her teens. Archer, too, a good-looking young man with frank, honest blue eyes, was radiant in spite of himself. He had a conventional mind, and in an experience of the sort through which he was so consciously passing, he felt that he owed it to Mary and himself to be as dignifiedly serious and impressively solemn as possible. So they stood together—the two of them—in the challenging confidence of the newly wed and received the congratulations, the kisses, the tears, the grave words, the jests, of their friends.

When Mary's father, a gentle, inept, sentimental creature, had taken his daughter in his arms and was weeping uncertainly over her, Aunt Wheeler unceremoniously interrupted. "Mercy, William," she remarked crisply, "don't make a fool of yourself!" She firmly detached him from his child with her lace-mitted hands. "Don't upset the poor nervous girl like this. Do have a little consideration for her feelings."

"But Jane," he protested, moistly, "she's my only daughter, and she's leaving her girlhood home forever."

"Nonsense!" commented Aunt Wheeler, "She's going to live around the corner in the next street, and anyway, you know perfectly well you haven't the force of character to sustain a sorrow over night. "Don't, for pity's sake, act as if you were laying her out."

"Oh, Jane," groaned Mr. Penfield.

Mary's eyes sparkled angrily, but she did not let the emotion get into her words. "Don't you mind her, Papa, she's just joking—you shall kiss me all you like. Don't tease him, Aunt Wheeler. Poor dear, his gloves don't fit him, and his new shoes are so uncomfortable."

Aunt Wheeler pecked her niece's cheek and laughed in a gruff, mirthless key. Then, taking Paul's hand in her own, she said: "Well, you have done it now, you two, and while I don't in the least approve of marriage, as you know, I'm not sure that, given the folly of it, you haven't done about as well as people generally do—better, maybe. You're a good girl, my dear, and this young man is no bigger fool than most of them. I knew his father and his mother—good stock, decent, God-fearing people. I hope he grows like them. If while I live you two behave yourselves properly—no quarrellings and divorcings, mind you—I'll do the best I can for you. I've made my will, and I've provided fittingly for you—and Heaven knows you'll need it, for your poor father hasn't been able to do a thing for you. I've watched you hard, Mary, and you've stood poverty well—you're marrying a poor man, too. Very well, it's good for you to be poor together for a while—you get broken into the harness of life without any nonsense. When you get a thing you appreciate it. And in order to keep you from waiting for dead men's shoes—a poor custom, I assure you—I've decided to give ten thousand dollars to every baby that's born to you. There—now, Mary, don't blush; I can't stand false modesty. There's nothing salacious, I trust, in the mention of a baby—is there, Paul? Facts are facts, especially human facts. No—don't thank me. You'll find my wedding present in your house when you get home from your journey. I shall come to dine with you every Sunday. Good-bye, I'll hurry along. There's Anna Wilson bubbling like a pot behind me. I can't stand her."

Aunt Wheeler strode gauntly away, her brown silk dress, with its morbid knots of purple and pink roses, rustling aggressively. Mary and Paul had not the courage to let their eyes meet.

"Well, I'll be—be——" Archer murmured helplessly. "What do you make of that?"

Mary embarrassedly laughed. "It's Aunt Wheeler who is making something of us, isn't it? I've never heard her indulge in so long a speech before in my life—what do you suppose she's given us?"

Paul shook his head. "I'd hate to imagine."

After all the wedding hilarity, Mary and her husband found themselves in their seats in the departing Pullman. They drew long breaths and assumed the fatal air of those who imitate the long-married.

"What do you really think Aunt Wheeler is giving us?" presently asked Mary, as they talked together in low, proper tones.

"Perhaps money," suggested Paul. "She seems mighty flush today."

"No—for wouldn't she have sent it to us in that case? 'At the house,' she said."

Archer turned away to hide the twinkle in his eyes. It occurred to him that judging from Aunt Wheeler's recent conversation, they would be likely to find a baby carriage awaiting them.

"I'm afraid I can't guess," he said.

"If it should be a check," reflected Mary, "then we might buy that lovely old mahogany sideboard we saw the other day in Springfield, mightn't we? We need one so much, and I hate to buy a cheap one—it takes so long to get rid of them."

"That would be splendid," he agreed, eagerly. "If it is a check, we'll do it, Mary."

"Paul," she whispered, "isn't it beautiful to be——"

"It's beautiful to be——" he whispered back. "Mary—dearest."

The nature of Aunt Wheeler's gift was a distinct source of speculation to Mary during the days of her wedding journey. Her curiosity affected Archer also, and the subject between them became fraught with guesses which included every possibility.

When the carriage was bringing them from the station to their home, a fortnight after the wedding, Mary smiled at her husband. "I don't know why, after all, Aunt Wheeler's present has occupied such a front seat in my mind, but—we'll know the reason in a few minutes."

"Don't worry," he consoled. "Look, there's home over there in the trees. Doesn't it seem nice and friendly, Mary?"

"It's too lovely," she answered, softly. "I had always hoped to come home like this—at May twilight, with a 'late lark' in the quiet skies, and sunset, and—you."

Paul laid his hand on hers.

"You are all those things to me, and you are you beside. There's old Sarah at the gate waiting for us."

"Do you mind if I weep happily?" laughed Mary. "Paul—it's perfect. There's not one thing in it all that isn't right. My dear, my dear, why haven't we married each other oftener?"

It was a charming home-coming. Sarah, the old servant, fairly dragged them from the carriage in her giggling excess of devotion; their neighbors, on the verandas of the near cottages, waved and called gay welcomes to the two; late birds, likewise home-turning, twittered in the apple trees before the alert little white dwelling the Archers were to occupy; the large, sweet peace of oncoming evening was in the dusky air.

"Home, Mary," said Paul, as they went up the walk, "—ours."

"Home, Paul," she smiled, "—ours."

"OH!" CRIED Mary, through her teeth. "*Oh!*" She stamped her foot in the impotence of her anger. "Oh, you beast! Oh, how I hate you! You've ruined everything!" She threw herself down on a chair and leaning her head on the dining room table, cried in nervous rage.

Paul, standing helplessly beside her, grinned.

"How can you, Paul!" she choked out through her sobs. "How can you laugh!"

"What shall I do?" he replied.

"You might—at least you might swear!"

"It isn't worth a damn."

"Oh, isn't it? Do you realize what it means?"

"I'm going to get the axe in a minute," said he, blandly. "It's perfectly simple. You don't expect I'm going to let you live in the same house with a thing like that, do you?"

"*The axe?* You'll do nothing of the sort—can't you understand what it means? We've *got* to live with this awful thing before us. It'll kill us—inch by inch—daily! Oh, I can't bear it!"

"Are you serious about this, Mary?" asked Archer, with a real accent of gravity.

"We can't afford to be humorous," she replied, tearfully. "It's only the rich who can thoroughly indulge that emotion. We're too poor to be independently funny. Can't you see?"

They eyed each other hopelessly for an instant. Then they laughed. The tension was broken.

Aunt Wheeler's wedding gift was a sideboard, a huge, massive, insolent sideboard, *and it was completely covered with red, immorally red, plush!* There it stood, fairly bellowing at the graceful little old mahogany dining table and the six Chippendale chairs which had been Mary's mother's when she was a bride. It lifted itself up proudly and snorted at the few modest pieces of Delft and Nankin in the plate rack, heirlooms of the Penfields. It was evil. The room was crowded with it. It swelled out arrogantly into the tiny green drawing room adjoining. It pervaded the house.

"What shall we do with it?" Archer asked in a brisk tone.

"Do? Do?" his wife cried. "There's nothing for *us* to do. Everything has been done that can be done."

"Poor Mary!" sympathized Archer, "you don't *have* to keep it—do you—if you don't want it."

"Paul," Mary replied, "come out onto the porch—away from it—where we can't see it."

When she had led him from the presence of the defiling object, she quietly continued:

"Now, let's be as sensible as we can. Do you realize what will happen if we—we—*chuck* that thing? Aunt Wheeler will never forgive us. Furthermore, we can't hide it or hide from it. She's coming to dine with us every Sunday to feast her eyes on its peerless beauty, I suppose. We've got to bear it, some way, unless we burn the house down. I don't want to seem mercenary and horrid and vulgar; but you may remember that Aunt Wheeler is rich. In her way, she is very fond of me—and of you too, it appears. Now, my dear, we've got to live in Elmhurst all our life, maybe; we can't, to save our souls, ever earn here one-tenth of what she has, or what she is likely to leave to us. *I* don't care for the money *now*—I have you and we're young and strong and well—but some day we'll be old and—and there may be others to look out for." She looked up into his eyes and smiled. "I know how awful it's going to be," she added.

Archer affectionately thrust his arm through his wife's.

"You're wise, Mary. You're right. I wonder why it is that one only achieves wisdom when one does the thing one doesn't like?—Now we're wise. I say, don't you think we could get Sarah to put a little table out here behind the vines tonight, where you could eat your first meal in fancied peace?"

"You're a blessed boy. We could; we will!—Oh, Paul, pray for me to keep my head about that—that old bull of Bashan in there."

THE day following the return of the Archers, Aunt Wheeler appeared. Mary, from an upper window, saw her looming up on the neat front lawn, and had not the heart to run to welcome her. Instead she let Sarah admit her relative. When she somewhat composed her feelings—which flamed resentfully anew at sight of her aunt,—Mary descended.

"Good-morning, Aunt," she essayed as brightly as she was able.

"Well, Mary—home again, I see. I hope he hasn't beaten you yet. But you're such a meek creature you'd probably rejoice if he had. There, don't mind my nonsense." Aunt Wheeler pricked a kiss on Mary's check. She waved at the sideboard, glistening maliciously in the morning sun. "How do you like it, child?" she demanded.

Mary mastered an insane desire to kick at the sleek plush doors. "We both thank you very much, Aunt Wheeler, for your kindness. You are too good to do so much. And—and we needed a sideboard."

Aunt Wheeler apparently lost the shallow accent of politeness in her niece's voice; she seemed involved in admiration of her fell deed. "I knew you needed one," she agreed, blandly. "I was in here one night and saw that. Then, in Springfield, I was looking around for something suitable in a furniture shop, and the clerk man showed me this. It is the only one like it, he assured me—never but one made. It cost a terrible sum, too, I don't mind telling you. 'But,' said I, 'it'll just liven up that dull, gloomy little dining room of Mary's, with those old traps that have been so long in the family!' I can't abide old stuff, anyway. It looks first-rate—sort of gay and cheerful, doesn't it? You haven't put out any of your silver and glass on it yet, of course; when you do that, according to my idea, it will be a very handsome piece of furniture."

"It looks very gay—and cheerful," faltered Mary. "And when the things are on it——"

"Exactly," finished Aunt Wheeler, "I'm glad you are pleased. You're a good little girl, Mary, though weak-spirited, I sometimes think."

Mary clinched her fists behind her back. "Not always," she got out, with difficult calm. "There are some things I can't stand, I'm afraid."

It would not seem, on the face of things, that a red plush sideboard could be an agent to wreck the love story of two sane young persons. To live constantly in the shadow of a tragedy might add to one's life a dignity, a seriousness of soul, a lofty resignation; to live daily with a farce-comedy would not only ruin one's nerves but would also rob one ultimately of any sense of humor and fineness of spirit one happened to possess. Mary Archer bravely chose the latter phase of the question, quite unaware of its devastating results. She laughed, she jested buoyantly; she applied opprobrious names to their burden: the Scarlet Sin, Red Pottage, The Curse, The Ancient Mariner, and a hundred others. It was not a difficult mental exercise. But gradually, almost without her perception, this pleasing pastime failed. Summer ended, and with it the possibility of the little table on the porch behind the vines. Autumn came, and gray weather. Three times a day the unhappy couple sat opposite the red plush sideboard, and saw themselves reflected in its shameless, plate glass mirror. The seed of bitterness grew in Mary's soul. And every Sunday Aunt Wheeler appeared for dinner.

"Why don't you ask people in for dinner or tea once in a while, Mary?" asked Archer one evening.

"You know perfectly well," she replied with spirit.

"Why?"

"Because of *that!*" She pointed contemptuously toward the dining room.

"Do you mean that you—we—are going to allow ourselves to be cut off from our friends just because—because——"

Mary interrupted. "I don't care what happens! It isn't as bad for you, anyway, and you never really minded it. You are away all day at the office—you don't have to look at it, to see it, to hear it, to live with it every minute! You don't know how awful it is to have people come in to call and ask to be taken over the house—and then to show them that thing. And you can't say anything. It sounds too awful to blackguard your own relatives and their taste. I won't do it. Besides, they'd tell her if I did. I've suffered agonies when I've seen people raise their eyebrows and fall into ghastly silence or twittering lies at sight of the Beast in the Jungle. I know we ought to have had a house-warming; I know we ought to have our friends in to see us; but—oh, Paul, I can't do it!"

"I understand," he replied, a little patronizingly, "that the thing isn't beautiful and that æsthetically it won't rank ace high, but, my dear, we've got it and we've got it good. You yourself said that it was better to keep it gracefully than fire it out and make a mess. You know how much depends on your Aunt Wheeler. Don't mistake me, Mary, and think I don't care—for if you say the word, out the thing goes tomorrow, money or no money, and Aunt Wheeler to the contrary notwithstanding. But don't you think you're making a little too much of this dislike you have for poor old Red Peril? When you say that we can't have our friends here because it's in the house—I, for my part, don't understand you. The old sideboard isn't so bad, is it? Comparatively speaking, I don't mind it very much."

"Paul," cried Mary, desperately, "you can beat me; you can commit all the crimes known to man and husband, and I will forgive you. But when you say that you begin to endure that thing—and it's only a step to 'pity then embrace'—it is too much!"

"I know you feel bad," he soothed her, "but I don't see why you can't have a sense of humor over the situation."

"I've had it."

"Then, for goodness sake, get rid of the sideboard, if you feel like this."

"And affront Aunt Wheeler?"

Archer deviated. "Do you mean that we can't have our friends in to eat with us because you can't stand the sideboard? That's unreasonable."

"I know you think I'm a fool, Paul, but I—I can't stand people here with that thing."

"I've never heard of anything so ridiculous," Archer retorted, irritably. "Every one who comes here doesn't think the same way you do of it."

"Then I'd be ashamed for them."

"Oh, if you're going to climb to ethical heights!" said Paul, ungraciously, and picked up a book.

"Paul—don't be cross."

"I'm not *cross*, as you call it."

"But you won't understand my feelings."

"See here, Mary, this is your house and the stuff in it is yours. You can do with it as you like—I don't care. But don't forget that we *have* that sideboard, that there's no sensible way of getting rid of it, and that we're likely to live with it for a long time. Now, I've said my say. You go ahead and arrange matters to suit yourself."

Mary did not answer.

The question of the sideboard was actually to Mary Archer a question in morals. Primarily the object was a sin to her. And it was her attitude to this sin which had taken possession of her mind. Every æsthetic fiber in her cried out against it; yet opposed to this protest was her common sense, which assured her that she had no right to lift a finger to jeopardize their relations with Aunt Wheeler.

As time went on and the autumn faded into winter, Mary's struggle increased. She realized that her husband regarded her attitude as foolish, and she was clear-sighted enough to realize that this was a dangerous element to foster. For her own part, though she fought against it, she was conscious of a keen regret that the sideboard did not distress him as it did her; she resented his superiority, resented his lack of accord with her.

"Ah, I'm growing petty!" she told herself.

Mary became nervous and almost irritable under the strain. Aunt Wheeler's weekly appearance at Sunday dinner grew to be an occasion which tried every Christian quality of her character. The sight of that large, complacent lady casting fatuous glances of admiration, as she ate, at her offering, was simply maddening. She usually sat silent and alien while her aunt vehemently discussed the political situation with Paul. And he, who had begun by jeering at Aunt Wheeler, so Mary perceived, had developed a genuine fondness for her.

"I won't be silly—I won't! I won't!" she assured herself. "I'm glad Paul likes her and that she likes him. I'm a worm of the dirt to mind."

Occasionally she tried to enter into their political arguments, but Aunt Wheeler would efface her from the conversation with a firm: "Mary, child, you don't know what you're talking of."

Gradually Mary grew more and more sensitive to her own position of "outsider," as she put it. The idea preyed on her mind; in spite of herself and the healthful existence she led, she could not cast it out. The recurrent Sundays became a horror to her. After Aunt Wheeler had gone, escorted by Paul, Mary would rush to her room and sob. She was losing the brilliant color in her cheeks and her eyes had a film over their clear depths.

"Do you realize, Mary," said Archer one day, "that we've had no one in our house in months to eat a meal, except your aunt and your father? I don't like it."

Mary nodded drearily. "I'll ask some people." She was too discouraged to resist.

So there was the new trial of having guests at her table, whose unwilling eyes were attracted in fascination to the sideboard in the midst of the most absorbing conversation. Out of respect to her husband's wishes, Mary went through with it. Each tea or dinner that she gave filled her with fresh shame. She was either garrulous or self-consciously, embarrassedly, silent. If she saw her friends talking quietly in a corner, she instantly was certain that they were commenting on the sideboard, and her cheeks would burn.

"Mary, are you ill?" questioned Paul, at the breakfast table, after some weeks of this over-strained existence. "You don't act as if you enjoyed things. Have I done anything?"

"No."

"Then why——?"

"Oh, Paul, really—why do you ask me such questions? I'm sorry if you find me dull and stupid."

"Oh, very well, if you like to assume that tone." Archer rose and went to put on his overcoat. Presently he returned. "If you are offended over anything——" he began awkwardly.

"I'm not."

"Then, in Heaven's name, what's the matter?"

"You'd better ask Aunt Wheeler," Mary replied, on the edge of angry tears.

"Don't be a child," he said, angrily, and turned on his heel. "I can't stand that sort of thing."

Mary sat stonily till she heard the front door close. Then she cried her heart out.

"You—did—it!" she sobbed, "you—you—you loathsome old beast!" She shook her fist at the sideboard. "You made me quarrel with Paul. You—you think I'm going to be like you, don't you? You think you're stronger than I am, do you? We'll see!"

On the impulse she pulled open a drawer and took out a carving knife. Swiftly she gathered off the silver and china from the sideboard shelves. Then, with a light in her eyes like Jael slaying Sisera while he slept, she thrust the knife savagely into the fat, sleek plush. She cut it to shreds. She rejoiced primitively, as if she were stabbing an enemy accursed. When the ruin was complete, she desisted breathlessly, and began hysterically to laugh.

Old Sarah hurried in, ponderously. "Oh, Gawd, ma'am! Oh, Gawd, ma'am!" she shrieked, flinging her apron over her head to hide the maniacal sight of her mistress in awful mirth, with the carving knife in her hand, before her the outraged ragged sideboard. "Oh, Gawd, she's crazy!"

The sight of the poor, distressed creature restored Mary to herself. She dropped the knife. Her laughter changed into spontaneous, natural humor. Catching the new note, Sarah ventured forth from her apron.

"Are ye all right, ma'am?"

Mary nodded.

"Ye didn't do a thing to the old red Duchess, did ye?" giggled Sarah, infected by Mary's laughter.

"I hated it, Sarah!"

"Did ye, ma'am? And I don't mind telling ye, it seemed kinda wicked and sinful to me. But what'll old Miss Wheeler be saying?"

"Don't you worry, Sarah. Is George here to fix the furnace?"

"Yes'm."

"Send him here, will you?"

An hour later, in the back garden, all that was left of Aunt Wheeler's wedding gift was an ill-smelling heap of smouldering embers, beside which Mary Archer stood and from time to time cheerfully stirred with a stick. Presently she retired to the house, and putting on her best gown and hat, she went straight to Aunt Wheeler's.

At the door of her house stood a large van, from which a great, burlaped bulk was being unloaded. Aunt Wheeler superintended the process with forcible directions.

"You, child?—Here, man, handle that carefully. I'm glad to see you.—Easy there! What do you suppose that is, Mary?"

With a clairvoyant vision, Mary suddenly knew. "Aunt—it's a red plush sideboard!"

"You're right. I've had one made. There are only two of them now, yours and mine.—Take off that burlap in the entry, man, then move it in. Come in, Mary, while they work. Just two of them, my dear, yours and mine. He promised never to make any more."

"There is only one now, Aunt," said Mary, quietly.

"Only one—what are you talking about?"

"I burned mine up this morning."

"Burned it up? Did the house catch fire?"

"You don't understand. I took it out in the garden and set fire to it." Her voice was placidly sweet.

"Oh, you did! May I ask why?" Aunt Wheeler was grim.

"Because I hated it."

"Why?"

"Because it made me quarrel with my husband and hate myself."

"Mary Penfield, you're insane!"

"I was before. I'm not now."

"Why do you come here to tell me this?"

"Because I wanted you to know."

"Do you realize what you are doing?"

"Perfectly. I expect you to be as angry as you can be. I'm sorry. I hate to seem ungrateful. I hate to hurt your feelings. But I had to do it. I don't apologize."

"Well, of all coolness! So your prospects are nothing to you, miss? Does Paul know of this?"

"I won't say they're nothing. But my peace of mind is more. And Paul knows nothing of what I have done."

"Hm-m-m! Well, have you anything more to say?"

"No."

"Then you'd better go home."

"Good-morning, Aunt. I'm sorry our tastes are different in sideboards. And I hope we'll see you as usual on Sunday. Good-morning."

Aunt Wheeler eyed her sharply for a long moment. "Mary, you're a fool," she remarked, briefly. "Here, man, you needn't dirty up the whole house with that mess."

Mary walked thoughtfully away.

Archer did not come home to his luncheon that day, and for the first time since his marriage sent his wife no excuse. This accent to his displeasure was not lost on Mary, yet she took it calmly. Indeed, since the slaughter of the Behemoth she had been unwontedly at peace, even such qualms as she necessarily had in regard to the effect on Paul of her affront to Aunt Wheeler, did not greatly perturb her. She ate alone, and as her eyes rested on the vacant wall where had stood the red plush sideboard, they shone with satisfaction.

"Whatever happens now," she reflected, "I can face it like a Christian and a lady—before I could not."

Late in the afternoon a wagon came up the driveway. There was a bulky object in the rear, covered with a blanket. The driver dismounted and rang the bell. Mary herself answered and took from him the note he gave. She read it at once.

"You're a fool, Mary Penfield," it ran, in scrawling pencil. But I'll say this for you—I've known the Penfields, root and branch, since the flood (and if ever there was a Penfield you're one!) and of the whole lot you're the first that ever had the spirit of a canary bird. A meeker, more spineless family I never knew. This man is bringing you my old sideboard, which—if that's your taste—you're welcome to. I shall come to dinner on Sunday.—J. W."

That evening Mary Archer, in her prettiest evening gown, with a pink rose in her hair, sat opposite to her husband and smiled radiantly at him across the dinner table. And he smiled again at her. The light in their eyes was mellower even than the reflection of the candles in their lovely old Chippendale sideboard.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

THE page of spring is lettered o'er
In shining script of daffodil,
Summer has writ her lyric rhyme
In wilding roses from the hill;
Autumn enscrolls her harvest lore
With maple leaves of crimson sheen
And winter writes the finis down
In holly bough and evergreen.

—L. M. Montgomery.

AND PIPPA DANCES: BY M. WINTHROP

THE windows of the houses are wide open for the day is warm. Outside a hand organ, anchored at the curb, begins to play and the tune strikes into the room of the house before which it stands with that startling distinctness which street sounds seem to acquire in warm weather. The occupants of the room look up and frown, and discuss closing the window or paying the smiling Italian owner of the music to go and play elsewhere. The hand organ is an interruption, a distracting inescapable sound of vulgar association. But out on the sun-baked sidewalk the children are dancing, singly and in pairs, and an appreciative little audience has gathered for both dances and music. It is an excellent organ, fitted out with the most popular melodies of the hour. There is a dreamy waltz suggestive of moonlit fountains in sweet smelling gardens, of Japanese lanterns mysterious through the trees and light fluttering woman's skirts. There are also droll, subtle little rag-time tunes of a musical complexity undreamed of by the hand organ makers of our mother's day. And whether the music be fast or slow, whether the rhythm be that of a dance or of a sentimental song, the children dance with an instinctive sense of the beat, improvising, adapting their little steps to it, although some of them are so tiny it seems as if walking might be a recent accomplishment. Their shoes may be heavy and several sizes too large, they may be down at the heel. Their coarse little stockings or even a dusty bare foot may be sticking through the torn leather, but the feet are invariably light, and the rhythm true.

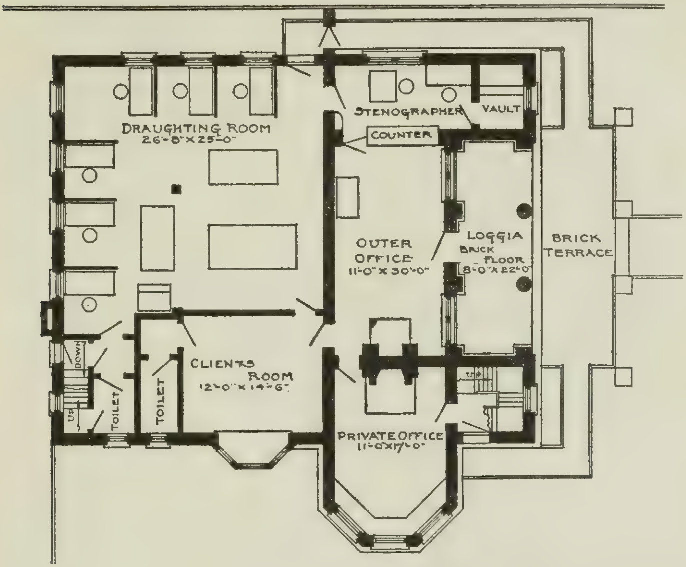
The children who are not dancing are probably singing or humming the tune. The street organ—or mechanical piano, as it usually is in these days—is mechanically correct in its tunes, and the street children are accustomed to hearing it from earliest infancy. It is indeed their principal source of musical training which is probably one reason why their musical ear is invariably true. So if we prefer to we can look upon it as educational, this humble instrument. But the little dancers whatever discomfort, realized or unrealized, may await them at home, are happy as they dance and there is not too much happiness in a street child's life—yet there are those who frown at hand organs! On second thought isn't it better not to pass with an unseeing eye that cheerfully mercenary Italian gentleman who makes the music, but instead to drop him a penny as you pass? He is the children's Symphony and Philharmonic and opera company and there are rich ladies and gentlemen who do the same for us.

AN ARCHITECT'S OFFICE THAT FURNISHES JUST THE RIGHT ENVIRONMENT FOR GOOD CREATIVE WORK

READERS of THE CRAFTSMAN will doubtless remember that in September, 1907, we published a description and a number of illustrations of Mr. Edwin H. Hewitt's beautiful home in Minneapolis, Minnesota, which was designed by himself and decorated by Mrs. Mary Linton Bookwalter. This house seemed to us to be one of the most interesting examples we have seen of the result that may be achieved by a happy combination of professional skill and personal interest in the planning of a home that is absolutely adapted to the tastes and pursuits of the people who live in it, but we have here another example of Mr. Hewitt's originality in planning a desirable environment for himself and his associates that is even more interesting, because it deals with the problem of providing a working place that is in its way as delightful as the home.

Within the last decade we have had reason to be proud of the rapid development of a distinctively American spirit in architecture, but, with the exception of the skyscrapers, this national expression of a desire for comfort and beauty as exemplified in the building art has been almost wholly confined to dwellings. The women and children of the family, it is true, often have great beauty as well as comfort in their surroundings, but the one upon whom the cares of life press most heavily and who should by rights have every possible inspiration that can be drawn from his environment too often passes his days in a bare little boxlike room down town, where everything is sacrificed to the saving of space and which is frequently ill-lighted and inconveniently arranged as well as utterly unattractive.

Mr. Hewitt, having the viewpoint of a sensible man as well as an architect, so keenly realized these disadvantages of the ordinary office building that he determined to make his own office in Minneapolis not only a delightful place to work in, but an object lesson as to what could be done in the way of securing a place of business that should be as interesting and as comfortable as a man's home. When, two years ago, he decided to build, he found that to lease a lot that answered his purposes involved an amount of expenditure that put it practically beyond his reach. While he was hesitating as to the advisability of trying the experiment in any case, a proposition was made to him by the Skylight Club, a small organization of architects, lawyers, physicians, business men and members of the University faculty, to lease the ground and put up a building that would be large enough to accommodate his own offices and also the club room. As Mr. Hewitt himself was a member of the club, which contained about twenty-five men who were congenial in their tastes and his personal friends, he welcomed this proposition with delight, and the club agreed to pay for its club room a rental which was sufficient to cover the ground rent. Then he found it possible to lease the ground in the rear of the projected building to Mr. John S. Bradstreet, a well-known decorator, so that between the two rentals the expense of leasing the land and heating the building would be covered, and Mr. Hewitt found by computation that by doing business on this basis he would be able to put up the kind of building that would be a pleasure to every one of its occupants, and run it at an expense hardly greater than it would have been to rent a series of stuffy, ill-lighted offices down town.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF THE OFFICE BUILDING OF E. H. HEWITT

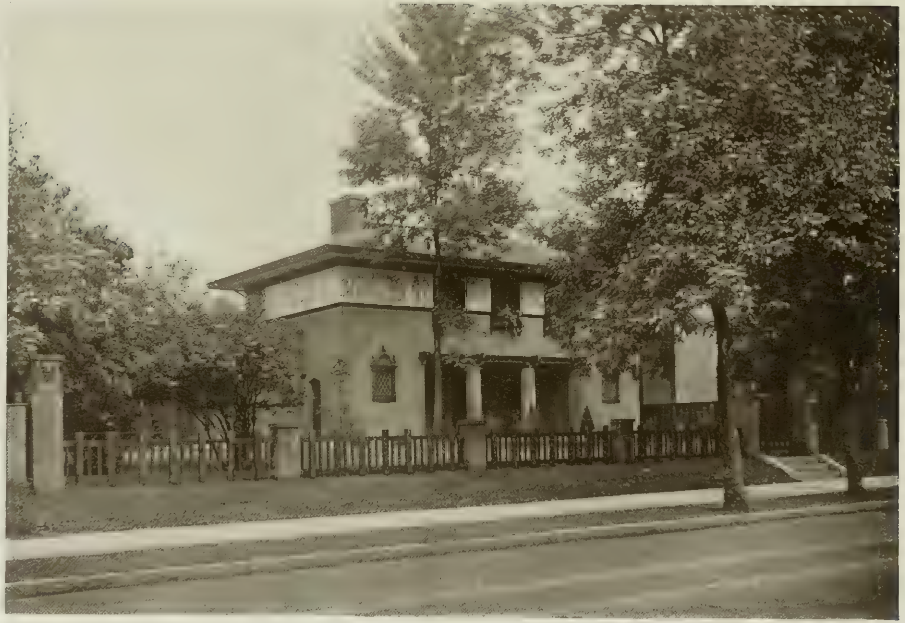
The building was completed in the summer of 1906 and has been an unqualified success, Mr. Hewitt declaring that the effect of the surroundings is plainly discernible in the work done by himself and his employees.

The illustrations showing the building and the detail of the entrance give an excellent idea of its simplicity and beauty in design and construction. The outer walls are built of hollow terra cotta tiles and hollow brick, a construction which gives it the maximum of warmth in winter and coolness in summer. The tiles are waterproofed inside and outside with dehydratine, and the exterior is plastered first with two coats of cement and then with a final coat of about three-sixteenths of an inch of roughcast plaster, colored a rich deep tan. The timbers and exterior trim are of rough wood as it comes from the saw, and left unplaned. This is stained a leaf-brown tone which harmonizes as well with the tan of the plaster as the rough furry texture of the boards does with the roughcast walls. The low pitched roof is covered with tar and gravel, and the front walk, terrace and loggia are of brick laid in herringbone pattern on a sand bed.

The exterior is simple to a degree but exceedingly decorative, owing to the proportion and placing of the large round pillars, the timber construction above and especially to the frieze of tiles decorated in fairly bold relief, which runs around the building just under the eaves and gives it, of course, a still further suggestion of the Greek spirit in decoration as modified to modern taste and requirements. So carefully are all the details carried out that even the fence in front is in perfect harmony with the construction of the building, the tops of the tall square posts showing the relief decoration and the fence being made of square rough timber like that used on the building.

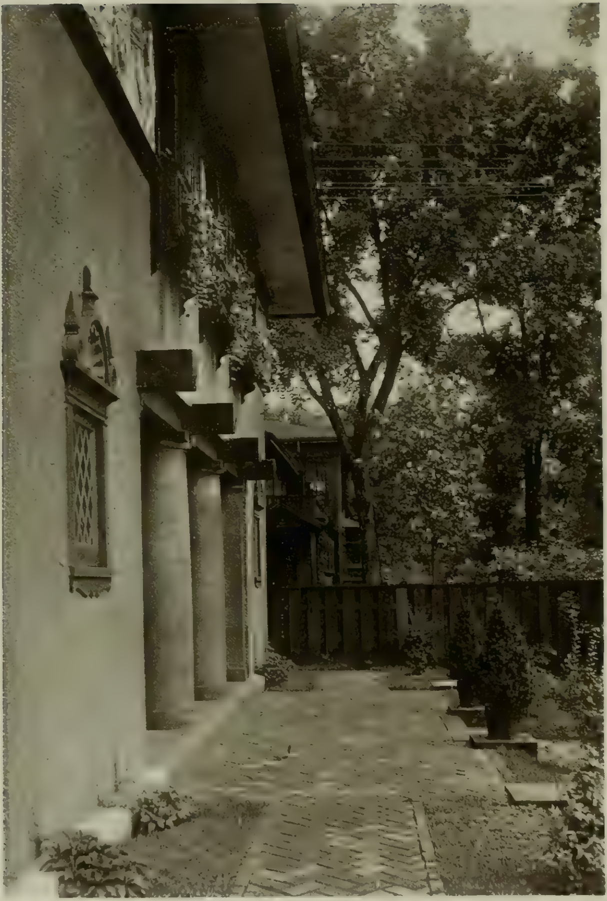
The plan of the interior gives the greatest possible economy of space and convenience of arrangement combined with the maximum of light and air. The whole lower floor is occupied by Mr. Hewitt's offices and the upper story is finished as one large club room without partitions. The color scheme throughout the offices is quiet and cool, and the decoration very simple, depending almost entirely for its attractiveness upon the admirable proportions and workmanship shown in the structural features, the beauty of the natural woods that are used throughout and the harmony of coloring. In the outer office and clients' room the woodwork is all of black ash stained with a dark brown oil stain and treated with a coat of grayish stain laid on and then rubbed off with cheesecloth, a method that brings out all the beauty of the ash. This treatment Mr. Hewitt says was originated by his friend, Mr. Bradstreet, and is very simple and inexpensive. When well done it reveals a most attractive quality in both color and grain that is the more interesting because few people realize the possibilities of ash as a wood for wainscoting and the like.

Mr. Hewitt's private office shows a four-foot wainscot of cypress treated after the Japanese manner, which is to char the wood and then rub it down until the grain appears almost in relief, when the wood may be treated with acids and stains to bring it into harmony with the color scheme of the room. In this case it is given a grayish tone which harmonizes perfectly with the gray plaster wall above. The ceiling is treated in the same way, except that the wood, after charring and rubbing, was left in its natural soft fawn color, which lends just the right effect of warmth to the gray tones that prevail in the room. The fireplace is made of cement or concrete, of a warm gray that accords perfectly with the walls and wainscoting. The bay is occupied by bookshelves containing a portion of Mr. Hewitt's architectural library, and above these bookshelves are three small high windows lighted with lozenge shaped panes of leaded glass.

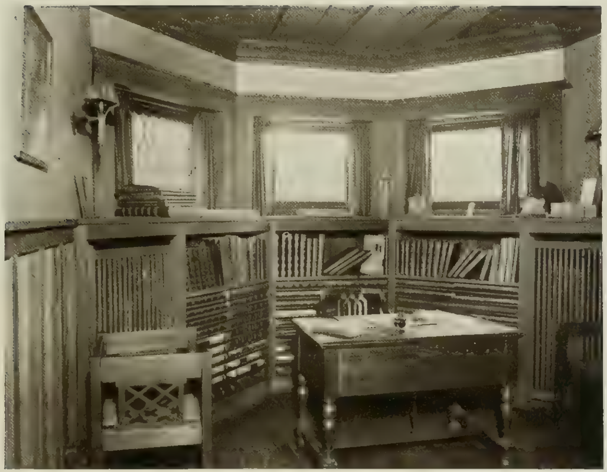


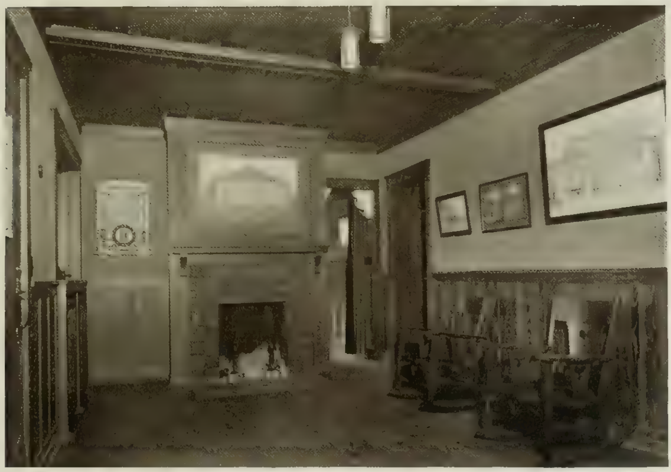
Edwin H. Hewitt, Architect.

FRONT VIEW OF THE OFFICE OF EDWIN H. HEWITT, MINNEAPOLIS: BUILT OF TERRA COTTA TILES: INTERESTING ORNAMENTATION OF TILE FRIEZE UNDER THE EAVES.



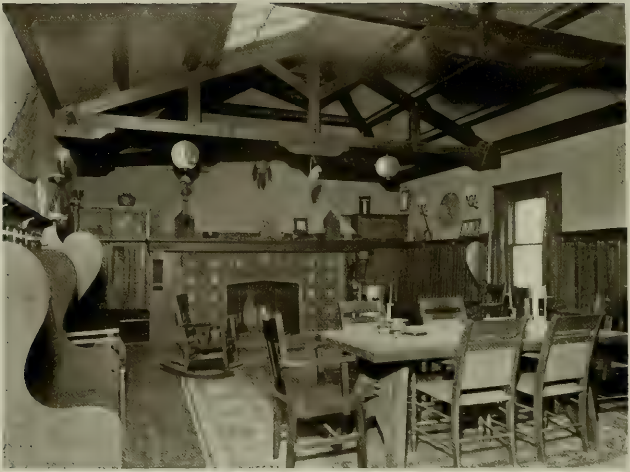
DETAIL OF ENTRANCE TO MR. HEWITT'S OFFICE, WITH GLIMPSE OF FRONT GARDEN.

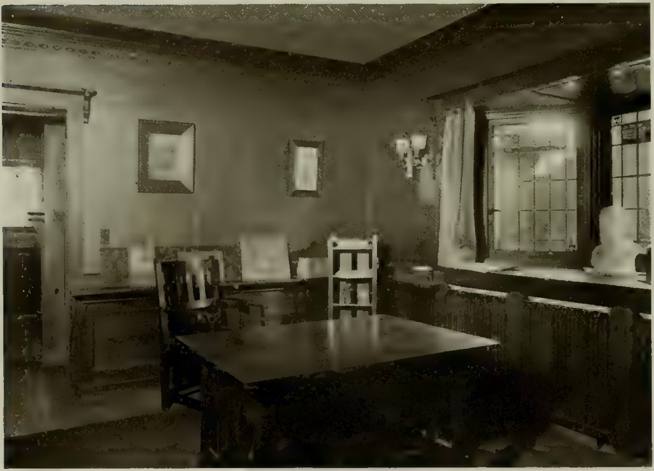




PRIVATE OFFICE, SHOWING FOUR-FOOT WAINSCOT OF CYPRESS, TREATED IN JAPANESE MANNER.

OUTER ROOM, CONNECTING WITH PRIVATE OFFICE.





SKYLIGHT CLUB ROOM, LOCATED IN THE HEWITT OFFICE BUILDING.

CLIENTS' ROOM ON GROUND FLOOR.

The work table also stands in this bay, and the whole room is a very restful place in which to study, read and plan new things.

The draughting room is very simple in its design and coloring. The walls and ceilings are of gray sand-finished plaster and the wainscot which runs around the room at about the height of the tables is made of shingles stained brown. On both sides of the room are well-lighted alcoves, in each of which is placed a draughting table, so that the draughtsmen have all the light they need directly upon their work. On the roof of this part of the office is a blue print room, where all the blue prints required in the office work are made.

The quarters of the Skylight Club are reached by a small private staircase, which is entered from the corner of the brick terrace and which enables the members of the club to use the room without going into the offices below. The whole scheme of decoration up here has a certain quaint and rugged effect, which is comfortable and inviting, and the color is rich and warm. The room is lighted not only by the windows at the sides but by the skylights which really seem necessary, considering the name of the club. The roof is constructed on simple trusses and these with the bolts and iron straps are left exposed. The space between each purlin is filled with a plaster panel which provides a small air space to keep out the cold. Odd Japanese lanterns picked up by Mr. Bradstreet in his travels hang from the beams and the rest of the light is provided by bracket lamps against the walls.

One end of the room is entirely taken up by a large fireplace which is the chief center of attraction at club meetings. The chimney breast is faced with Moravian tiles oiled to a rich red tone and relieved with decorated tiles set at regular intervals. The walls are wainscoted to the height of five feet with black ash boards and battens, this wainscot being finished at the top by a shelf which runs all around the room and over the wooden settles built in on either side. Beneath this shelf and over each panel is a wooden peg to hold the beer mug that belongs to each member and bears his name and date of membership.

The plaster walls of the club room are tinted a rich burnt orange color which tones admirably with the brown of the ash as well as with the dull red tiles of the fireplace. The floor is covered with a large rug that repeats the color of the walls and in the center of the room there is a large roughly constructed table with the top made of Mercer tiles set in black mortar. Altogether it is distinctly a man's room, and a most attractive meeting place for the two dozen men whose widely varied occupations mean the greatest mental stimulus to one another when they meet to talk over things that interest them all.

Mr. Hewitt's scheme of combining an office and club room in a small building seems to THE CRAFTSMAN to be full of valuable suggestions to business men in all parts of the country. As we have shown, the expense of carrying it on under the present arrangement is by no means prohibitive, and almost any group of business men who were friendly and congenial to one another could combine for the building of just such offices and workrooms instead of crowding into the enormous human hives, full of bare little cells, that are seen in the business districts of all our large cities. If people lived and worked in places such as we have just described, the chances are that the disease of the age, which has been so aptly called "Americanitis," would soon go out of fashion, and that we would have more good creative work.

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: A SERIES OF LESSONS: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER: NUMBER IX

"The spontaneity of undeveloped faculty does not count for much. It carries us only a little way. Let no one believe that without study and practice in design he can recognize and appreciate what is best in design."—Denman Ross.

IT may be noted that in following a course of study along the line of abstract compositions of lines, forms and tones for the sake of defining the elementary principles of design that we are limited to three typical problems;—figures enclosed on all sides, as the square or circle;—figures enclosed on two sides, as the border; figures adapted to indefinite extension on all sides, as the surface repeat. This limitation serves well to simplify matters and enables the student to concentrate attention upon the definition of principles. To each of these typical problems some consideration has been given. For the purpose that these problems aim to fulfill it is unnecessary to demonstrate the number of ways in which a design within a circle may be arranged, whether the details shall radiate from the center, from a point on the circumference, or, as in the examples shown last month, shall be in rhythmic relation to the circumference. The same elementary principles are applicable to whatever method may be chosen, and as the circle was but a means to an end, one method was quite as convenient as another.

The question of a surface repeat was briefly touched upon in an earlier number of this series. Let us now give a more detailed discussion to this type of abstract design. Many difficulties quite unnecessary to an understanding of the essentials in the construction of a repeated surface pattern have been thrown in the way of students by attempting to explain the intricacies of the "drop" repeat and other questions that arise from the technique of weaving or printing. The beauty or interest of a surface pattern is quite separate from these technical questions. Again the pattern may be formed in stripes, vertical or horizontal, or the details of each unit may radiate from a common center; these questions, too, are immaterial. Whatever method may be chosen for a repetition of the unit of the pattern, a discussion of composition brings us once more to the inevitable questions of space and mass, of rhythm, balance and harmony in the adjustment of the lines, forms and tones employed. A beautiful surface pattern may be developed from straight or from curved lines, with or without any suggestion of nature in the result. To make a

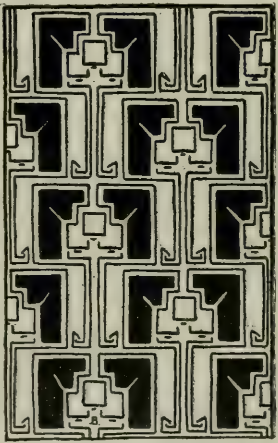


PLATE FORTY-EIGHT.

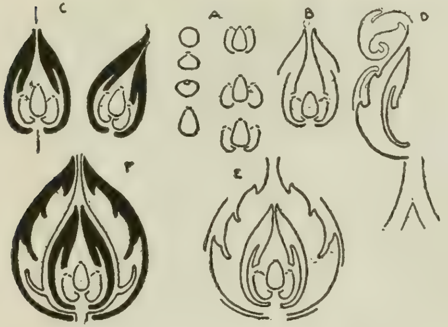


FIGURE SIXTY.

surface design that is adapted to the technique of weaving or printing is quite another matter, involving questions that cannot be learned from a book or through practice on paper.

In experimental solutions of the problem it may be attacked from two points of view. We may build up a pattern by grouping lines and forms into a unit, then by the repetition of this unit at regular intervals, watching carefully at each step the relation of all of the elements of the pattern, both within the individual units and from unit to unit. Or we may start with big masses related in a common movement and proceed to a gradual breaking up of the areas into smaller divisions down to the last detail. The former method is the simpler and will be explained first.

Problem.—Let us build up a surface repeat, assuming as a unit a motif that may be expressed by the words: three berries and two leaves. Now in accepting the limitations imposed by this motif we are not bound to any particular specimen of natural growth, though nature may furnish various types of berries and leaves that will serve to stimulate invention. We may indeed prefer to proceed at once to the construction of an imaginary unit. In the demonstration that follows this latter method was adopted. The forms suggested in Figs. 60 and 64 are merely adjustments of lines and forms in black and white. Let us begin with the first detail. Fig. 60-A. Any one of various forms might be chosen as the type of berry to be employed. The grouping of the three berries might also vary considerably. The bottom group, considering these three groups without the addition of other details, seems to possess greater variety in the relative positions of the berries than the top one, and suggests a more consistent growth than the middle one. Any of these groups might be justified, however, in the arrangement of other details of the unit. Let us choose the bottom group. With this simple suggestion as a start it is now desirable to bring the two leaves of the motif into some rhythmic relation to the berries.

A few tentative lines might result in some such movement as is shown in B. There is now a reciprocal relation of these minor details. In completing the symmetrical adjustment of these elements, as in C, it must of course be decided whether the widest

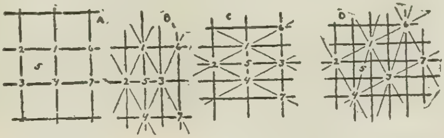


FIGURE SIXTY-ONE.

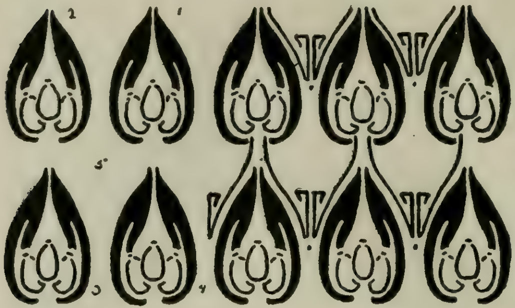


FIGURE SIXTY-TWO.

part of the unit shall be at the top or at the bottom; for sake of variety it seems better that it should be at one or the other rather than at the center. It must also be kept in mind that the symmetry of white within the unit is just as important as the symmetry of black formed by the leaves. In the present case it is perhaps the more interesting of the two. So much for the unit; its lines and forms have been determined.

It is now necessary to gain a reciprocal relation from unit to unit with a space and mass composition that will bind the repeated pattern together into a unity of effect. Experience enables the designer to foresee, in the shaping of the unit, the possibilities that it may possess for a repeated pattern. He shapes the details with the whole in mind. But the present aim is experimental in character. As a next step, draw the center line of the unit as indicated. Then on a full sheet of the transparent paper draw another center line. Place the unit in the center of the paper, underneath, with the two lines coinciding; trace the result. We now have the first element of the pattern. How can the unit be repeated at regular intervals to furnish the most satisfactory result? In the various diagrams shown in Fig. 61 it may be assumed that the first unit is represented in each diagram by the figure 1. It becomes necessary to decide upon the position of the second unit of the repeat. By moving the original unit about under the transparent paper the relation of the two units as well as

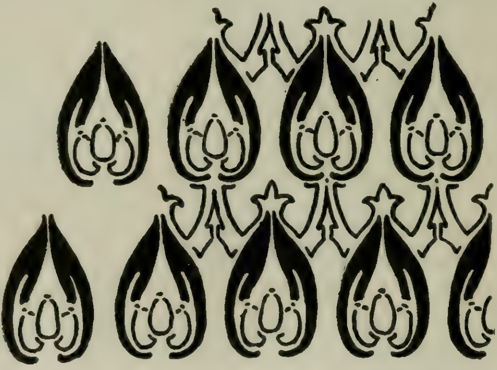


FIGURE SIXTY-THREE.

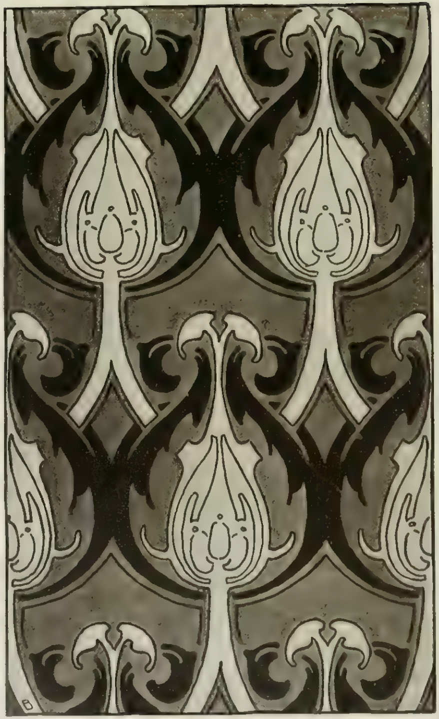


PLATE FORTY-SIX.

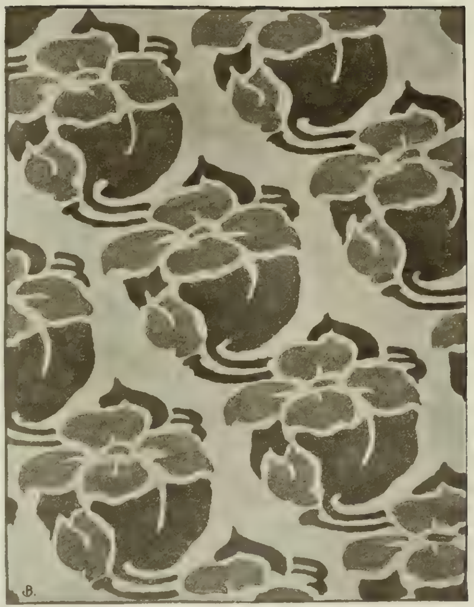


PLATE FIFTY ONE

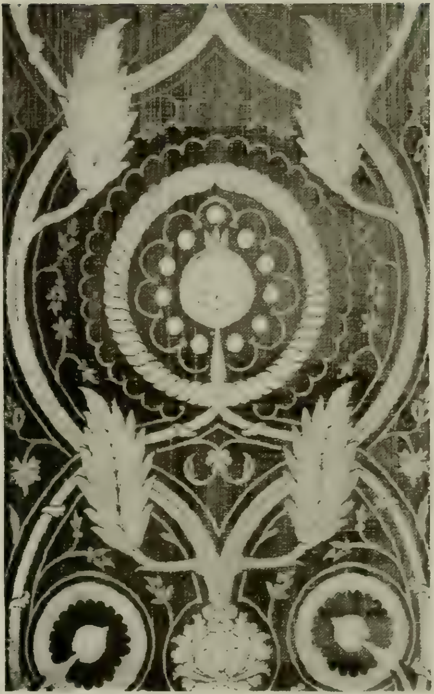


PLATE FORTY-NINE.

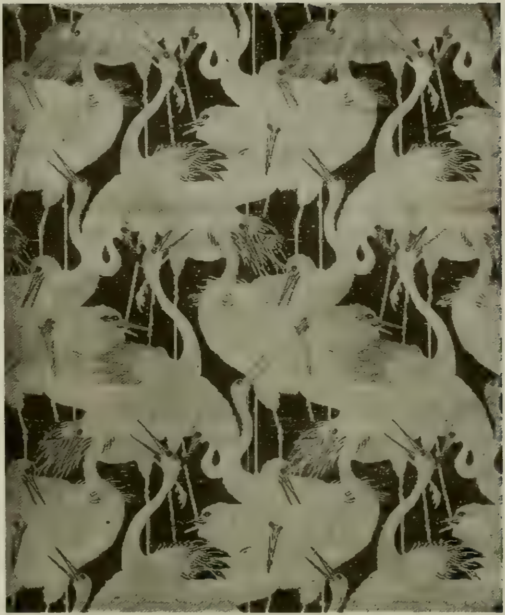


PLATE FIFTY.

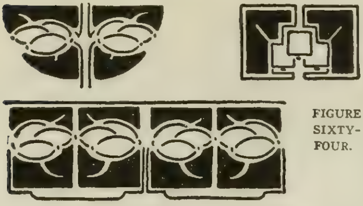


FIGURE SIXTY-FOUR.

a forecast of the final effect may be obtained. For sake of illustration it may be assumed that a decision is made as in the diagram A. A second center line should be drawn on the paper and the second tracing made. A symmetrical unit almost invariably demands a symmetrical repeat; hence an indefinite number of center lines may next be drawn on the paper with the distance between these two as a key. Now when the units numbered 3-4 have been given position the solution of the problem as a design has only begun. The two questions of most importance are to be solved now. The units must be bound together into a compact whole, with some rhythmic interrelation of all elements; the space, indicated in each diagram by the figure 5, must be accepted as another element in the pattern,—its shape and measure must be developed as an integral part of the design. Fig. 62 represents the steps up to this point. It is readily seen that in the first section of this design the space 5 is too large and empty; the units are not well related. In the second section a simple line serves to break in upon the large area of white, and produces a better balance of space and mass; it also binds the units together into a common movement, relates the blacks and whites, and produces a third subordinate tone.

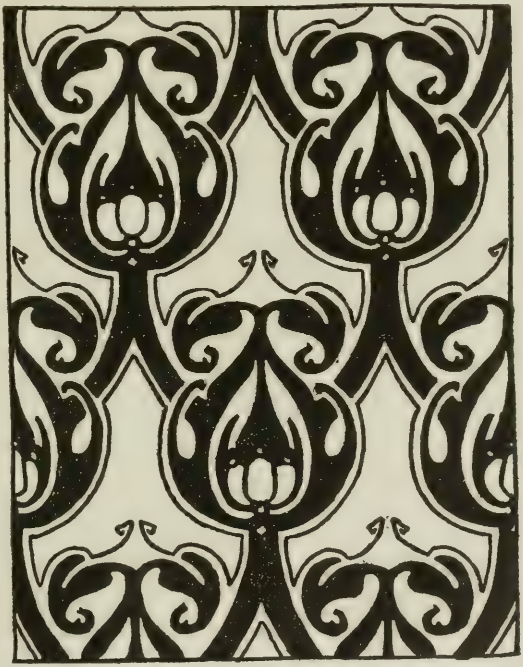


PLATE FORTY-FIVE.

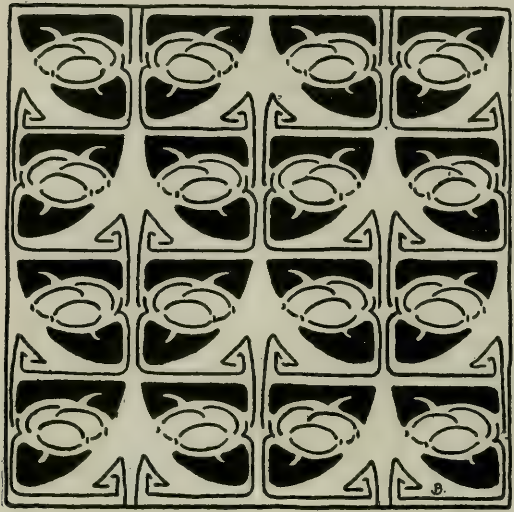


PLATE FORTY-SEVEN.

That is designing with an eye to the principles that these articles have been defining. The method of repetition may vary;—but the idea is exactly the same. In Fig. 63, for example, another development of this same unit is shown based upon the construction indicated in the diagram B of Fig. 61. It may appear that the unit is better adapted to this repeat than to the other; in which case the experiment has made it possible to look ahead, in planning another unit, to the completed result. It is thus that we learn,—by doing, by experiment, comparison, and selection.

It will be interesting to carry this unit through one or two more experiments, into results more complex, more important. The original unit may always be altered at will to suit the exigencies of repetition, as in Plate 45 for example. Here a slight additional enrichment given to the original unit, as indicated by the dark line in D of Fig. 60, furnished a new unit which was repeated on the structural plan shown in Fig. 61-B. The development was quite the same as before, namely an interrelation of the units and a breaking up of the background spaces in order to bring them into the best possible adjustment with the units. To this end slight additions were made to the unit as shown by the lighter lines in Fig. 60-D. In the final result each shape and measure of black and white is made to contribute some element of interest to the design. It is not a black design on a white ground; nor is it a white design on a black ground. It is a coöperation of black and white elements, of space and mass, of line and form, to a common purpose; all of which is a return to the original propositions with which these articles started.

In Plate 46 is a still more important effort developed from the same starting point. Here it has become necessary to discipline three tones, black, white and gray into a unity of effect to which each must contribute its share. If you will keep in mind the demonstration to this point the complexities of this pattern will be found to be more apparent than real. The first step is shown in Fig. 60-E-F. It will be seen that the original unit with which the start was made has now become a mere incident in the breaking up of the space and mass areas of a more complex unit. Other experiments might, of course, produce units quite different in character from this one. The unit was repeated on the same structural lines as in the preceding plate, though the increased size of the unit naturally demanded a spacing at wider intervals. If a comparison is made between the unit as shown in Fig. 60 and the completed pattern, several additions or slight alterations may be noted. If the demonstrations have been clear the reasons that prompted each change in the unit will be clear. The mere repetition of the unit is a minor question; the means adopted to bring unity to the result is the important question. And if the principles of composition are understood the most prosaic and unpromising material may be developed into a pattern of interest and beauty. And, *per contra,* if these principles are not understood, material of rare beauty may be developed into a pattern devoid of any interest or distinction. Though the unit itself is comparatively unimportant, the use that is made of the unit being the important thing, the best design will always be one that shows a logical and distinctive construction down to the last minute detail, an interrelation to a definite end of every line and form employed.

Now, to return to the first statement of the motif, three berries and two leaves, Fig. 64 represents other units equally dependent for interest upon the relation of black and white elements. They are merely masses of black broken by spaces of white, the spaces of white being subdivided in turn by lines of black, all bound together into a compact and related whole. In one of these the squared paper of times past, again appears. In Plates 47-48 two of these units are repeated with such additions in each case as will best serve to bring to the result the character that is sought.

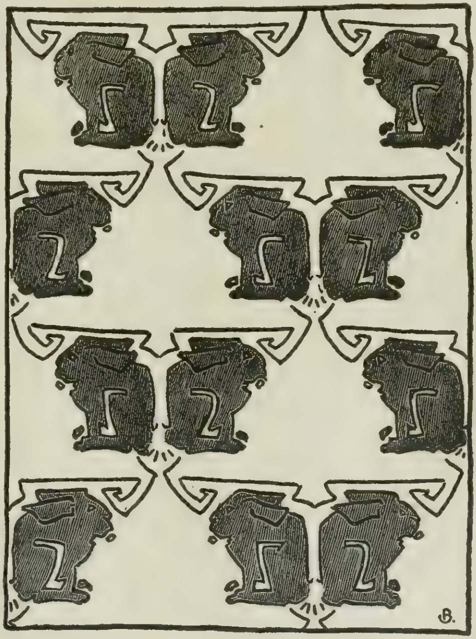


PLATE FIFTY-TWO.

This character forms, here as in the past, the basis of our experiments. Fortunately there are no rules or receipts in design, no method that will enable a lazy individual to achieve distinction, no process that will supplant orderly thought, hard work and common sense. Such comparatively simple designs as those shown in Plates 47-48 demand orderly and concentrated thought. The finished product may, and should, have an appearance of spontaneity; the drudgery that its completion may have entailed should be eliminated. None but those who have learned the true significance of the little word *study* will discern beneath the surface the many experiments, comparisons and final selection. In other words, the ability to design results from long hours of thoughtful work more than from any unique inheritance.

To follow the path backward, then, through the analysis of a distinctive surface pattern we would ask: first, that its spotting of space and mass shall be interesting when viewed as a whole; that its structure shall be apparent to the eye; that each tone, measure and shape shall contribute something to the unity; that all of the lines and forms employed shall be intimately and organically related to the last detail.

Thus it is seen that the same constructive principles are involved in the planning of an abstract pattern as in the designing, for example, of an architectural composition. The beauty of either is dependent upon the refinement and enrichment of a logical construction. If the structural lines are weak or are ignored, are buried from sight under a mass of superficial details, then no amount of enrichment, whether it be "Greek style" or "Gothic style," or however much skill may enter into its execution, will produce a result of character and distinction. If, for instance, it is proposed to produce a beautiful piece of furniture, let us first plan a piece of logical construction, and give to it such refinement of line and form as is possible under the limitations imposed by utility. If then, beyond this point, we are not quite clear as to what constitutes a beautiful enrichment, if we distrust, as we well may, the competence of our judgments in such matters, let us learn to appreciate—and remain forever content in that appreciation—a beauty that arises from frank construction, sound materials, honest workmanship, fine texture and color.

Any museum or gallery of industrial art furnishes material for a study of the development of constructive design. A unique opportunity is to be found in the rooms of the Society of Decorative Arts, adjoining the Louvre, in Paris. Here, through a series of rooms, one may pass in review the development in furniture, textiles, metal work, etc., from the time of the early Mediæval craftsmen to the modern Art Nouveau. And the thoughtful person inevitably returns to the starting point with a sense of relief and satisfaction. Here there is a frank acceptance of constructive demands with very little enrichment. In the next room one finds evidence of a finer feeling for structural refinements with a more delicately executed enrichment. Further on the enrichment, though executed with consummate skill, is at the expense of construction. And still further, in the elaboration of ornament construction is buried from sight. In textiles, for example, the severe structural simplicity of the product of the early weavers gradually gives way to a hopeless potpourri of lovelorn swains, cupids, ribbons and flying garlands of flowers. The separation of designer and workman becomes apparent; we find the weavers vainly essaying the production of designs furnished them by painters who never saw a loom and knew little of its technical possibilities or limitations. In the repetition of such a simple unit as that shown in Plate 49 there is bound to be a refreshing simplicity. It is a symphony in lines, forms and tones. It has no pictorial interests, and needs none. There is a feeling of reserve strength throughout, however. The designer might have told more if he had chosen; but he preferred a simple structural treatment, in a broad, flat plane of light and dark. He broke his darks with areas of light, and broke his lights with areas of dark, each contributing to a unity. Of quite a different treatment, though of similar character, is the Japanese textile shown in Plate 50. Those who express a liking for Japanese work because it is "so informal" fail to understand the character of true Japanese art. All that was said of the preceding plate may be said of this wonderful textile. It is a simple, flat spotting of lights and darks, each contributing to the effect of the whole. Note how the legs break in upon the measures of dark,—the rhythmic movement of the bodies and necks. The measures of light are broken by the bills and wings. As in the other textile there is evidence of a definite idea, of orderly thought, and a treatment that is consistent throughout. It is the repetition of a unit on the structural lines of Fig. 61-A, the units in the vertical repeat being turned alternately to the right and left.

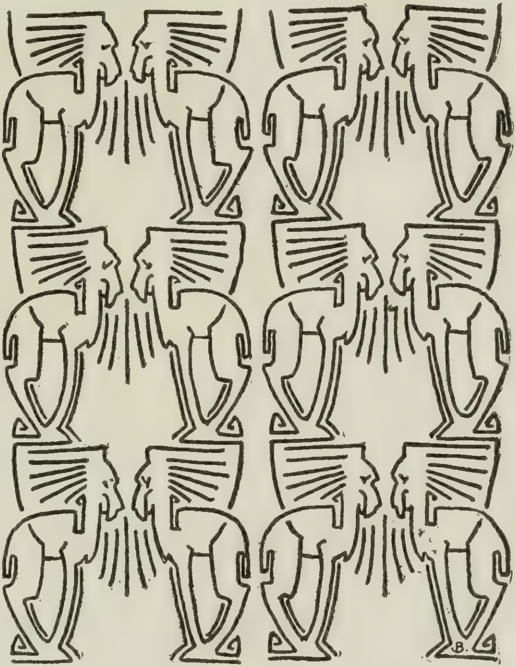


PLATE FIFTY-THREE.

If the unit is unsymmetrical one may be justified in giving it an unsymmetrical repetition, as in Plate 51.

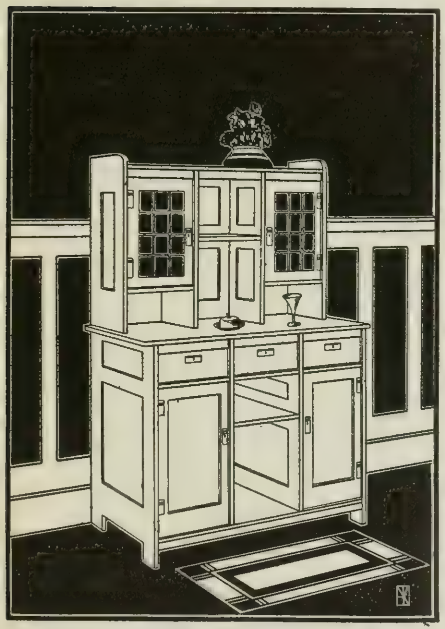
The structural basis of the repeat is always determined, in experiments of this kind, by the shape and measure of the unit. In other words the structure of the design is determined by the idea which it is desired to express in the repetition of the motif. In experimenting with this unit to the end that has been explained, it was found that the most interesting relations could be established by repeating it on the lines indicated in Fig. 61-D. Incidentally the motif chosen here was quite as simple as the other; it might be stated in these words,—flower, bud, leaf. Different individuals might render the motif in as many different ways as in the preceding demonstrations; and here as before one might seek assistance from nature or develop a motif from imagination. It is a matter of choice and does not affect, for good or bad, the fundamental character of the result.

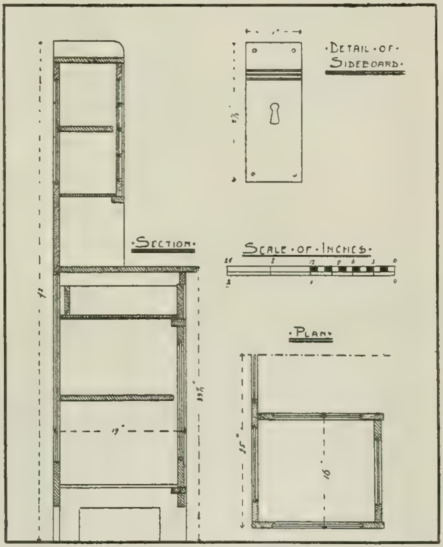
In Plates 52-53 are two surface patterns in which motifs of a different type were sought. One is sufficiently rabbitlike to necessitate a study of that particular animal. It is a free translation, with such alterations as were found desirable in the repetition of the unit, of one of the little figures shown in the February Craftsman. If you will examine the construction of the pattern you will note similar rhythmic interrelations of line and form. In this design, by way of experiment, the space of white has been made as large as it would be possible to make it without its becoming an empty hole in the result. Even now one feels a desire to break in upon it with a line from some point or other of the mass.

In the final plate a creature of the imagination becomes an incident in a pure line design. This is quite as much a line problem, involving precisely the same propositions as the first two problems of our series. It may be "based on the camel"; perhaps it is! We are sometimes assured that all designs, however abstract they may appear, have been based on some natural prototype. If this be true the present case is of course no exception to the rule. Aside from the play impulse that prompted its execution the chief interest in this design is to be found in the various symmetries that are formed, in the interrelation of line from unit to unit, and in the massing of lines to gain a dominant tone of dark.

MODERN SIDEBOARDS AND METAL WORK

THE four designs for sideboards given this month are in the same style as the bookcases for which designs were published in the last issue. They are all after the modern European school, and while they harmonize very well with Craftsman furniture, they afford a departure from the purely Craftsman style that may be welcome to those of our amateur cabinet workers who desire a quaintly decorative effect in construction.


SIMPLE SIDEBOARD FOR A SMALL ROOM.

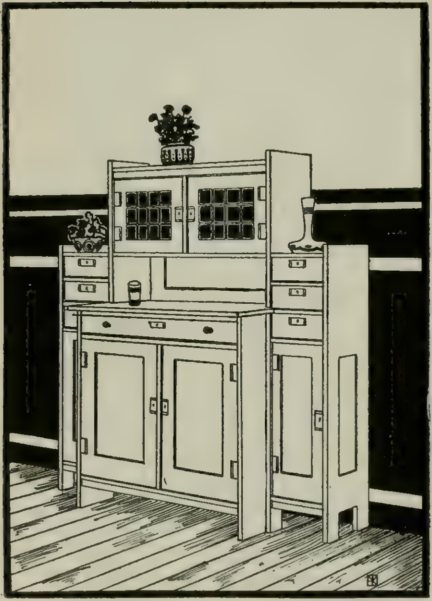


WORKING PLAN FOR SIDEBOARD.

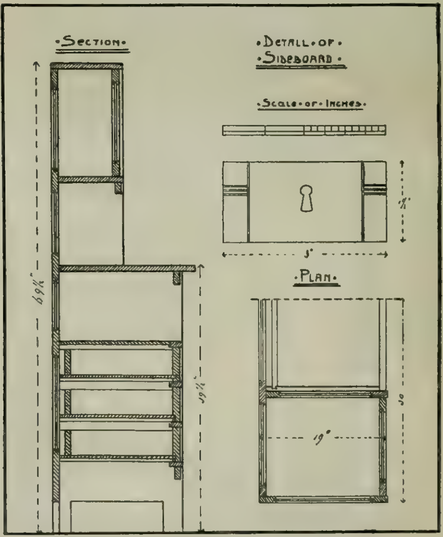
The first illustration shows the simplest as well as the smallest of these sideboards. The arrangement of the top cupboards and central shelf repeats that of the lower part of the piece, except that the upper cupboards have doors with small leaded panes. Three drawers to hold silver and small table linen are above the lower cupboards. The lavish use of panels requires very careful workmanship, as these panels form the chief decoration of the piece and must be carefully fitted to avoid too much play under atmospheric changes.

The second sideboard is unusual in shape, as the central part projects beyond the side cupboards. It is also recessed below the small square upper cupboards, giving quite a large top. Leaded glass decorates the doors of the upper cupboards and all the other doors, as well as the sides of the piece, are paneled. In addition to the large central drawer for table linen, there are three small drawers high up at each side, giving a great deal of room for silver, smaller pieces of linen and the like.

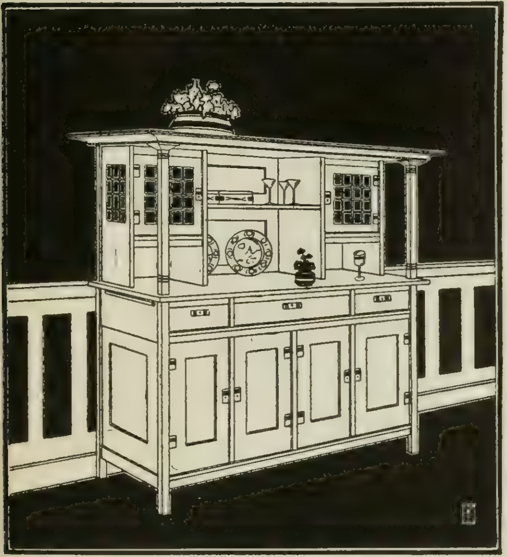
The third sideboard, with its generous proportions and the quaint pillared effect of the upper part, is more like the old-fashioned court cupboard. This has, in addition to the shelf across the central recess, two small high cupboards so set as to allow a small re-



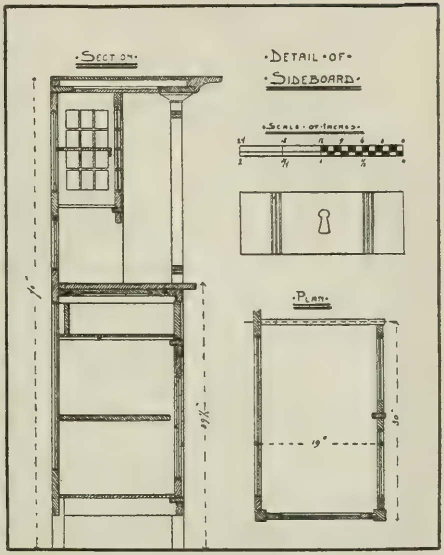
UNUSUAL SIDEBOARD DESIGN WITH MANY CONVENIENT DRAWERS.



WORKING PLAN FOR SECOND SIDEBOARD.



SIDEBOARD FOR LARGE SPACE.



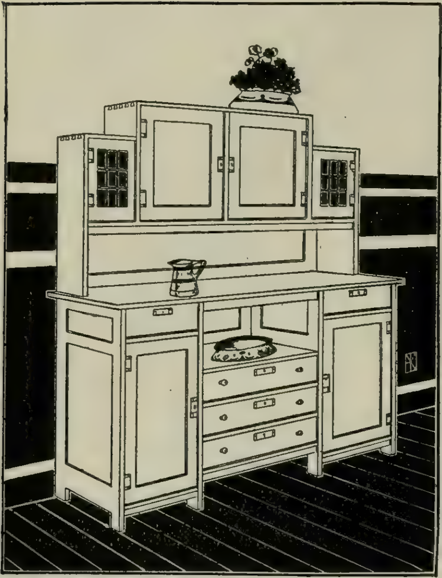
WORKING PLAN FOR LARGE SIDEBOARD.

cess below each one. There are four large cupboards in the lower part of the piece, with only three shallow drawers above.

The fourth sideboard is quite as distinctive in character, with an arrangement of two large and two small cupboards in the upper part above a recess, which extends the whole length of the piece. Another recess appears above the three central drawers in the lower part and large cupboards on either side give almost as much room as used to be required in the old cupboards of the Elizabethan days.

The construction of all these pieces, while necessitating careful work, is very simple and may easily be studied out by a close examination of the detail drawings. They are hardly good models for a beginner to attempt, but to anyone who has acquired a fair knowledge of home cabinetmaking, they should not only prove very interesting but should present no unusual difficulties.

THE first of the purely Craftsman designs shown here includes both metal work and cabinetwork, as the chafing dish which is to be described later is placed upon a stand made especially for it, with a tiled top and a cupboard for keeping any small supplies. The details of construction are fully given in the accompanying drawing, and the value of having such a stand



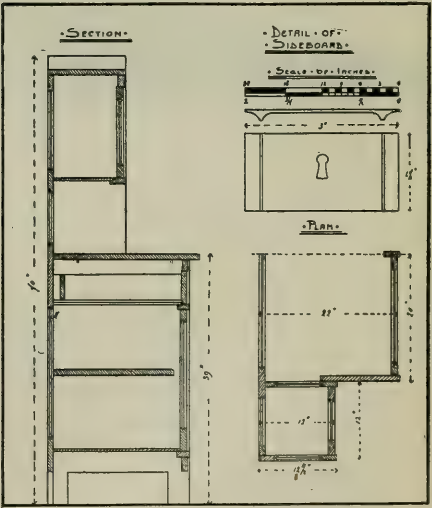
SIDEBOARD WITH MUCH COVERED SPACE.

with a tiled top for such a purpose is, of course, self-evident.

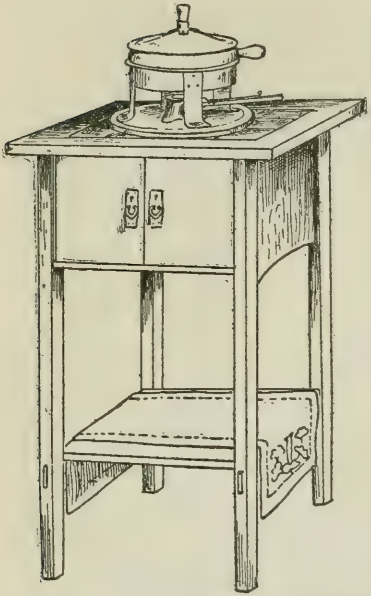
The framework of the chafing dish is made of hammered copper set upon a base of oak, while the dish itself is a terra cotta casserole. The oak base measures 14 inches in diameter and about ¾ of an inch in thickness, with a ¼-inch bevel cut all around. Over this is laid a disk of hammered copper, No. 18 gauge, which extends to within one inch of the edge of the wooden base, and is carefully fastened to it with tacks set about two inches apart.

For this size chafing dish the casserole should measure about 8 inches in diameter at the top. The size of the casserole, of course, determines the size of the ring or band upon which it rests. This ring is made of copper and is about 1¾ inches wide with ½-inch additional allowed at the top to be bent over as a flange or shoulder, as shown in the detail drawing. The supports are made of flat copper about No. 18 gauge, bent outward with a slight curve at the bottom. At the top a short bend of about ¼ of an inch is made to set immediately under the flange of the ring. These supports are firmly riveted to the ring at the top and sides, and are also nailed to the piece, the nail penetrating through the copper disk into the wood.

The lid should project about 1 inch over the edge of the casserole. It is made of copper, carefully hammered, and a wooden handle is set into the top.



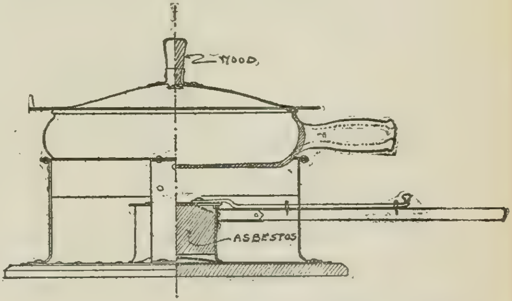
WORKING PLAN FOR FOURTH SIDEBOARD.



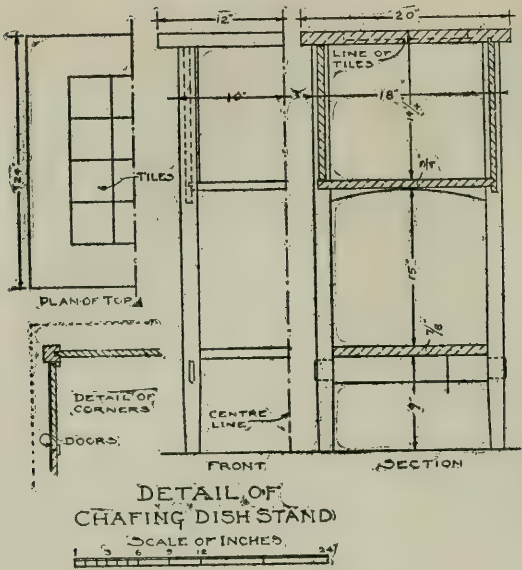
CHAFING DISH STAND WITH CUPBOARDS.

This is fastened to the lid with a strip of copper formed into a tube, into which the round tapering wooden handle is fitted. The narrow end of this tube is then slit up about ¾ of an inch, forming four parts, which are bent out into lugs and riveted to the top of the lid. A wire is riveted or soldered to the inside of the lid to fit on the inside of the casserole, a device which prevents the lid from slipping off. After this is done the inside of the lid should be silver plated to prevent the metal from corroding while in use. This plating is best done by a regular electroplater.

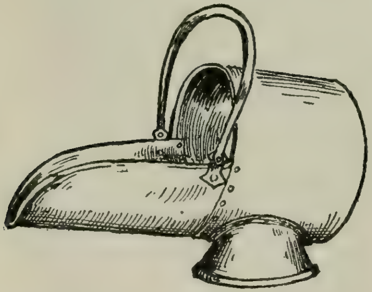
The torch or burner is made by forming a cylinder of No. 20 copper, 3½ inches in diameter and 3 inches long. The bottom is cut in a waving line, allowing for four feet which are turned up very slightly, somewhat in the shape of a scroll. A bottom should be placed inside the cup, about 1½ inches from the top and soldered in all around the under side until it is absolutely tight. The top is made of a flat round disk projecting over the cylinder about ⅛ of an inch with a band riveted to it that can be riveted to the sides of the cylinder all around. The cylinder is filled with asbestos rope wicking tightly coiled. A brass screen is put over this and fastened to the sides of the cylinder and then the top is put on. The wooden handle of the lamp is about seven inches long and is fastened to the cylinder with a piece of copper that is bent all around the handle with four lugs left to secure the parts of the handle together in the same manner as already described. A flat disk large enough to cover the 1¾-inch hole in the top of the burner is made with a wire handle that is to slip back and forward, using as a guide two staples that are driven into the handle. The end of the wire is bent up into a little knob that can easily be



DETAILS OF CRAFTSMAN CHAFING DISH.



slipped with the thumb. All of the copper work should be hammered alike and treated as described in former issues.



CRAFTSMAN COPPER COAL SCUTTLE, ESPECIALLY CONVENIENT FOR AN OPEN FIRE.

For convenience in putting coal on the fire the shape of the coal scuttle illustrated here is perhaps the best, as it is much more easily handled than the upright style. This piece is made of No. 18 gauge copper.

First make a cylinder 10½ inches in diameter and 10 inches long; close in at one end with a flat piece of copper having a flange ½ an inch wide turned up all around. This flange is to be riveted to the cylinder all around. In making the scoop it is best to use a paper pattern for cutting the metal, that there may be no question about getting the proper curve. After cutting out the scoop according to this pattern, turn over the edge to give it strength and smoothness. Next rivet the scoop to the cylinder, and the body of the scuttle is formed. The handle should be formed of a rod or tube, flattened at each end and fastened to the lugs that are riveted upon the scoop. Lugs and handle should be fastened together with "loose rivets."

The bottom should be cut from a paper pattern in a funnel shape, the lower edge turned over a wire to strengthen it and the upper edge flanged out and fitted to the cylinder part of the scuttle and riveted. The surface of the metal used for this piece should not be hammered any more than is necessary in making it, as a better effect is gained by leaving plain the surface of a large piece.

APPLICATION OF MODERN DYESTUFFS TO ARTS AND CRAFTS WORK: GENERAL INTRODUCTION: BY C. E. PELLEW: PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

ONE day about ten years ago, soon after the completion of the new buildings of Columbia University, the chemical laboratories were thrown open for inspection to several thousand specially invited guests, as well as to the general public. We of the Chemical Department took our station in the most interesting part of our respective domains, and, for my part, I spent most of my time showing the visitors who drifted into the Industrial Chemistry laboratories the equipment and work of the new dyeing and calico printing room. About the middle of the afternoon a very intelligent looking woman came in and glanced around with an air of considerable interest, explaining at the same time that she was the instructor in dyeing and weaving at a small but widely advertised institution in one of the southern states.

Immensely to my surprise, in a minute or two, with an air of great scorn, she turned to me and remarked: "I see that you use here those horrid artificial dyestuffs." Being rather proud of my collection of four or five hundred dyestuffs from the great German dye factories, which I had been working over, night and day, for weeks, and had at last got fairly classified and arranged, I answered: "But, surely, madam, what dyestuffs would you expect me to have?" Whereupon, with a still more superior air, she replied: "I take great pains to teach my students nothing but the dear old natural dyestuffs known to and used by their ancestors. In fact, at our college we firmly believe Mr. John Ruskin's statement that 'there has been nothing discovered of any interest in the tinctorial art since the days of the ancient Greeks and Romans.' "

This, indeed, was a staggering blow. As soon as I recovered myself, I asked her if she used indigo. "Oh, yes, of course, but the natural indigo, and without any horrid chemicals to spoil it." "Well, what vat do you use to dye it with?" "We always use the *woad vat,* just as they used to in the good old days." "Good heavens," said I. "You have gone back, then, with a vengeance to the days of Boadicea and the old Romans." And I hinted, as delicately as I could, that I wondered if she taught her pupils to use that same old woad as Boadicea and other early British did, *i. e.*, for painting their skins as a substitute for clothing. She confessed, to be sure, that it was not very easy to duplicate shades with the "woad vat"; that it took from one to three days to prepare it; that, in cold weather, it was liable to work very slowly, and, in hot weather, to mould and ferment, and in consequence to destroy a considerable amount of the expensive dye. But, nevertheless, John Ruskin was right, and no one with any pretense to artistic feeling had any right to use dyes less than one hundred and fifty years old at the very latest.

Since then I have found the same curious, illogical and absolutely unscientific notions prevailing among artists and artistic people interested in textile work, especially in the particular class of work commonly known, of late, under the general term "Arts and Crafts." And it has seemed to me that perhaps a short series of simple, practical papers, describing the classes of modern dyestuffs and their application to the dyeing,—in a small way rather than on a factory scale,—of cotton, linen, wool, silk, feathers, straw, jute, raffia, wood and the like, might be of interest and, very possibly, of considerable value to many readers of THE CRAFTSMAN, especially if accompanied with some information about particular dyestuffs which can be depended upon to give satisfactory results.

The above-mentioned quotation from Ruskin I saw, a year or two afterward, printed prominently in the announcement of the textile school, in the annual catalogue of this same college. I have not, however, been able to verify it, and so do not know whether it is properly to be attributed to Ruskin. It sounds very Ruskinese, at any rate, and not very much more surprising than some other views of his on different matters of art, history and political economy which I have run across when occasionally looking through his works.

As a matter of fact, the artificial dyes which were introduced into commerce during the first ten years or so after the original discovery, did have certain qualities which would make them particularly offensive to Mr. Ruskin; and the crude and inartistic use of these brilliant, not to say glaring, colors,—cheap, very strong, and not fast to light,—may have easily aroused his wrath to the point of utterances more forcible than accurate. But although, in the early sixties, its full importance could hardly have been anticipated by any one, it is a fact that the discovery of the first aniline color, in 1856, by the young chemist Perkin, was an event not to be ignored by any one interested in the progress of the human race.

As for the dyes of the ancient Greeks and Romans above referred to, it is just as well to mention that not a single one of them is of the slightest commercial or artistic importance at the present time.

Indigo, in a commercial sense, was not known, although in small quantities it may have been imported from India at enormous expense and used now and then for very special purposes. The very impure form of indigo known as woad was used to some extent since the landing of Cæsar in Britain, but, from the few references to it by the classical authors, was of little value or interest to them.

Some little use was occasionally made, it is believed, of madder, but the really valuable madder dye, the famous Turkey red, was not discovered till far on in the Middle Ages.

A few other vegetable dyes they had —of little beauty or permanence. Thus, they knew litmus, or archil, as we now call it, a red or blue dye, according to the reaction of the bath, obtained from a moss which grows in hot, dry countries. Saffron, too, was used for yellow —and probably they knew of some simple vegetable browns.

But the dyestuff of all others on which they prided themselves was the "Tyrian purple," obtained with enormous difficulty and expense from the juices of a class of shellfish (gasteropod molluscs) found widely distributed, but in small numbers at any one place, in the ocean waters of tropical and, to a less extent, of temperate, localities.

This dyestuff, so valuable that to this day it stands as the symbol of wealth and luxury—"purple and fine linen"—has been carefully investigated of late years and found to produce rather dull, and, to our modern minds, not very interesting, shades running from bluish purple to dark crimson. Curiously enough, it has been discovered of late years that exactly this same "Tyrian purple" dyestuff, extracted from the same class of shellfish and applied to the fiber in very much the same manner as in ancient times, has been, from time immemorial, manufactured and used by the native Indians upon the coast of Nicaragua, without, however, any particularly beautiful results.

These colors, to be sure, are fast to light and to washing, and are so-called "developed" colors, dyeing cotton and linen as well as wool and silk without mordants. But in the first place they do not compare in shade and beauty to whole series of modern dyestuffs, and are in no respect superior as regards fastness to light and washing, while so little of the dyeing material could be obtained that probably one day's demand at the present time would completely exhaust the whole world's supply of these particular animals.

These and a few others of still less importance were the dyes so glowingly referred to by Mr. Ruskin and his followers.

Very considerable advance had been made in the art of dyeing, naturally enough, since the old Roman days, at the time when Perkin's discovery took place. Indigo, for instance, had been introduced, and was largely and intelligently used. So, also, was madder used in very large amounts, producing exceedingly fast and beautiful shades, varying from the brilliant scarlet of the Turkey red to browns, dark purples, and blacks of the chrome and iron mordants.

Logwood, and other wood dyes from the West Indies, Central and South America, were known and used for considerable ranges of colors; and logwood, by the way, of all the dyes known fifty years ago, is the only one which would be missed at all at the present day.

Cochineal and lac dyes, the latter probably occasionally used by the ancients, were in constant use. The red coats of the English soldiers, to this day, are dyed with cochineal on a tin mordant. But this is not because the color is as fast, or as beautiful, as that produced by many modern dyestuffs which will give the same shade and at much less cost—but because of some "perpetual contracts" with specifications made a hundred years ago or more, which are still adhered to.

The great problem with these old dyes, as probably some of my readers may have experienced, is, first, the difficulty of getting them pure and of uniform quality, and, second, the troublesome and complicated methods necessary to produce the required color on the fibers. In the '50's the dyeing industry of the whole world was in the hands of ignorant, opinionated, rule-of-thumb dyers, who worked by secret, highly treasured formulæ, passed down as precious heirlooms from father to son. The range of colors was comparatively limited, and to obtain fast and true shades required a great deal of skill and experience, far beyond the power of any amateur to obtain.

And to ignore the enormous facilities that modern chemistry has placed in the hands of every one interested in artistic productions is to deliberately close the door to opportunities never before offered to any age—however intelligent or highly civilized—or however endowed with the sense of or the desire for beauty.

Before, however, taking up the modern artificial, so-called "coal tar" or aniline dyestuffs of the last half century, it may be of interest to mention briefly two dyes, the iron or rust dye and manganese brown or bistre, both of which were known to our grandfathers, and one, at least, to our colonial ancestors, if not to the ancients. These dyes are still occasionally used, in special classes of commercial work, and are of some value for simple dyeing of vegetable textiles, cotton, linen, jute, etc., which may have to stand very heavy exposure.

The iron or rust dye was of great importance in the pioneer days, in the west and elsewhere, for dyeing "homespuns," rag carpets, and the like, in the absence of more elaborate dyeing agents, and also, on the sea coast, for staining sails and nets. It can best be applied by soaking the thoroughly wetted material in a bath made by dissolving in hot water some ferrous sulphate (copperas or green vitriol), with, if necessary, the addition of a few drops of acid (diluted sulphuric or acetic acid or even vinegar), to keep the bath reasonably free from sediment. After soaking for a few minutes the material is wrung out, by hand or through a wringer, and then immersed for a moment in a bath of some alkali, cooking or washing or even caustic soda, or, as in our ancestors' days, of wood ashes strained or settled fairly clear of dirt and charcoal.

This alkali bath need not be at all strong—a spoonful or so of soda to the gallon until exhausted—for it is only needed to decompose the small amount of iron salt retained by the material.

Directly the fabric has been wet through by the alkali it is taken out, wrung loosely, and shaken out and exposed to the air, when, in a few minutes, the color will change from a dull light green to some shade of rather dull but pleasant orange, or orange-yellow, varying in depth with the strength of iron salt in the bath.

As with other colors developed in the air, in this way, it is better to build up the deep shades by dipping repeatedly in one bath after another, rather than to use one very strong bath of coloring matter, in this case of copperas, and get the full shade directly.

After the color has set, the material should be rinsed in water to remove excess of alkali; and then allowed to dry. Later it should be thoroughly scoured in hot soap to remove any loose color and so avoid the danger of rubbing. The color remaining after this is absolutely permanent—not being affected in the least by special chemical treatment. It will stain to dark shades when treated with vegetable extracts containing tannin, such as used to be made from boiling hemlock or oak or chestnut barks, or twigs and leaves of alders, and the like. These, however, are not particularly interesting.

Manganese brown or bistre is a color of very similar composition, *i. e.*, a metallic hydroxide, but with manganese substituted for iron. It has been used for a hundred years or so for producing various shades of brown upon vegetable fabrics and, occasionally, on wool. For rugs and other articles which must show great fastness to washing, as well as to light, it is still well worth keeping in memory.

The simplest way to develop it is to dissolve in warm water a greater or less quantity, say, as an experiment, two tablespoonfuls to the gallon, of permanganate of potash. This gives a deep purple-colored liquid, in which the material, thoroughly wetted out, is immersed and stirred around. When taken out it is to be wrung as before, shaken out and exposed to the air, when the purple color will rapidly change to a nice, soft shade of seal brown. This process should be repeated until the material is brought to shade, and then it is finished, like the other, by rinsing in water, and scouring with soap.

As before mentioned, the aniline color industry dates from the discovery, by the late Sir William Henry Perkin, of the dyestuff "mauvein," a little over fifty years ago. He was trying, in a very crude, simple way, to make artificial quinine from a strong-smelling oil found a few years previously among the products of the dry distillation of indigo, and named "aniline" from the word "anil," the native name of that substance in the East.

On heating his aniline with bichromate of potash he obtained a dark molasses-like mess, utterly unlike what he was aiming for and apparently of no interest or value. But instead of throwing it away, he made some experiments with it and found that its alcoholic solution would impart a clear, permanent violet shade to silk and wool. With the help of his father he started a factory for the manufacture of it, and, before long, other dyes of more or less similar composition were discovered and, all over the world, chemists began to manufacture and experiment with these new dyestuffs.

During the last thirty years the manufacture of these dyes has been enormously developed, principally by four great German firms, and the number of individual dyestuffs discovered and actually put upon the market amounts not to hundreds but to thousands. The early dyes were of great brilliance and strength, but, unless very carefully used, not of much beauty, and they were distinctly inferior in fastness to the better varieties, at least, of the vegetable dyes that preceded them.

A very serious disadvantage in this respect was that these early "basic" aniline dyes did not fade true. A piece of cloth might be red today—and a few days in the bright sun might change the color to yellow and then to white, or might darken it, throwing it in either case completely out of harmony with its original surroundings.

By 1868, however, a couple of German chemists, Graebe and Liebermann, had invented methods for preparing artificially alizarine, the extremely interesting dyestuff which gives all its value to the famous old dye madder. As in many other instances, this proved the first of a large series of coloring agents of closely related composition. In consequence, from a few years after that date the commercial use of madder has entirely disappeared, and all shades of color on cotton, wool and silk, from the most brilliant reds and yellows to the deepest and richest purples, blues and browns, have been made of unsurpassed beauty and with a fastness to light and washing never before equaled.

Of late years every effort has been made to simplify the dyeing processes, and at the same time to produce colors which would be durable. And at present it is perfectly possible for the amateur, with hardly any practical experience, to produce in a single bath permanent color effects which a few years ago could only have been obtained in a durable form by long and difficult mordanting and dyeing processes.

And yet the fact remains that, in a great many cases, there is good cause to complain of the fastness of the modern dyed fabrics. This is not the fault of the dyes themselves, or of the manufacturer of the dyes, but is owing to the ignorance, or, more commonly, the greed of the dyer. It is possible, now, to reproduce any desired shade on either cotton, wool or silk, in at least six or eight, often in twenty or thirty, different ways, using dyestuffs of entirely different composition, in different combinations, and applied by different methods. Of these, one or two ways can generally be found which will be thoroughly fast both to light and washing. One or two more will probably be fairly fast to light but not to washing, and the rest will be more or less fugitive and unsatisfactory.

Now, the honest manufacturer has a deep-seated sympathy with the aspiration of the fair sex to buy a new gown whenever the old one gets at all faded. Too permanent colors have little or no attraction for him. And when, as is generally the case, it costs a little more, even a minute fraction of a cent a yard, to turn out goods that are durable instead of goods which look exactly the same, but will only last a few weeks or even days after they have left the retail counters, it is almost impossible to get him to use the better grades of dyestuffs.

In other words, if the manufacturer calls for cheap and nasty dyes, they can be furnished him in abundance. But it is equally possible, with a little care in the selection and application of the dyes, and a little greater expense, to produce colored fabrics which are absolutely durable, as well as of any shade that may be desired.

As an illustration, one of my friends in one of the great dye importing houses heard me patiently enough, when I asked him for the names of some thoroughly fast dyes, and said that he could furnish me with all that I wanted. But he laughed in my face when I suggested that there might be a good market for those, if only they were well known, and asked point-blank: "Who would buy them? The only people who have the sense and money to pick and choose fast and durable materials are the particular ones who have money enough to throw them away, long before they are worn out, because they are so tired of them."

And as for art work, rugs, curtains, and the like, he quoted the case of one of the famous weaves of Indian blankets, lately taken up by some enterprising eastern manufacturers, whose motto was the common one of their tribe: "Manufacture cheap and sell dear." In order to sell dear they were advertising extensively that they were using the old patterns, the old weaves and, above all, the same fine old vegetable dyes of these world-renowned blankets; and they quoted from travelers and scientific men to show that such blankets were in existence, hundreds of years old, with colors still fine and true.

And to manufacture cheap these same people were sending to the dye houses letters, one of which my friend had on his desk at the time, asking for competitive bids on fifty-pound lots of the basic aniline colors—the cheapest, strongest, crudest dyes of the whole list, some of which would be completely spoiled by twelve hours' exposure to the direct sunlight.

Before closing this introductory paper I ought, perhaps, to call the reader's attention to some of the effects produced by the discovery of the coal tar dyes in many departments of human interest and activity far removed from the dyeing or textile industry itself.

For instance, in the late '50's and

early '60's the most vital problem before the civilized world was to explain the closely related subjects of fermentation and putrefaction, on the one hand, and infectious and contagious diseases on the other. It was recognized by many brilliant investigators that the solution lay in the study of the "floating matter of the air." It was also believed that some living "germs," of dimensions so small that they could barely be observed, and could not possibly be identified by the most powerful microscopes of the day, would be found to play an important part in both disease and decomposition. Closer and closer came the observations, only to be constantly blocked by the impossibility of distinguishing such minute, colorless objects under the microscope. Until finally, in 1867, the famous Dr. Robert Koch, pursuing his studies on the causes of blood poisoning in army hospitals, found that the recently discovered basic aniline dyes had the property of staining and brilliantly coloring the various micro-organisms, moulds, yeast plants, and, above all, bacteria, without leaving any color at all in neighboring tissues and cells, of either animal or vegetable origin. This at once changed the whole situation, and, almost immediately, began the large and important series of investigations and discoveries which have resulted in the triumph of antiseptic surgery and the discovery of the causes and proper treatment of so many of the most dangerous and dreaded diseases, such as tuberculosis, cholera, typhoid fever, and the like, as well as the great range of illnesses coming under the general classification of "blood poisoning."

Thanks, largely, to the investigations carried on for the manufacture of these artificial dyestuffs, chemists have made enormous progress in the study of organic chemistry, and have not only gained far closer knowledge of the composition of various organic bodies, but have also learned new methods and reactions for building them up, and forming them from simpler substances.

In the course of some investigations on the same problem that Perkin was originally working on, the artificial formation or "synthesis" of quinine (a problem not yet solved, by the way), some chemists made some new substances resembling that of quinine, although not identical with it. Upon testing the medicinal effects of these compounds, and then pressing their investigations still further, they came upon some active substances with very valuable medicinal properties, such as antipyrin, antifebrin, phenacetin, and the like. These drugs are sought for and manufactured in the same great factories that manufacture the dyestuffs, and the same careful, accurate, painstaking, scientific methods are used for them as for the others.

Associated to a great degree with the last class of substances, and produced by chemists trained in dye factories and laboratories, are the modern "synthetic perfumes." In some cases these have been discovered accidentally, as, for instance, in the case of artificial musk, when a chemist, working out a new nitro compound by well-known reactions but upon substances hitherto not used for that purpose, found that one of his products had a very characteristic musk odor. The substance, thus discovered, during the last few years has almost, if not entirely, driven from the market the natural musk, obtained at great expense and difficulty as a secretion from the little musk deer, in Manchuria.

Other perfumes, such as ionone, the scenting material of violets, heliotropin, and others, were prepared by deliberately trying to duplicate the composition of the natural perfumes.

Flavoring matters, also, have been

produced in large quantities, and vanillin and coumarin, the synthetic flavoring matters of the vanilla and the tonka bean, respectively, have brought another branch of organic chemistry close to daily life. The most curious of all flavoring matters, however, is saccharin, whose wonderfully powerful, sweet taste was accidentally discovered in a new compound, prepared by a young chemist under Prof. Remsen's directions. This compound, in minute quantities, proved to have exactly the taste of sugar, but it is so powerful that four pounds of it are equivalent in sweetening power to a whole ton of dry cane sugar.

Another branch of industry was affected by Perkin's discovery in a way not altogether satisfactory. Up to 1865 or so the various pigments used were, with but few exceptions, of mineral origin and, therefore, very permanent and durable. To be sure, the lead colors, and especially lead white, do have the property of darkening with age, owing to the gradual action of sulphuretted hydrogen. But this action was slow, and not infrequently actually assisted the "tone" of a picture by softening and saddening the original, rather too bright, colors.

Of late years, however, the paint manufacturers have found it far easier, and far less expensive, at the same time, especially for the more valuable and brilliant classes of colors, to dye white, insoluble, inert powders, like china clay, barytes, chalk, and the like, with artificial dyestuffs, thereby producing pigments of any shade and brilliancy.

Unfortunately the brightest and in many cases the most beautiful of these new pigments are comparatively fugitive, and, in the absence of any standards of composition, fixed by some organized body of artists, each manufacturer has been at liberty to select his colors according to shade, and price, and with little or no reference to permanence.

After all, the most important result of the development of the color industry has been the enormous impetus given to scientific and especially to chemical education and research during the last half century. It has opened up a vast field, with immense possibilities, to the active and intelligent student, and every year hundreds of well-trained chemists are sent out into the world to earn their living.

Some go into teaching and help to spread the knowledge of their science far and near. Others, and not the least valuable, go into the industries, improving methods, cheapening and perfecting processes, and helping very largely indeed in the development of natural resources, and the raising of the general standard of living for rich and poor alike. It is little wonder, then, that, not to chemists alone, the discovery of the first coal tar color is a landmark worthy to be held in remembrance and in honor for many generations to come. Nor should we be surprised that dear old Sir William, who died but a few months ago, full of years and showered with honors from every part of the world, should, at the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of mauvein, have been universally hailed as one of the great benefactors of the human race.

Editorial Note.—The foregoing article introduces a series of eight lessons on the art of dyeing, by Prof. Charles E. Pellew, of Columbia University, a chemist who has made a special study of dye stuffs and is one of the best authorities in this country upon the subject. The article printed in this issue merely reviews the subject and forms a foundation for the more definitely technical articles that follow. The second will be a general description and classification of dye stuffs; the third covers the application of artificial dyes to arts and crafts work, and the others are devoted to the dyeing of special materials, such as cotton, silk, wool, paper, wood and leather.

UTILIZING VACANT LOTS AND LAND HELD BY SPECULATORS IN REAL ESTATE

WITHIN the last few years the idea of civic improvement has spread all over the country, including in its scope not only organizations for better architecture, for parks and playgrounds and for the better laying out of streets and public squares in our large cities, but also comparatively humble efforts such as the cleaning up of village streets and more especially of vacant lots. This spring Professor William Bailey of Yale has conducted, by means of lectures in a number of villages and small towns, a campaign of "cleaning up," in which the inhabitants have cordially coöperated, emulating one another in the energy with which they put gardens, sidewalks and vacant lots in apple pie order for Easter, and such campaigns are being carried on in nearly every municipality, small and large. The readiness with which people respond to a suggestion that things be put and kept in better shape, so far as lies in their power, suggests to us a plan that would materially increase the usefulness of civic improvement societies, associations for the cultivation of vacant lots and other local organizations that exist for the purpose of civic or village improvement.

This is, to take measures to give each municipality the power to require the owners of vacant lots either within or on the outskirts of a city or town to keep them clean and in good order or else to turn them over, rent free, to a local association that would guarantee to keep them under cultivation until such time as they would be demanded for building purposes. In a number of cities, notably Philadelphia, wonders have already been done through the means of these associations, which have taken over for temporary cultivation vacant lots and tracts of land that were being held as future building sites, and in the meantime were being used, like all vacant lots, for dumping grounds of rubbish of all kinds and nurseries for the prolific growth of weeds. The associations have, in the most cases, obtained permission to use these lands and then, after plowing them and getting them roughly into shape for cultivation, have parceled them out in small allotments to people who were only too glad of a chance to raise vegetables and garden truck for their own use and such little money as they could make from the sale of them.

In Philadelphia the Vacant Lot Cultivation Association was organized ten years ago for the purpose of assisting the unemployed. They took the means which seemed nearest at hand, that of throwing open to the people all the vacant lots they could get. The success of the enterprise was amazing, because hardly a man, woman or child abused in any way the privileges given the people, and excellent crops were harvested in nearly every instance. When there was produce for sale a market was established on the ground and a regular delivery system was carried on by the children,—ranging from nine to twelve years of age,—belonging to the various families. Each child had a pushcart and each child built up his own route and went regularly to his customers for orders, which he made up himself, loaded his own pushcart, delivered the goods and charged himself up with the separate amounts in a small book. At the end of each day's sales each child settled with the manager and was paid his commission, twenty per cent. of the receipts, in cash. The work occupied only three or four hours a day, and the earnings of the children were from three to five dollars a week apiece, so that the enterprise was not only useful in its immediate results, but was an invaluable training for the serious business of later life.

Of course, the work of the Philadelphia association has been carried on more directly in behalf of the people whom it desired to aid than for the improvement of the appearance of the city, yet both purposes have been admirably served, and there is not a city or town in the country that would not find it profitable in every sense of the word to follow the example of this and some other cities. We do not need the criticism of travelers from other countries to remind us of the unsightly slovenliness or barrenness of our vacant lots and of the land immediately surrounding our cities, a state of affairs that contrasts sharply with the neatness and well-kept look that prevails in most older countries. Every one who lives in or beyond the suburbs of a large city is familiar with the acres of barren land that lie just outside of the thickly built zone; sometimes within the limits of the city itself, and sometimes a little beyond.

Practically all of this land is being held for speculation and the expectation is that it will be built up sooner or later. Sometimes the expectation is fulfilled and the speculators reap a harvest of profit, sometimes not, but in any case the system of holding land in this way is very detrimental to the sightliness of a city as well as to the welfare of its poorer people. Thousands of acres of land that now lie idle, unproductive of all except weeds, tin cans, broken bottles, old newspapers and the like, could easily be brought under cultivation so that well-kept fields would surround the city and give welcome patches of green between the houses in the more thinly settled districts.

And not this alone, but hundreds and even thousands of people such as now fill the long waiting lists of the different vacant lot associations would jump at the chance to work all summer for the benefit to themselves and for such profit as they could make. They would be near enough to the market to deliver fresh berries and vegetables in pushcarts or hand-wagons, and the children could do this work as they did in Philadelphia. There is scarcely a housewife who would not be glad to purchase vegetables fresh from the garden, and the cumulative effect of a great number of vacant lots and small tracts being used in this way would very soon be felt in the price of vegetables and similar foodstuffs.

In many cases, of course, owners are glad to coöperate with the vacant lot associations, but in others they refuse to allow their land to be used for this purpose, preferring to let it lie idle until it is built upon. It is this dog-in-the-manger attitude that prevents the spread of the custom to an extent where it would really work a radical change for the better, and it is to meet this attitude that we suggest that the municipality be empowered to insist that the land be utilized in one way or another, a thing that could be easily done by exacting a special tax on all land that is permitted to lie absolutely idle.

EXPRESSIONS of sympathy and understanding from people who comprehend the magnitude of the task we have undertaken in endeavoring to bring about a change in the industrial situation by the introduction of handicrafts in connection with small farming, and who also believe the plan to be practicable, are coming to us now in every mail, showing that there is already a widespread tendency to thought and experiment along these lines. These letters from our friends and well-wishers are all encouraging, but now and again one comes which is more than usually significant because of a new light which it throws upon the subject. We quote here a letter from a man who is in close touch with the practical side of this question because of his personal contact with the difficulties in the way of such a movement and his personal knowledge of the success of such an experiment as we recommend in intensive agriculture, although as yet handicrafts have not been undertaken. The letter speaks for itself:

"Editor of The Craftsman,
"New York:

"Dear Sir:—The editorial in The Craftsman under the caption, 'How the Government Could Bring about a Much Needed Reform in the Industrial System of this Country,' is a most forcible argument in favor of such a reform.

"No one who is not in direct touch with the farming communities can appreciate what a benefit would result from the introduction of handicrafts in direct connection with agricultural pursuits. The writer is not as familiar with conditions in the east as he would like to be, but here in the middle west he has watched and studied the conditions for a quarter of a century. He has seen hundreds of strong, sturdy young men leave their farm homes and drift into the city, merely because of lack of companionship, variety of work and a promise of better wages. He has seen hundreds of men in the cities who have struggled along for years, anxious to get a farm home, but never seemed able to get enough ahead to make a start, and, when they do have the means, are discouraged by the isolation of the life before them and the possibilities of failure staring them in the face. There is no question but that the cities are overcrowded and that thousands of families in the congested districts of our large cities would be better off if they would go back to the soil, even under present conditions, but all the good advice that can be advanced either by the public press or individually can never remedy the evil unless some such proposition as that advanced by The Craftsman is inaugurated.

"To the uninitiated this declaration may appear a rather strong one. But what are the facts? The men we are trying to send to the land are, first, untried in the work we ask them to take up, and, second, they are practically without means. The man of $1,000 or more whom you send out onto the land buys some improved farm, and nothing is gained to either community, as the man who buys takes the place of the man who sells; a man who understands the city leaves it, a man who does not understand it goes to it. Both are lost within their new environments.

"The man who has taken the initiative in the development of the agricultural interests of the country, from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers to the present time, is the poor man. He will have to do it in the future or the work will be taken up by corporations. The conditions that confronted the pioneer in the past and that with which he has to contend today are vastly different. Some few of the old conditions have changed to his betterment, but the most vital of all has changed to his detriment and is continually growing worse. I refer to the land itself. In the past, government land was open to him. If what the government offered was too far beyond the confines of civilization, cheap land at from $1.25 to $4.00 per acre could be picked up anywhere. Today the government land has practically disappeared, and the era of speculation that has chased all over the country, east, west, north and south, has so advanced the price of lands that they are beyond the reach of the true pioneer. In the hands of the speculators they have gradually increased in the past ten years from $1.25 to $15 and $25 per acre, and, figure as you may, the poor man's chance for a home is no better than the speculator's chance for profit, as neither can win.

"The hope of the future is in the plan proposed by The Craftsman; the farm village idea, with an acreage limited to the means of the prospective purchaser and an opportunity for employment until he is permanently established in his new home and a living for himself and family assured.

"It may not be amiss to say that this idea is already finding favor in the West. Here in Marshfield, Wisconsin, a company of local business men have organized and established under the laws of this state what is known as the Consolidated Farm Co. They have taken a tract of sixteen hundred acres and are cutting it up into small farms of five, ten, fifteen and twenty acres. The land is all wild, but under a competent foreman it is being rapidly reduced to a condition suitable for cultivation. The families are located sufficiently close together to eliminate the isolation of farm life. The men are employed so that they have some companionship in their work, which is being varied as rapidly as new ideas can be put into practice. They have daily mail service, telephone communication, and all appear happy and contented.

"Special crops are being introduced, but better than all of this is the fact that the by-products of the land are being utilized. The amount of timber waste in a wooded country such as this is simply beyond comprehension, and to remedy this handicrafts must be introduced.

"Compared with the ideal as advanced by The Craftsman, or the possibilities as the idea grows, the plan is crude. It has the merit, however, of being a success, and its promoters would gladly avail themselves of new ideas that would increase its usefulness along industrial as well as agricultural lines.

"Yours very truly,
"John P. Hume,
"Marshfield, Wis."

THE winner of the first prize in The Craftsman competition for essays on "The Arts and Crafts Movement in America" is Mr. Charles F. Binns, Director of the New York State School of Clay-Working and Ceramics, at Alfred University. The second prize was awarded to Dr. Hugo Froelich, of the Prang Educational Company, New York; the third prize to Mrs. Helen Fitzgerald Sanders, Butte, Mont., and the fourth to Miss Jessie Wright Whitcomb, Topeka, Kansas.

A large number of essays were submitted, but these proved to be the only ones that covered adequately the branches of the subject as indicated in the announcement of the competition. Many of the others were most interesting as showing widely varying points of view toward this somewhat vague and nebulous tendency and such significance as it may possess with relation to the art development of this country, but the points to be brought out mainly concerned the possibilities of the movement and the reasons why so much of the work done is unpractical in its nature and suited only to an artificial market. Mr. Binns has treated this phase of the subject in a most straightforward and practical way, covering the most important features within the required space limits. The essays submitted by Dr. Froelich and Mrs. Sanders give the history of the movement in this and other countries, deducing its probable effect upon the art and industry of America. Miss Whitcomb's essay is brief and businesslike, and shows practical knowledge of the subject of which she writes. It is a matter of regret to THE CRAFTSMAN that space cannot be spared to publish these three essays, in addition to the winner of the first prize, as they are full of interest and suggestion, but we feel that the greatest value to our readers gained through the competition has been the bringing of somewhat indefinite ideas concerning "arts and crafts" down to a basis of practical knowledge of what it is doing and whither it is tending.

NOTES

TO sociologists and those attempting in one way or another to find some solution for the abuses of our present social system, the Exhibit of Congestion of Population in New York held recently in the American Museum of Natural History was one of the most significant of the steps that have been taken to discover the true source of many of the evils and to suggest some adequate remedy. The idea of such an exhibit was first suggested by the outcome of a discussion held by a small group of persons connected with the Consumers' League, who were firmly convinced that back of all the evils of city life lay the dominant evil of congestion of population. It seemed to that group that if the public might in some way be given a representation of this important fact the forces working for the improvement of the city might be able to achieve more permanent results. In this hope a committee was formed representing thirty-seven important organizations whose interests and work had led them to this common conviction, and this committee began its active work in April, 1907, with a three-fold object in mind: first, to express in a graphic way by means of an exhibition the causes, conditions and evils of the massing of people in New York City; second, to indicate the present methods of dealing with the problems involved; third, to point out, in so far as our present information allows us to draw conclusions, by what methods congestion may be remedied.

The exhibit consisted of a large array of maps, diagrams, charts, photographs, models and statistics, all of which had a very definite significance to the student of social conditions. These were seen and studied by thousands of men and women, including state, city and borough officials and many who are prominent in public life. The press gave much space to it, and it was considered to be so vitally important to any well organized effort to improve conditions, not only in New York, but in any of the other manufacturing centers in this country, that many requests have been made to have the exhibit taken to other cities.

The presentation was so clearly and

graphically made that the most thoughtless person who stopped to consider almost any one of the charts or models could not fail to comprehend its significance. Conditions were shown to be so appalling that no one who once grasped their import could forget what they mean to the present and future of the nation. In strong contrast to these were shown the improved housing conditions which now prevail in certain manufacturing towns of Germany; the work of the Children's Aid Society in sending children out to country homes; the removal of individuals and families to the country by the Industrial Removal Office, which in seven years has transported thirty-seven thousand individuals from factories and sweatshops to the country, and the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society, which exists to encourage farming among the Jews. The Child Labor Committee had an exhibit more convincing than many political arguments, and other exhibits of special importance were made by the Playground Association and by the Charity Organization Society Committees of Tenement House Reform and the Prevention of Tuberculosis.

It is not the intention of THE CRAFTSMAN to go into any detail concerning the exhibit, but only to endorse most cordially the action of these societies in bringing before the people in concrete form a representation of the facts of the case. Whether the remedies suggested are practicable or not remains to be seen, but in all events the bringing to light of abuses that imperatively demand remedy is the first step in a movement toward definite and sweeping reform.

THE Spring Exhibition of the National Academy of Design brought both surprise and pleasure to the careful observer of the growth of a genuine American art. The first impression on entering the galleries was one of unusual interest. Before the pictures could be sorted out into individual studies of color and composition there was a general impression of vivid and unusual technique, of a liberal and unusual palette, and of a certain live human quality that is not often a significant feature of an Academy exhibit. One felt that the Academy had somehow acquired life; had given up its Rip Van Winkle-Brünnhilde ways; had discovered that inspiration was not a matter of geography, but that there were flashes of it right here in commonplace, democratic America.

Everybody spoke of the interesting vivid quality of this exhibit, and some few asked why it should be, and the latter pretty largely decided that, although the old academicians were unusually well and fully represented, the real cause of the more brilliant and significant quality of the exhibit lay in the hanging of so many paintings of the younger and more virile men. The Eight, for instance, were treated exceptionally well by the hanging committee, and on almost every wall there were one or two canvases that spoke of an interest in vital human conditions; that were a record of our own life and our own growth—a marvelous leaven, this repetition from wall to wall of the brilliant work of men who have found their art all about them in city and town and country. Robert Henri was there, of course (in spite of being a man of fresh impulse and strong individuality he has been there before), and Ernest Lawson and W. L. Lathrop and Jerome Myers and John Sloan all contributed to the look of almost vivacity of the exhibit. Other artists who are not so new to the Academy, and yet all contributing great strength to this showing, were Childe Hassam, Elmer Schofield, E. W. Redfield, Charlotte Coman and Irving

Wiles. And of the old Academy standbys John Sargent, W. M. Chase, Cecilia Beaux, Leonard Ochtmann, Alden Weir and J. J. Shannon were there with a finer presentation than one has had the good fortune to see for some time. Surely such an exhibition as this should open the eyes of the Academy to the value and significance of the younger school of American painters.

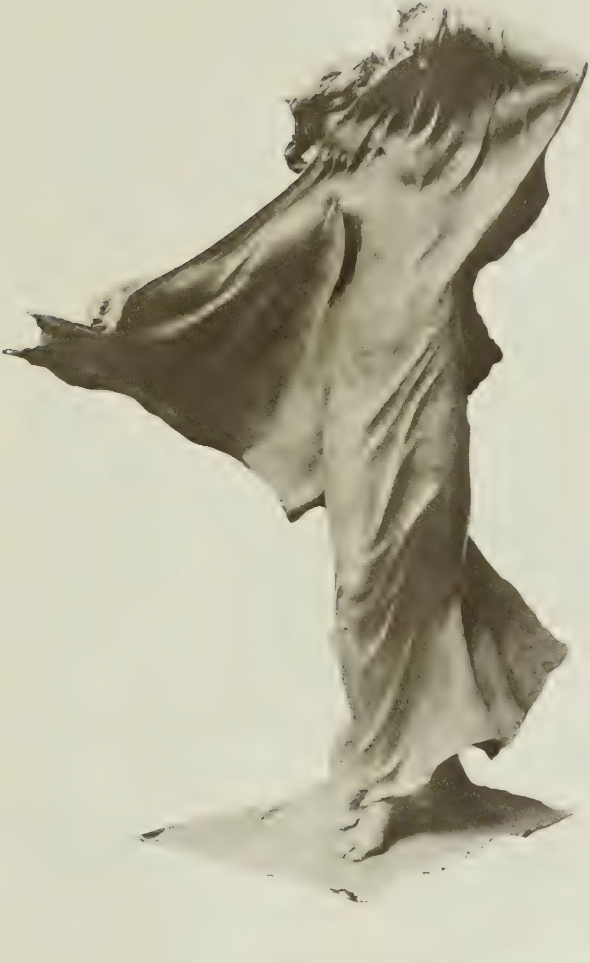
WHAT has been called "the finest collection of American sculpture ever brought together" was exhibited this spring in Baltimore in the Fifth Regiment Armory, which building furnished enormous floor space and very good background. New York had no place, so it was said, large enough and dignified enough to afford opportunity for showing the four hundred and sixty-one sculptures and the eighty-two photographs. Baltimore found the room easily and cheerfully, and so through the spring has had the honor of welcoming the sculptors and their friends from all over the country. The Armory was beautifully decorated as a setting for the exhibit with plots of grass and fountains and growing plants and flowers. Among the most important work shown was the colossal head of Lincoln by Gutzon Borglum (which Lincoln's son has announced to be "the greatest likeness of his father ever achieved"); "The Signing of the Louisiana Purchase Treaty," by Karl Bitter; that splendidly imaginative conception, "The Blind," by Lorado Taft; "Maternity," by Charles Lopez; the "Commerce" and "Jurisprudence" groups, by Daniel Chester French; "The Bull Fight," by Solon Borglum. And there was also a fine showing of vigorous, stirring work by such men and women as H. A. Mac Neil, R. Hinton Perry, G. R. Roth, Louis Potter, George Shrady; Enid Yandell, Abastenia Eberle, Anna V. Hyatt and Bessie Potter Vonnoh. It was a source of widespread regret both to the exhibitors and the visitors that at this particular date all the work of the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens was tied up in the New York exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE eleventh annual exhibition of the "Ten American Painters" opened at the Montross Gallery late in March, showing a collection chiefly distinguished for attention to technique and style. There was Frank Benson, exhibiting four canvases which, while undeniably interesting, were, like all his works, frankly studies of light. Robert Reid, who has grown anæmic in the pursuit of "effects;" Alden Weir, showing a pale, chalky color scheme; Willard Metcalf, who, out of all his delightful work, chose to show a study of color and motion called "Trembling Leaves;" Edmund Tarbell, who interested himself in interior light in two technically important contributions. Dewing, too, is always a technician—a student of color and values indoors as Simmons is outside. Among these well painted but unsympathetic technicalities the work of larger interest stood out strongly,—Childe Hassam, in a strong painting of a downtown New York canyon and two portraits, and several studies by the inimitable Chase. However, the honors of the exhibit must undoubtedly fall to two portrait studies of girls by Joseph De Camp,—"The Guitar Player," strong in interest, easy in pose, painted daringly and delicately, and "The Brown Veil," pleasing in line and rich in color. They had the compelling charm which attaches to work that is not the study of a particular phase or a passing moment, but has the deeper and more lasting interest of the universal in art.

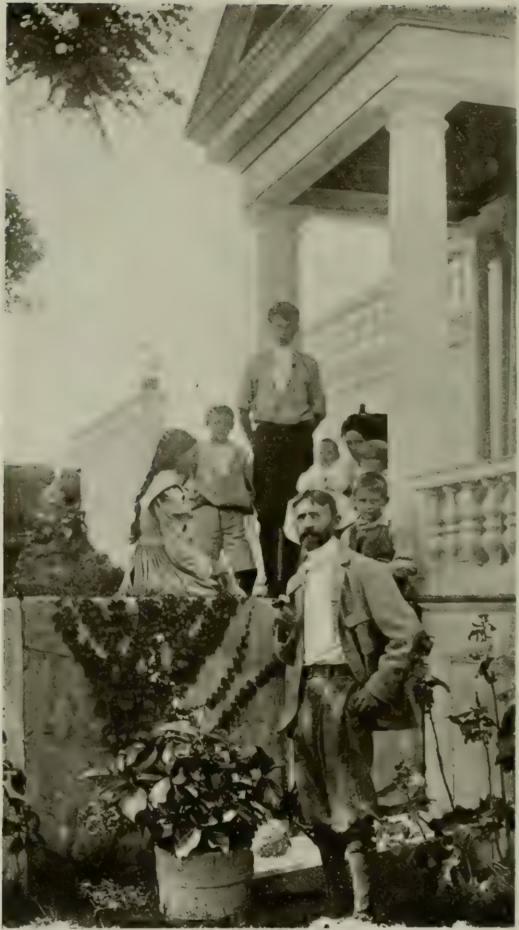
THE work of Henri Matisse is not well known in New York except to the men who have lived in Paris of recent years or who are closely following the development of the latest work of that eccentric and sometimes unbalanced city. During the month of April the Photo-Secession Galleries, New York, had an exhibition of his drawings, lithographs, water colors and etchings. An examination of this exhibition gave one the impression that Matisse is very modern and very Parisian, a great master of technique,—and a great artist, if estimated from the brilliant stroke, the subtle elimination and the interesting composition revealed. But Matisse, like nearly all the other very modern Frenchmen, feels that pull toward physical distortion, that sickening malevolent desire to present the nude (especially women) so vulgarized, so hideously at odds with nature, as to suggest in spite of the technical mastery of his art, first of all the loathsome and the abnormal, and both with a marvel of execution and a bewildering cleverness that somehow fills one with a distaste for art and life. This point of view would probably not obtain with an artist, because first of all he would feel the consummate skill with which the Frenchman achieves his purpose; he would not look at the subjects from the lay point of view. But the mere observer, who is bound to take a little emotion to an interesting picture gallery, is pretty certain to find that emotion unpleasantly stirred, in spite of the utmost desire to be impersonal and appreciative. Matisse is at present the leading spirit of a group of ultramodern Frenchmen, many of whom have great gift with tragically decadent souls. But Paris adores Matisse and young France imitates him, and the purely normal person wonders a good deal about it all.

OUT of another world from Matisse are the landscapes by W. L. Lathrop exhibited at the Montross Galleries in April. To go directly from the work of the famous Frenchman, vivid, clever, with the sting of physical distortion, the incoherent cry of a blasé nation seeking new experiences at any cost, to the cool, fresh, poetical presentation of Nature in her simplest and tenderest moods was an experience of rare interest. Twenty-one of Lathrop's pictures were on exhibition, oils, water colors and sketches. And the subjects, "Gray Day," "Early Spring," "Golden Afternoon," "By the River," "A Hillside," "The Old Mill Race," "White Oaks," and so on, were of little significance in relation to the paintings. The subjects and the titles were but mere pegs on which to hang the most marvelous of poetical fantasies, the most delicate lyric conception of Nature's moods, the most final presentation of that thing called atmosphere—so glib a studio word, so fine a flowering of genius at its best. These landscapes of Lathrop's are not essentially this or that state or county, or kind of country; they are rather opportunities for the artist to catch sunlight, to gather up spring winds, to imprison mists and soft rain, to bring to our senses autumn, golden, rich and aromatic, to let one remember the first green hint of spring, the warm radiance of midsummer, the whirl of gray March clouds, the first stirring of the sea in a storm; all very definite and very true, and wrapped in the illusion of the poet's fancy, yet revealed with the most vigorous, fearless technique. Lathrop's art, with all its great appeal, is never sentimental; it is somehow serenely emotional,—if one may use so complex a phrase. He is a poetical realist, and while he adds to the sum total of the world's beauty, he never departs from a fine sanity and balance of purpose.

A very complete and interesting exhibition of the sculpture of Abastenia Eberle was shown recently at her New York studio. Something of the



"THE DANCER": ABASTENIA
ST. LEGER EBERLE, SCULPTOR.



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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN H. TWACHTMAN AND HIS FAMILY, TAKEN AT HIS HOME IN GREENWICH, CONN.

extraordinary versatility of this young sculptor was revealed to the writer for the first time at this exhibition; also a certain big impersonal way of getting at things, a rather unfeminine point of view, inasmuch as a very clear, logical, unemotional presentation of vital conditions is considered unfeminine. Miss Eberle sees life interestingly, models with facility and precision, and is as sensitively skilful as any great man sculptor would think it requisite to be. George Gray Barnard, one of the most imaginative of American sculptors, was her teacher. And though in no way does Miss Eberle's work suggest imitation of Barnard's, still in big outlook, in poetry, in freedom of modeling, you feel the influence of a really great master. The scope of her interest extends to old women, Indian braves, merry children, sympathetic studies of Porto Rican life, and portrait busts. Her most recent imaginative work is called "A Dancing Girl"—a slender graceful figure bending to music and half hidden with whirling draperies. The lines are magical with the wild poetry of the sensuous Eastern dance.

CRAFT workers and students who have five weeks to spare between June fifteenth and July seventeenth may like to be reminded that the Handicraft Guild of Minneapolis holds its Summer School of Design and Handicraft between these dates. This is the fourth annual session of the school, of which Mr. Ernest A. Batchelder is the director. Mr. Batchelder is assisted by a number of instructors who have charge of special crafts, and daily talks and criticisms are given, as well as instruction in practical work.

LATE in the season sixteen young artists, all products of the New York School of Art, held an exhibition of strong work that smacked decidedly of the ideas and ideals of "the Eight." It was a collection of canvases full of the New York of today—its streets, rich and poor; its theaters; its parks; portraits of its types; and glimpses at the misty poetry of its river front. In looking at the pictures, one after another, showing some phase of real life, you forgot the sometimes crude technique, and struggling, undeveloped thought in recognizing the truth of what those young men were trying to paint. Among the names are some that will undoubtedly be well known to the art public of some years hence—George Bellows, who can paint snow actually swirling down a dark New York street; Howard McLean and Julius Golz, Jr., both of them students of the real outdoors in city and country; Lawrence Dresser, Arnold Friedman and Ed Keefe, who study the New York street types; Glenn Coleman and Harry Daugherty, who contributed some strong studies in black and white. Some pages of mounted sketches were interesting evidence of their clinging to the freedom that allows the capture of movement and character in drawing.

NEW York has been rich this spring with unusually important art exhibits. After the season seemed practically ended the Lotos Club announced a special exhibition of modern foreign pictures from the collection of Mr. Andrew Freedman. There were several ladies' days during the exhibit, which were among the most charming social occasions of the late New York spring. To those who follow the importation of recent continental art there were many familiar canvases in the Freedman collection. The exhibit as a whole was of unusual interest because of the especially fine examples of painters who represent the best of modern French art,—Corot, Troyon, Cazin and Schreyer. There was also an extremely interesting Harpignies and the usual Diaz necessary for such a collection. There has been so much American art exhibited in New York this winter of such unusual and interesting character that it was a pleasant change to go back to this long list of French favorites, just at the end of the art exhibits this year. And the Lotos Club is to be congratulated at having closed its series of art events in such an important manner.

ONE of the closing art exhibits in Boston this spring was also a showing of a most important collection of French masters of 1830, by R. C. and N. M. Vose. Any work shown by these genuinely artistic New England dealers instantly attracts attention in the art world, for their canvases are selected most carefully by connoisseurs of wide culture, who make no mistake in thinking that Boston requires the very highest standard in all presentations of painting and sculpture. The display of this especial collection of French masters was on the occasion of the fifty-eighth anniversary of the establishment of this famous art house. The exhibit has been one of the most interesting that even these dealers have put before the public.

REVIEWS

BOOKS concerning Russia, her history, her people and her politics, are many, but it is not often that a book written by a foreigner is so convincingly a presentation of the genuine characteristics of the Russian people as "Russia and Reform," by Bernard Pares, an Englishman. Mr. Pares says frankly that the average English reader has had but few opportunities of gaining even an elementary knowledge of Russia, because most foreign writers, having no knowledge of the language, are at the mercy of their interpreters, who in some cases are bureaucratic officials and in others revolutionary propagandists. Therefore, the most wildly inaccurate statements concerning Russia have been printed,—not only inaccurate in fact, but most misleading as a representation of the national character. Mr. Pares possesses an exhaustive knowledge of his subject and a most sympathetic understanding of conditions in this strangest and least known of civilized countries. He admits, however, that it is impossible to write upon present conditions in Russia without giving a fairly definite idea of what led up to them. Therefore, he begins with a brief history of the country, dealing chiefly with the Slavophil tradition which is summed up in the three words, "Tsar, Church and People," as the chief political differences in Russia today are the result of great moral conflict between the instincts of the two schools, the Slavophils and the Westernisers. This difference is made the foundation of the story of Russia's development as a people and as a state and of the significance of the main points at issue between the government and the people.

The second part of the book traces the origins and the gradual growth of the educated class, or what is called in Russia "The Intelligence." This includes the question of public instruction, literature, the press and the censorship, and the work of the revolutionists. The third shows the many changes in Russian life which resulted from the reforms of Alexander the Second, and which are bridging over the gap between the old instincts and the new intelligent consciousness. The book closes with a sketch of the present movement for liberation, of many of the chief events of which the author was an eye witness, and the story is carried up to the election for the second Duma.

As a picture of the life of the people and a sympathetic exposition of their mental processes and viewpoint, this book holds the deepest interest for the thoughtful reader. In its bearing upon the course of world politics, in which Russia seems destined to play the leading part, it is of the first significance, and, in any case, no one interested in the social and political struggles of Russia can afford to miss reading it. ("Russia and Reform." By Bernard Pares. 546 pages. Price, $3.00 net. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

A new edition has been issued of "Hoyle's Games," which has been revised, enlarged and brought up to date. It is called the Autograph Edition, because the title page bears the autograph of Hoyle beneath the medallion containing his portrait. This book has been the standard authority on games of all sorts throughout the world for more than one hundred and fifty years, but none of the editions which so far have been offered to the public has been complete, and none has been so thoroughly up to date in the matter of conformity with the latest usage and official laws. As it is the design of the publishers to make and keep this Autograph Edition always up to date, suggestions, criticisms, descriptions of the new games and new ways of playing old ones are invited for use in future editions. ("Hoyle's Games," Autograph Edition. Illustrated. 412 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Published by The McClure Company, New York.)

CHARLES A. Eastman's Indian tales, published together under the title "Old Indian Days," will arouse in the reader only a mild interest. As stories of adventure they are singularly tame. The book contains, however, some curious information regarding the details of Indian life in the village; and, while this is not badly presented, Mr. Eastman buries his facts in descriptive passages and uses these as "background" to help out his stories. The effect is not good; not only are such passages far more interesting than the pale narrative they are intended to support, but they are also clumsily introduced and retard its movement.

Mr. Eastman is himself a Sioux by birth. Though he has a wide knowledge of English, it is still a somewhat stubborn medium for him. He tells his tales with a wooden impersonality that does not engage the reader's sympathy for his characters. Whether or not this inflexibility of style is the expression of a racial characteristic might be an interesting question. Certainly Mr. Eastman's story-people fail to come home to us; they have that remoteness we feel in the Indian folk-music. ("Old Indian Days." By Charles A. Eastman. Illustrated. 279 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by The McClure Company, New York.)

MUCH more interesting than most books of travel through a country of which every corner is known, is "Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany," by Edward Hutton; because the reader is given a vivid picture of the country, the life that is lived in it, the history which lies behind it and the great works of art which made Italy the center of the beauty-loving world of the Renaissance. The book runs along like a pleasant narrative, full of bright little touches of character painting and characteristic anecdotes that take away all sense of absorbing a certain amount of information concerning facts one ought to know. Those who desire a pleasant and interesting book that is not too heavy for the vacation hammock, and yet is of distinct value in the acquisition of general culture, could not do better than to include this pleasant volume among the books they take to the country. ("Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany." By Edward Hutton. Illustrated. 428 pages. Price, $2.00 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

ALL who are interested in wood carving will find much that is of value in a book recently written on this subject by Miss Eleanor Rowe, who has been for a long time an instructor in this branch of work in the South Kensington Museum. Miss Rowe has a direct and practical way of getting at her subject that is most refreshing to one who really desires information. After enumerating the tools and appliances required she gives directions for making the right kind of a bench and keeping the tools in order, and also as to the selection of the best woods for different kinds of carving, the preference being given to oak and teak for the more important work.

As a basis a few simple principles of construction are given, as a thorough knowledge of these is recommended before any ornamentation is undertaken, not only for the reason that construction and decoration should be thought out as a whole, but also because a lack of knowledge of the construction is liable to lead to a form of ornamentation that will weaken the piece. Detailed instructions are then given as to methods of working and the best way of gaining a thorough understanding of each tool and the cuts it will produce, illustrated by a number of excellent examples of flat carving in low relief, strap work, modeling in high relief and carving in the round. To these are added many reproductions of fine old Gothic, English, French and Renascence carvings that are full of suggestion to the worker. ("Practical Wood Carving." By Eleanor Rowe. Illustrated. 213 pages. Price, $3.00 net; postage, 12 cents. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

HOW many tourists who visit the Italian lakes, stopping at fine hotels, and traveling in an atmosphere of porters and guide-books, have any real knowledge of the romantic history and legend connected with those blue waters and vine-clad hills? From the days when the younger Pliny entertained the greatest men of Rome at his villas on the shores of Como, ever since Catullus sang the charms of Lago di Garda, statesmen and nobles, poets and writers have loved these lakes. Their old castles are full of tales of bloody intrigue in the black days of the Middle Ages, and from the time of the Gothic invasions to the Napoleonic wars, their shores and hills have been battle grounds. Something of the fascinating interest of song and legend and story is gathered into the small compass of Mr. Richard Bagot's book about the lakes of northern Italy. It is full of the learning of the historian, the understanding of the man of letters, and the appreciation of one who has lived there himself and loves the country about which he writes. ("The Lakes of Northern Italy." By Richard Bagot. Illustrated. 308 pages. Price, $1.75. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

ANOTHER of the Langham Series of Art Monographs describes Pompeii and gives a critical and historical account of the architecture, sculpture and painting of the old Roman town. It is a compact little volume full of interesting information. ("Pompeii as an Art City." By E. v. Mayer. Illustrated. 80 pages. Price, $1.00 net. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

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